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JUNE, 1927 VOL. LXV, NO. 4

THE BOOKMAN

John Farrar, *Editor*

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

UPTON CLOSE'S "The Revolt of Asia" (Putnam) is the most recent among books which deal with the end of white man's domination in the East. It unmistakably reveals that the "little brown brother" no longer acquiesces in his Kiplingesque rôle of "the white man's burden", but regards the white man as his own "burden", one which he proposes to drop with a heavy and definite thud. How and why China is "the spearhead" of this universal revolt of the Orient against occidental political control and economic spoliation, and what the situation is with regard to the Western powers, is told without sensationalism yet with all the pungency exhibited by an experienced newspaper man when he is telling a straight story and telling it well. Its great value to the general reader lies in this clarity of presentment, which puts facts beyond dispute saliently at the disposal of everyone with even half a brain.

To some fortunate persons it is given to sit at the side of one who has lived greatly and hear him talk of the past, risen like a dream. Like such talk are the "Autobiographies" of William Butler Yeats (Macmillan). The work as published consists of two parts, "Reveries over Childhood and Youth" and "The Trembling of the Veil". The latter is the author's story of his life to the end of the nineteenth century. In both parts the great mingle with the obscure, incident melts into incident, fact is gently softened by imagination, all passes by like the images of Plato's cave.

Jacques Fischer's "Love and Morality" (Knopf) is a disarming book. "An Attempt at a Physiological Interpretation of Human Thought", starting with *cogito, ergo sum*, it goes on to assume both biochemical foundations and canopies for all human thought. Somewhat fumblingly it passes Freud, "the continuity of the kingdoms", in short all the world's latest convenient guesses, fads, fancies, "discoveries", and hypotheses along to eager us. Fischer's crowning assumption that, without much regard to ethnology, individual heredity, or environment, you can herd humankind into certain peculiar classifications or rabbit warrens of his own invention, seems to our ignorance particularly sad legerdemain. Nevertheless, this technical attempt at once at popularization, individual theorizing, and a curiously rationalized sort of Puritanism is intensely stimulating.

Ernest d'Hauterive's "The Second Empire and Its Downfall" (Doran), the correspondence between Napoleon III, that amiable autocrat who occasionally saw red, and his cousin Prince Napoleon, gives many an interesting glimpse of the seeds of the Second Empire's dissolution burgeoning decades before the event. These intimate and vividly personal letters — presented with an interconnecting text and hitherto unpublished — run from 1837 to 1872, and afford new and fascinating sidelights on the character of the kindly dreamer who could not be his uncle. There is true pathos, especially in those missives from Chiselhurst in which Napoleon shows that he dreams of a restoration while "writing the account of the campaign of 1870". No one who has a weakness for that brilliant epoch of "gold and azure" should miss enjoying D'Hauterive's new epistolary vistas of it in Herbert Wilson's excellent translation.

If there really are in the world many children such as those described in "The Problem Child" (McBride), and if the regeneration of them depends upon the methods advocated by the author, then most of us would devoutly pray to be born grown up. According to A. S. Neill all evil proceeds from the suppression of wishes; conse-

(*Continued on page XII*)

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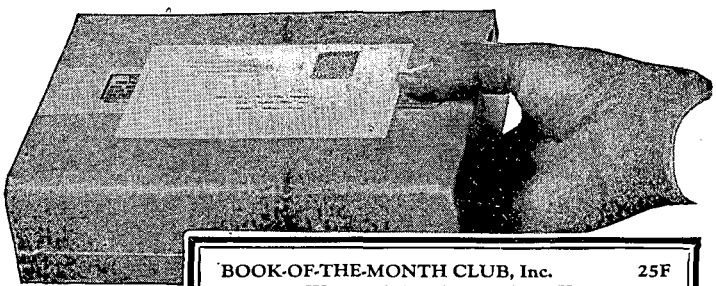

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(*Continued from page VIII*)
quently, encouraging a riot of viciousness is to make the evildoer "sick of vice". The author is somewhat inconsistent in professing ignorance of current psychology, "having long since given over the reading of it". Yet, no zealous disciple of Freudian philosophy could know more about the peculiar cult which has thrilled the world lately; or have adopted more completely its most radical features. One wonders why, when Rabelais is still to be obtained, with his profound philosophy of child training, and when Rousseau has been translated into almost all tongues, such a disagreeable book as this should be hurled at a patient public.

Upon what basis was the selection of the short prose pieces included in the volume "Prose Preferences", edited by Professors Sidney Cox and Edmund Freeman (Harper), made? The choice is neither exclusively from modern writers nor from classic. Rather, the motif which animates each story, biographical sketch, and philosophical essay is the translation of the experience of an interesting personality in terms of fine writing, resulting in literature. The selections represent thirty authors of such dazzling variety as Turgenev, Schopenhauer, Anatole France, Havelock Ellis, Santayana, Anderson, Cather, Joyce, and Lawrence. Besides the selections, a biographic sketch and a shrewd criticism by the editors of each writer's work make this book an excellent introduction to literary personages.

"A History of American Foreign Policy" by Professor John Holladay Latané of Johns Hopkins University (Doubleday, Page) is issued as a text for college courses in American history and diplomacy. It should have a far wider field. Starting with the French Alliance in 1778, Professor Latané takes up the study of our foreign policy down to and including the Washington Conference of 1921-22 and the later settlement of our war loans. Careful use has been made, if the introduction and footnotes may serve as criteria, of the source and secondary materials in the field. The author's style is agreeable, and the book reads well. The changes in the character of our foreign relations coincident with the growth of American imperialism, and the growing friction in the twentieth century between the Executive Department and the Senate over the conduct of foreign affairs, are interestingly and adequately developed. The chapters dealing with the World War and postwar problems betray Professor Latané's admiration for President Wilson and his distaste for the succeeding Republican administrations. "The idealism of Wilson was repudiated", he says, "and the conduct of foreign relations placed in the hands of an attorney." Such a statement is scarcely in accord with a spirit of calm impartiality. There is also an inexcusable reference to German atrocities, the actuality of which is accepted by inference. This exploded war myth has no place in any up-to-date treatment of the subject. Fortunately, such slips are exceptional and detract little from the value of a book that deserves the close attention of all thoughtful Americans.

"Gray Songs" by Mercy Baldwin and "Threads" by Dorothy Quick (Vinal) are both simple and sincere lyrical efforts. Both are done in a distinctly minor key, and there is in neither book any splendid or impetuous burst of lyricism; rather, the authors sing gentle and restrained songs to the tune of sober emotions. Their technique — which, with but one or two exceptions in the case of Miss Baldwin, is that of traditional poetry — is adequate for their purpose; and though neither has any great distinctiveness, both merit the attention of him who loves unpretentious and graceful lyrics that are earnestly conceived and faithfully executed.

Of the writing of books about Anatole France there is, apparently, no end. But in Barry Cerf's "Anatole France" (Dial) a new note is struck. This volume, beautifully printed and assembled, is a sober critique which pulls from France his mantle of humanity and of classicism, and which considerably disturbs his stature as an artist.

(*Continued on page XX*)

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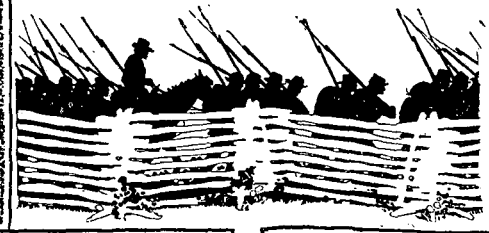

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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE FLOATING UNIVERSITY

IT seems to be true that human beings will not behave normally under the microscope — certainly not so normally as the amœba. It is for this reason that all attempts at social experimentation are foredoomed to disappoint those who conduct them. Two paramecia will behave somewhat alike if they be studied in Tallahassee or in Rochester, but two persons may behave quite differently in Rochester from the way they would behave in Tallahassee. Ex-Governor Henry Allen confesses that the floating university which recently returned from foreign parts has not been wholly successful as a coeducational venture. While he steadfastly denies charges of actual immorality among the sailor students, he does admit that circumstances for the single minded pursuit of knowledge were not any too clement during the seven months in which he abode on the ship. Dissatisfaction with the project has spread rather rapidly in this country, so that it seems improbable that the coeds will be given berths in the future.

But why should the venture be regarded as unsuccessful? It seems to us quite as important, socially and experimentally, to find that four hundred and sixty young Americans of some means will not study under diverting circumstances as to discover that they will. The days of the monastery are agone. The young man who labors assiduously today does not do it in some sequestered spot where he has no choice but to study; he does it in spite of the hullabaloo of modern society, and he achieves an able control of his mental processes by steeling himself against rivet machines and amiable acquaintances. If the educational society is to be a replica of adult society, then the steamship university must be a glorious place of training. The experiment will not be complete when the good ship lands back in port. There must be a follow up of the students. Let us observe them four years hence. It may be found that the intensified joviality they were forced to endure and the enforced fellowship which they suffered will have made of them an altogether admirable set of anchorites who devote themselves exclusively to

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bacteriological research. The woman who has learned to read, to write, and to dream on a floating university is well equipped for the battle of life and for a peaceful place in modern fellowship. She has learned that friends — save the inevitable few — constitute the greatest single abatis across the path to achievement, that venality in regard to one's engagements is positively indispensable to a successful literary career, that solitude and privacy in the latterday world are a commodity and prize to be striven for as earnestly as a good complexion.

Indeed, two most encouraging results may be predicted from the experiment which the floating university has performed. First, there will be those who, afraid to leap overboard, have endured the tedium of constant companionship and will amaze their families for the next four years by a stubborn desire to stay home evenings and read. Second, there will be those who, by practising the arts of deception, have learned to avoid callers and engagements and will be prepared to do creative labors under the most untoward conditions that an urban civilization can afford. The latter class will write books and the former class will read them. That is not a bad graduating class for any institution to turn out. It should encourage even the investors and trustees.

PRESCRIBING BOOKS

EXCEPT that it affords the opportunity to be pedantic, there is little pleasure to be had from recommending appropriate books to parents who are solicitous of their children's welfare. Every parent should be at least sufficiently acquainted with literature to select readings for his own son. Most of them are not. They prefer to ask the advice of technicians, and, what is worse, they prefer to blame these technicians if the results obtained are not always satisfactory.

Any one of a number of items may militate against the wise recommendation of books. "Sorrell and Son" may seem incredibly tedious to a sated reader, yet it may be just the thing for a young man who threatens incorrigibility from time to time. Ideas in Veblen's "The Theory of Business Enterprise" may strike the young economist as simply manifest, yet they may irreparably upset a banker's son. To a person above his teens "Elmer Gantry" may seem to mark the decadence of a rather able novelist, but to a child nurtured in theology it may prove a bomb. And so on down the catalogue of modern publishing. It is simply impossible to prescribe books without a minute diagnosis of the patient. An editor or professor should no more think of recommending books to a patient unseen than a doctor should think of prescribing without having examined the ailing person. Yet most parents approach editors and professors and ministers with the request that they specify books which will cure the spiritual or mental illness of the boy back home. It cannot be done.

Not only so, but books must be regarded as a collection of ideas — any one of which may seem most important to the reader. Nothing would be more interesting than a contest in which twenty readers were asked to give their conception of what the tragedy is in "An American Tragedy". There are at least twelve possible views, ranging from the view that cosmic forces seized Clyde Griffiths by the nape of the neck and led him relentlessly on, to the view that he should not have been compelled to suffer the death

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penalty. Who knows what a fresh reader will get out of a book? After all, it is the chance phrase or incident that we most frequently recall, and it is this chance phrase or incident which influences us. The impressionable son of a friend may have his whole philosophy changed or vindicated by an apothegm found on page 48 of a book you have recommended, and you may have skipped that page when you read the book. Yet you will be held more or less responsible for the evil you have wrought.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BARBER CHAIR

THERE is no real cause for alarm in the announcement that the barbers of the nation will henceforth attempt to decree the legitimate ways in which men may wear their hair. That is precisely what barbers have done since they ceased practising surgery of a more overt sort. No man should be blamed for the way his hair is cut. If it isn't cut at all, it is very probable that countering with a barber has become such an emotional experience that the long haired man would rather endure the taunts of his fellows than enter a hairdressing establishment. A man's hair is not his own—nor is a woman's. It belongs to the barber by some imprescriptible right — perhaps the right of usufruct. One may be brazenly independent in what one thinks of "Ulysses", but the barber's chair is a place where one surrenders every personal right which the Constitution and the Bill of Rights more or less guarantee him.

It is difficult to keep from speaking harshly of the barbers. Their insistence upon scalping every customer or upon leaving him with the top notch of the Algonquin warrior is not a thing for which they can be held solely responsible. It may be said to their credit that they doubtless have a lust for hair, an insatiable desire to hear it sever and see it fall. This lust probably becomes a mania. At home it is not impossible that they go about trimming the turkish towels and the fur rugs. Haircutting is a thing akin to every worthwhile art. It is primarily an urge — one is a barber because one cannot help being a barber. Too, haircutting is unfortunately one of those arts which must be practised directly upon persons. Hence the conflict. The barber expresses his soul in his work, which is perfectly admirable, but the customer has to wear the cut: it is not impossible that the souls of the artist and the patron do not coincide. After all, haircutting is one of the few handcrafts left to this machine epoch, and the practitioners of it should rightly be indulged certain liberties. Theirs is an honored trade. Let them practise it in peace. But for them to avow that they propose a hierarchy of style in hair is to invite a counter attack which may divest these artizans of every privilege they now possess.

THE FOUR HOUR DAY

LIFE has become a dreadfully labored process. It takes practically all of one's time to keep in health and out of the way of taxicabs. Two baths a day are obviously needed to keep the pores open and the skin respectable. The teeth, nails, and hair must have the most solicitous attention possible. All meals must be eaten in a scientifically leisurely fashion. To go and come takes an increasingly long while, and

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newspapers have assumed such cyclopædic proportions that reading them has in itself become a course of study. A sedentary life threatens us with disease of every description and the obligation to exercise intelligently rests heavily upon our shoulders. We are as unfortunately regularized and cared for as modern babies, with as little choice left as to how we shall spend our time.

Add to this depressing array of facts the further one that most Americans have to work for a living, and you have all the explanation anyone could reasonably want for our widespread despair, unhappiness, and disagreeable tempers. The net effect of civilization has been to spoil our dispositions. To live, the modern man must sell what little time he possesses. He is vexed because he has no time left for important (selfish) labors, and if he deliberately takes time for these labors and for the amenities, he does it with an acute feeling of compunction.

Like all problems of any importance, there is probably no solution for this one. Bertrand Russell contends that the proper organization of economic society would enable us to do all the work of the world in four hours a day — providing everyone worked those four hours. With the four hour day we are in hearty sympathy, but it will never profit our generation. Besides, it must be noted that the achievements wrought by a humanity with leisure on its hands would so outstrip the facilities for handling them that before long we should need to be working six hours to keep our fellows from producing too much in their leisure. Suppose all the young writers of America had as much leisure as the four hour day posits. Their output would swell, publishers would have to work overtime, and book buyers would have to read so frenziedly to keep up with the output that we should be right back where we started.

No, the solution does not lie in the direction of societal organization. If it is to be found at all, it is to be found in the American practice of glorifying work. Within another two decades we shall actually believe in the glory of work, and humanity will have found surcease once more within the fortress of a delusion.

STAY WEST, YOUNG MAN!

THAT the more able of our young literati coagulate in and about New York City seems to be a common assumption. The sad part of it is that this common assumption is not far wrong. Let a young man write a more or less original poem or essay in high school, or let him contribute occasional reviews to the literary page of the campus daily during his college days, and at once his teachers and friends are on his heels, plaguing him with the insistence that he can succeed only if he goes to New York. Curiously enough, these young men come to believe sooner or later that their literary success is actually dependent upon their living in the City. So they come. With satchels into which they are to put their experiences, with typewriters which they hope will one day be historical, and above all with a willingness to be exploited at any trade if only they can abide in Sodom, they come by the thousands each year. What happens is that they fall very early into the disagreeable tedium of hack work and begin at once to pine for fleshpots left behind.

The plain truth of the business is of course that living in New York is not relevant to literary workmanship. If

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anything, it militates quite seriously against able writing. That it has its advantages cannot be gainsaid. There is a minimum delay in postal transit and one can get a manuscript back in quicker time in New York City than in any other spot on earth. One can, it is true, come in and talk face to face with an editor; but a simple letter will generally do better and last longer than the impression most nascent authors make. So much for the advantages.

The disadvantage is simple to state. It is probable that there are more capable men doing unimportant work in New York than there are incapable men doing important work in Washington. New York uses the best blood of the nation to write its advertisements and balance its books. These enterprises sap the energy of those who come with the urge to write, and leave them two depleted hours a week in which to do creative work. All the while this mad belief in the relevancy of New York persists, yea enables the spectacle of the City to go on. Go on it must. Let its books be balanced, its advertisements be written, and its subways be engineered. But let its subalterns be recruited from those of no ability, and let no young man assume that he must do the menial labor of a berserk metropolis in order to place his name on the annals of posterity. He will only lose himself in the catacomb of respectable obscurity. Stay west, young man, stay west!

PEN DRAWING OF A MERCHANT SEAMAN

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

WHEREVER there are towns of men or bales of freight along the shores,
His feet have gone. He knows this earth from Taku Bay to Helsingfors.
Wherever there are heavy crates of merchandise on loaded quays,
Some slugging tramp has carried him, plowing the multicolored seas.

His ships have sailed the chill Black Sea along the path that Jason went,
And he has stood in Buenos Aires, pride of the southern continent.
He has seen Dakar, Singapore, East London, and the Spanish Main.
He knows the way the monsoon hits Colombo in a wall of rain.

Rich Russian wheat has filled his hold, sweet Smyrna figs, Rosario hides.
Against the wharves for Chile ore his ship has bumped her storm-scarred sides.
He has trekked oil from Vera Cruz, cork out of Lisbon, Cape Town gold,
And yet he is a small, slight man, a little queer, a little old.

Without one pride of lifted brow, without one glimmer of the eye
To note the pageant he has seen of places strange and mystery;
Without one trace in speech or walk of all his journeys to far lands
That have grooved wrinkles on his face and callouses upon his hands.

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ONE FINE DAY

By Winifred Wells

IT was a little room, my bedroom, just big enough for a ten year old girl. The iron bedstead and the big dressing table filled almost the whole of it, and the one window looked out upon a view that was attractive only by night, when the dark made a black patch of the angle of the house next door against a starlit sky, and the fowl houses and the pitiful flower beds of the back gardens were buried in shadow.

When the cries from the fish shop across the road had ceased, when the last tram° in the Barking Road had clanged its way home, and heavy feet no longer startled the pavements, it was pleasant to blow out the candle and lie dreaming in the dark, lapped by waves of quietness and peace. I would sigh for content.

Through the light sleep of morning came to my drowsy ears the sound that I loved, happening as it always did in that sweet, wistful hour of the dawn; the sound of the market carts rumbling by leisurely on their way from Dagenham to the city. I loved them for the suggestion they brought of fields all dewy in the dawn, of country lanes where no one was abroad but a thrush, perhaps, in a high tree.

Soon after that, the sound of the alarm clock would spurt through the house, and I heard the stealthy rustle of clothes as Father dressed drowsily by candlelight and crept downstairs. There was the slight noise of rattling cups as, he made his cocoa, and in a quarter of an hour he opened the street door and hurried down the street.

I half slept, hearing subconsciously other iron gates swinging to and fro in the street, and all the sounds that indicate the day in a small, mean suburb. I did not want to wake then. Day was ugly and hard. Day for everybody meant work, and a constant battle with the distasteful; sweeping and cleaning and washing and looking after babies, wearing a coarse apron, with sleeves rolled up, till teatime. Day meant serviceable, ugly clothes, stiff serges and heavy boots, hard words and few smiles, tenderness that was roughened because there was so little time, gentleness that was no longer recognizable in its homely garb of expediency. Mostly these things, except on those rare occasions when life broke like a grey curtain, and one saw all the golden splendor behind. Such as when Aunt Edith brought Cousin Freda and took you and Mother to a Christmas pantomime, where you held your breath to think that such things could be on the earth at all and not in a dream or in a fairy book; or up to London with Father and Mother on a King's Birthday, when you saw the Tower of London and the Thames for the first time, with the lovely white gulls flying, and had tea on a marble table at Lyons, in the midst of a new and wonderful world that was full of changing life and color, like the spyglass that Father Christmas brought last year.

But these were not ordinary days; rather, visitations to be collected like beads on a string, and taken out to look at now and again. Ordinary days were grey and flat, passed in an indifferent wrestling with circum-

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stance, for we were of the class that is at once respectable and ignoble. If there was enough to eat and the rent was paid week by week, with a little over for the slate club and the Christmas club and the money box for the doctor's bills — one should be happy. Food and clothes and shelter — what more should one want without appearing greedy and discontented? I didn't know. Only there seemed something missing. . . .

It was past eight o'clock and I must get up. A shaft of sunlight touched the old brown shawl that served for counterpane and reached falteringly up to the pink roses. Heavily and unwillingly I tumbled out of bed and donned the serviceable underclothes that I hated, noting as I tied the tapes and fastened the buttons that Mrs. Lough must have got up early to get all the washing out so early, and that the stunted little elderberry at the bottom of the garden was breaking into flower.

Downstairs the air was stale, and Tim mewed at my feet as I washed at the sink and scrubbed my neck with the hard flannel in obedience to maternal commands. Wiping the soap from my eyes with the rough towel, I murmured: "Thought I heard the postman, Mamma!" "Yes, a letter from Aunt Maud. Wants us to go to tea on Sunday. It's a long time since we've been. Have you washed your ears?"

I didn't want to go to tea to Aunt Maud's. She was very kind and jolly and she could make beautiful junket; she gave you custard in cups for supper, and sometimes "trifle". But there was nothing to do in her stuffy, overfurnished little house at the end of the suburb, unless you were taken for a walk in the evening round the allotments, when all the world was bathed in gentle light, and could shut your ears to gossip about ailments and the price of things, and dream instead of all the lovely things that might be found over the tops of the far off green Chingford Hills.

Before the little mirror on the scullery mantelpiece Mother combed my long hair back and tied it with a black bow on top, and helped me into the navy blue serge that was too long in the skirt for my vanity. I opened the back door and went down the strip of concrete to the punkahs in pots and the creeping jenny, and smelled the sweet air of morning. Breakfast was soon finished, and I took my tam-o'-shanter from the peg behind the door and the straw bag for Mother's shopping.

"O bother, Mother, there's the first bell ringing! I shall be late for school."

"Well, you'll want your dinner, won't you? Now, run along. You won't be late."

I went ungraciously and slammed the door. The butcher was not properly awake, and there were other customers before me. The bell was stopping too. I should be late! But at last he turned heavily to me. "We—ll?" The beef was cut. "And please will you cut it through?" O imperious mothers, why will you impose such humiliating tasks upon your offspring? The butcher was angry too, but I had it at last and dashed home with angry tears in my eyes. A bad beginning for the day. I was glad I was going to school.

We dribbled in at the iron gate, and raced or sauntered across the waste of grey playground to the stairs, a motley crowd of small girls in pinafores and shabby clothes, with scrubbed faces and stockings guilty of many holes, and noisy boots that were often the discarded hobnails of elder brothers. The sun drifted in pale gleams through the large dusty windows, over the long

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forms and ink stained desks, and splashed the faded maps on the walls, and lent a timid fire to the anemones on teacher's desk.

At twelve o'clock we were released, and went whooping down the stone stairs two at a time, filling the street with sudden noise. Directly Mother opened the door, her face hot and damp and her sleeves rolled up, I sniffed the washing day smell, the odor of boiling clothes.

"O Mother! The steam!" My nose wrinkled fastidiously.

"Can't help it. It'll be gone by tea-time. You might fetch a penn'orth of milk before you take your hat off, and two oranges, for after."

The sunshine was wan now in the grey street, and trade was slack in the little shops where flies crawled over the provisions, and credit was unlimited.

Women in caps were passing with jugs for the dinner beer, their aprons thrown up over one arm. A rag merchant cried for his stock-in-trade, as he pushed his barrow of empty bottles and discarded clothing heavily round the streets. Lively enough — but O for color and song and that something to catch and cling to that a child cannot define! When I grew up — the things I would do then! When I earned money and could do as I liked — then I would be like the girls in story books, a fairy godmother to take Mother and Father by the hand and lead them out to green fields and lovely quiet days. . . .

I stopped a moment to peer into the window of a sweet shop, which was next door but one to us, craving the toffee apples shining on their sticks, the tiny, penny tin plates of duck and green peas, the bags of sherbet I was not allowed to buy. And the little Christmas puddings, all white on top with their dust of sugar — O I did want a little Christmas pudding!

Anyway, it would soon be time for "cornets", my taste for which I might indulge freely since their ice cream was "so safe"; and in the meantime Ceylon cream melted very deliciously in the mouth, and there were "Hundreds and Thousands", and honeycomb, and strips of Spanish licorice which you could fashion into snakes; all within the reach of a halfpenny or a farthing, and more exciting than the pear drops which were Mother's choice.

Father was interested in our little shops, ugly and squalid as they were, until I too, as I grew older, began to discover points in their favor. There was the greengrocer's, kept sluggishly and indifferently by an old Italian and his large somnolent wife, who appeared but seldom from the obscure background of the shop where she cared for their innumerable children. The eldest was a girl with the typical olive skin, melting dark eyes, and curling hair of her race. At seventeen she was a queen, with beautiful face and noble bearing and gracious ways, who walked among us ordinary folk as a madonna. To my childish eyes she was perfect in face and figure and bearing. There was no one in all the town to match her beauty. There was Morrey, an institution, a character, in the person of a Jew with swarthy skin and horny hands, weighty opinions and a sound philosophy, as well as unassailable skill in bootmending. Any excuse served for one to drop in at Morrey's and ask him what he thought of so-and-so, of this, that, and the other, lounging long over his counter while he held up his hammer to make clear his point of view, knocking a nail in extra hard to emphasize a remark. So that when his wife developed an incurable illness we counted it as personal calamity and grieved with

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him. After that Morrey drooped, and lost his skill for bootmending and for thought, and cared no more for anything . . . but that was long after.

The stew smelled good in the iron pot on the gas stove. Mother served it in the scullery, pushing the washing bath closer to the sink and farther from the dinner, as the kitchen was not "done", and this was handier anyway.

"Wish your father didn't have to work among rusty chains and things. Gets his wrist bands so dirty."

"Why *does* he, Mamma? He's just as clever as Gwennie's father. I think he's cleverer, and he can do lots more other things besides, and yet, look at the difference!"

Mother shook her head.

"Way you begin, way you have to go on. He won't ever get out now."

I pondered the unfairness of life and the queer ways of God as I cut my carrots and spooned up the fragrant gravy.

"P'raps they won't always be well off, Mamma!"

"P'raps not. Never know your luck. Now do try and eat it all. Do you a lot of good. An orange, then?"

Out in the garden the sheets bellied in the wind, high above the tiny pansies that fought for life in the stony beds, and the stringy stalks that later would blossom into a riot of cornflowers. I threw our cabbage stalks over the fence for the chickens next door, tried to fit the inadequate lid upon our rebellious dustbin that was such attraction for the flies, and put on my hat for school.

"All done by teatime, Clare", Mother remarked cheerily as I opened the door.

"All right, Mamma. Goodby!"

We began with the needlework lesson. After we had struggled for an hour with seams, the coarse material was passed down and laid away carefully in the cupboard, and our exercise books produced. I thought the subjects for composition much better than usual, and immediately felt ideas pouring into my head for "The Autobiography of a Weathercock". From the church tower, at the end of the village up in the wind, he looked down below the ivy where the swallows builded, to the lanes and fields bright in the sunshine or grey in the rain, and saw the children going to school and the mothers enter the little shop, and heard all the gossip and the village histories and was able to have many a private joke to himself. . . . My pen flew and the words became illegible beneath the goad of thought. Only half an hour! The whole lifetime of a weathercock in half an hour! O hurry, hurry, hurry. . . . Feet shuffled and noses sniffed, and pens dropped from many damp hands in the biweekly travail of composition. The bell rang.

"O teacher . . . !"

"Still haven't finished, Clare? Afraid you can't have any more time." I experienced all the pangs of thwarted ambition, denial in the midst of white-hot creation, death in the midst of life, and could have wept.

After recess we settled for dictation, and I sat dreaming after every sentence in the long pauses allotted to us, staring vacantly and thinking of nothing. Suddenly, in the room above us, a long note in chorus broke the silence. My heart jumped with delight. O beautiful, beautiful! The boys were going to sing! The classroom above was occupied by boys in the seventh standard, and their voices were of that clear sweetness that attains fullest poignancy before the break. Between them they achieved harmony that to me was suggestive of the singing angels of God. "Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind

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of the western sea . . . " Mechanically I went on writing dictation, but I was lulled on a fairy sea all dim and quiet in the warm dusk, with a gold moon rising, drifting in no ship of earth to the Land of Heart's Desire. There was a long pause. Then — O glorious — now the Soldiers' Chorus! The notes seemed to ring through the world in glad triumphant call. All the world was marching and singing in the sun, heads thrown back, feet treading bravely . . . Again the pause, and then, so sadly and slowly and wistfully that I wanted to cry, stole forth the quiet, sweet phrases of the old glee:

"Sit by the silent hearth . . . The long day closes."

My heart ached for what I knew not, everything inside me ached, and yet I was happy beyond words. This was my world. A dark world where I did not know my way about, but mine, mine. . . .

Dripping toast and strawberry jam for tea, and the fire neatly laid in the polished kitchen range for the chilly night later on. No sign of washing day now, except the socks and towels on the lines in the scullery. Things looked spruce; there was quite a polish on the leaves of the aspidistra on its bamboo stand in the window; the copper kettle shone on the hob and the tin trays on the chiffonier; the big vases from the Saving Stamp shop gleamed cheerily from the high mantelpiece; the red hangings that draped the fireplace and framed the window were comfortable and cosy to look upon.

After tea, I took what Mother called my bit of scribble from the old satchel hanging under the cupboard in the corner, and opened the well filled exercise book at a clean page. It was crammed with sketches of distorted females who were the symbols of limitless dreams. My hair swept the page as I curled up close with the book in my lap, pencil in hand, but drawing nothing, mouth gasping and fingers twitching as the figures of imagination moved through the story I made for them in my head. The queer beings with streaming hair and elongated feet were but the central figures, around which the dramas of princes and princesses, kings and nobles and poor little girls and fairies from the Back of Beyond revolved. Without the magic book in my hand, and appropriate actions, the wheels of imagination refused to move. Mother came in from frying Father's tea.

"Child, you're becoming a perfect idiot! You'll have St. Vitus's Dance!" She was really angry, and tore the book out of my hand and rammed it in the satchel. "Go and call Tim in out of the garden if you want something to do!"

"O Mamma, you've been and spoiled it all!" I burst into tears and rushed upstairs, but Mother followed me with concerned explanation.

"I shall have you ill, you silly baby! Go out and play in the street for a little while."

I didn't understand what she meant by having me ill, and I was angry. My "scribbling" was my one escape from the world of ugly fact into a world also fact, but fact radiant and vital. If I couldn't play that game, I must find another; but the games of the street I despised. I despised "Jenny is a-weeping" and "Hopscotch", and was sick of "Here we come to learn the trade." It was the wrong time for "Grottoes", and I couldn't spin a top. I liked playing "Statues", in which you could strike beautiful or comic attitudes, and which gave large scope for makebelieve; but few of the

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other girls cared for "Statues". Perhaps round the corner I should find some sympathetic friend who would walk round the streets with me, and make up a tale in which we were the protagonists.

I was moving toward the main street when Father came along, swinging his old black bag which clattered with the empty dishes which had held his dinner. He chucked me under the chin and opened the gate.

"Well—what you been doing today?"

Indoors, while I dangled round Father, Mother poured a fresh cup of tea, and he pulled his favorite chair up to his bacon and eggs. I took out some dirty knitting while they talked over the day's doings. When he had finished his tea, Mother called me to the scullery. I took the coarse tea towel from the peg and wiped the tea things as she washed them. Father set himself to mending my young brother's boots, and his hammer rang on the leather, and the dishes rattled on the flimsy deal table. A shaft of sunlight came through the muslin curtain of the small window, and lit the whitewashed wall, and above the curtain there was clear blue sky. Tim sat on a chair by the sink, purring and watching us. Father, finished with the boots, lit the one daily cigarette that his means allowed him, and strolled out to the tiny back garden to chase stray cats from the pansies.

An aunt came in, twittered confidentially about nothing, and went. My young brother was ordered to bed, and solaced with cocoa and biscuits. Mother began the preparations for Father's breakfast. Father began closing the windows and locking back and front doors. There was an air of pause — those few moments just before a family retires for the night.

Another day ended; a day that was like yesterday; a day that tomorrow would copy. All around me I could feel this motionless existence; monotonous repetition clicking back and forth like a shuttle in a slender groove; while somewhere, far away, people lived fine large lives and encountered new ideas and new people; lives whose days were marked one from the other by exhilarating contacts and fresh enterprise. I hated my home. I hated the law that had ordered my birth in this drab street of London.

Then something happened. From some house at the back of us came a voice singing — a thin, awkward voice, without color or fire — singing over a piano "Oh, you beautiful doll!" And suddenly I was no more aware of the cramped kitchen and the crude furniture and the mess. I could see them still, but they were somehow intensified and sharpened into clearer outline, asserting their right to be called beautiful. Life stood still, and all the ungainly appointments of that room, my mother's face and Father's face, were crystallized into beauty and serenity. The moment was a jewel, shining with a light that I had never known before. Life was beautiful, it said. *This* was life; this room and these ornaments.

Then the moment was gone, and my eyes saw it all as I had always seen it — through a mist of distaste. But as I climbed up to my little room I knew that life in our street would never be the same again; never drab or ugly or ignoble, because I had seen in that moment that it had a significance that one fine day I should understand.

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FROM "IN HIS STEPS" TO "ELMER GANTRY"

Anonymous

SOME thirty five years ago in Topeka, Kansas, to a homely audience of western churchgoers, an obscure preacher by the name of Charles M. Sheldon read weekly instalments of a story which he had conceived as expressing a peculiar need of a world which was fast losing its consciousness of Jesus Christ. The story was entitled "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" The publishers of his church paper, hearing of the great success of the reading, arranged to publish it weekly following its pulpit delivery. By some freak of chance the copyright in the story was forfeited. So it came to pass that several publishers issued it in book form. A little fire of enthusiasm, started in a prairie town, gathered force and became a conflagration extending all over the United States and Canada, leapt the oceans and spread all over the world, literally, for it was translated into practically every known language. Its sales reached many, many millions. It seemed that the very heart of the world had been touched and regenerated by the very simple process of a verbal reincarnation of the Christ. Possibly it may be argued that the common people read it gladly and that it failed to reach the minds of the cultured. So too goes the earlier record of the Gospel.

In any event the book became epidemic . . . it was praised, it was jeered. Its author was a Moses who was to lead the people out of a wilderness of doubt and unbelief into a Canaan of peace and spiritual happiness. He was a fanatic and a charlatan . . . a simple minded, misguided seeker after cheap notoriety. Rarely, if ever, has a book exerted so rapid and widespread an influence. Its author sought to apply the simple question, What would Jesus do? to the ordinary acts and activities of daily life. It is in the record that the simple narrative reshaped the lives of many. For lack of a better phrase, let it be conceded that it converted many — that it bettered the lives of countless thousands, everywhere. And that was barely a generation ago.

Today the most widely discussed and most eagerly read book is "Elmer Gantry", which openly attacks and discredits the message and the Messenger of "In His Steps". Sinclair Lewis can find no Jesus Christ and no religion — indeed, he can find no God save to mock and defy, and to bid that God, if there be one, come forth and strike him dead. And everywhere this book is welcomed as giving concrete expression to the mind of the day. Those without sense of faith embrace it as they would a creed. Those of wavering faith find in it a complete justification for renunciation. There is no God — Sinclair Lewis says so! The church is rotten and is a failure — Sinclair Lewis so declares! There is no spirit of Christ — there is no divine-human model of love or conduct. This is a world without soul or spiritual conception. It is one huge Main Street peopled by hordes of materialized Bab-

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bitts of varying shades of intellectual attainment. There are no men of God. There is no evangel. Preying upon the cupidity of the weak minded there is abroad a breed of clerical quacks — a despicable lot of mentally undernourished, oversexed individuals from whose ravages no simple, virtuous woman is immune.

The common people — the uncommon people — the cultured and sophisticated — welcome this book as a message of emancipation and freedom from a God of straw, now incinerated by the masterly pen of Sinclair Lewis. And this is today.

One cannot but pause and marvel at such a change of public heart, and honestly inquire, What does it all mean and how can an entire people so completely reverse itself within one human span? Is it progress? Is it war? Is it jazz? Is it all three, and more, that have conspired to the creation of a spirit that a few short years ago would have been characterized as infidelity or worse?

Has the inventive genius of man so frenzied the world by its marvels of human creation — culminating in the radio and wireless telephone, to say nothing of the demoniac instruments of destruction — that we forget man has not yet produced a synthetic blade of grass or imparted breath to the very lowest order of animal life?

Between the two periods the issue seems to be joined. Clearly it is, "Is there a God?" — not, "Is there a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian or a Jew or a Baptist or a Roman Catholic?" but "Is there a God at all, and how long dare we attempt to interpret and encompass the infinite?" So much for the purely intellectual phase. Of immeasurably greater concern is the problem of just plain ordinary happiness and peace of mind. We may have complacency and satisfaction with the achievements of man — we may feel that we are sufficiently well directed, that with safety we may drop the pilot, but —

And so I sat and mused as I finished "Elmer Gantry". I am a very simple minded citizen of average intelligence, far enough along in life to be able to contrast the home life and love of the seventies and the eighties and the nineties with the hectic life of today. And I wonder and wonder. The world of my youth had a God and a Jesus Christ and a church and a ministry and it held a wonderful sense of security and peace and charity. My world of today is nervous, unsettled, and discontented. The God of my youth seems to be in eclipse and the real love of man for man has become obscure.

I abhor sentimentality. I think of myself as an evenly balanced, logical human being. And while I consider myself abreast of the times in most concerns, I must, I suppose, consider myself old fashioned in my regret for the passing of a certain reverence for and inspiration from things eternal.

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PARKING IN PARK ROW

By Arthur McKeogh

. . . At first the editors may rebuff you, as they did me. But if you persist, if you show that you are determined to get on a newspaper, they finally will give you a chance if only, as in my case, in the hope that thereby they may get rid of you.

—Ray Long, in THE BOOKMAN.

LORN and longing I stood facing New York's great newspaper buildings along Park Row on that thrilling day in mid-April. Inside those unattainable walls presses were throbbing feverishly with news of the most astounding tragedy that had broken since the sinking of the "Maine". Three days previously the "Titanic", biggest and fastest passenger vessel of the seas, had gone down with more than sixteen hundred persons in her funeral escort. It was the incomparable disaster of maritime history up to that time.

Tonight the "Carpathia" would nose her way slowly up the Hudson with the survivors. How many they would number could not be told definitely, although the wireless had been forwarding fragmentary lists of names that were scanned with straining eyes on two continents. The whole country was in the clutch of a monstrous, incoherent awe intensified by three days of suspense — and there was I, like a puppy at an earthquake, looking for my first job.

The business of finding a niche on your own in a disinterested world is not all sarsaparilla and skittles. A college degree can shrink between commencement and the first pay day much as if the impressive Latin had been written on flannel and exposed to rough weather. Now I wasn't exactly glowing under the delusion that a classical education qualifies a man for newspaper work. I could recall a story, perhaps apocryphal, that Horace Greeley had a sign in his editorial offices reading:

NO COLLEGE GRADS OR OTHER HORNED CATTLE NEED APPLY.

Probably I did overestimate the value of such piffling experience as editorship of a college magazine can afford. But it was really the pictured romance of the reporter's life and the itch to write that had fixed my choice. My parents were emphatically hostile to the idea. Their ambition for me was law. To this I countered that by taking an evening law course I could satisfy both them and myself. And we finally reached a compromise whereby I was to be allowed a month in which to find a newspaper job. Try and get it, in the language of the day, was their attitude.

Had my father been descended from some such fantastic combination of kin as Dana, Bennett, and Franklin he would have said not a syllable in my behalf. That I expected. But in the evenings upon my return from fruitless canvassings of the editorial offices he would barrage me with long dissertations on the evils of newspaper associations — the drinking, the gambling, the indifferent morals with which his mind peopled newspaperdom. It was a pseudo-profession, ill paid, without a future. It might prove in my case to be a vicious calling. It — well, you know how parents can run on. To me it re-

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mained, of course, the crystallization of romance — all the high lights of a great city's life focused at the point of one's pencil.

Three of my four allotted weeks had been devoted to encountering that imperious and impervious little buffer, the office boy. I had three letters of introduction to as many managing editors, obtained from a first class reporter to whom I had introduced myself on the strength of having heard him lecture once. He was a sanguine sort, with a wide streak of the milk of human kindness in him, else he could hardly have written after our few meetings as he did to one editor: "If you are in need of novices you will always thank me for sending McKeogh to you. He can, I really believe, interview J. P. Morgan — and intelligently." About a year later I did talk with, or perhaps I should say at, Mr. Morgan on the float of his yacht club where he could scarcely have avoided me without a bathing suit. But he told me nothing that would slake the curiosity of an indefatigably curious city editor.

With my introductory letters I had obtained also a list of seventeen editors. Of that number I saw perhaps fourteen — in the proxies of their office boys. There must have been a bumper crop of the rapscallions that year.

The boys in one office surely came to know my general contours at a distance. Here was published the evening paper — the New York "Evening Sun" — to which more than to any other I wanted to hitch my journalistic go-cart. Here an illustrious galaxy of writers had been cubs or post-cubs — David Graham Phillips, Richard Harding Davis, Will Irwin, Arthur Brisbane, Irvin Cobb — oh, a good score of them. Here furthermore college graduates might conceivably horn in, whereas, New York being the rendezvous for the news writers of the country, other papers demanded men of experience. And here, finally, my day's work would end in time for me to attend law school at night, a convenience most morning newspaper jobs could not offer.

But the shop itself! . . . I take you up a corkscrew flight of narrow iron stairs. Incredible stairs! Better let me go ahead, for the way is dark and you might sink your head into the unexpectant midriff of someone coming down. If we do meet another, to let him pass we shall flatten ourselves along the outer edge of the spiral rail close to the wire screen that boxes us in. If a fire has broken out upstairs our names will be in the morning papers among those trampled to death.

Immediately upon our gaining the landing the dingy room is before us. There is no such formality as an outer office. Instead, several metal carriages, or stones, errant from an adjoining electrotyping room, may block our way to the little phalanx of desks that serve the reporters. A few feeble typewriters are doggedly clacking away, tired in all their wheezing joints. The managing editor is reported as believing that a man's mind is distracted from his copy by the mechanics of operating a typewriter. So only the best of the reporters have machines. Looking around at the sooted walls, at the braced ceiling through which bits of lead from the composing room occasionally sift, at the murky windows, the scarred desks and elderly kitchen chairs, you wonder if perhaps the managing editor's theory is not somewhat affected by economy.

And it was on this office particularly that I had trained my importunate siege guns. Not so glamourous surely as the accepted fiction dealing with the environment of the newspaper cub. But the very antiquity of the place, the

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acrid smell of printer's ink and melting lead, gave the shop that mellow, irresistible fascination that there is about some sturdy old piece of Colonial furniture made when nails were wooden pegs and sacrileges, at that.

When the direct method of approach failed me with the economical managing editor I tried the indirect. I had already written to him and twice sent in a card. Presumably my name might be familiar if he saw it gazing out at him appealingly from the pages of his own paper. So I injected myself into a metaphysical controversy that was raising a momentary tempest in the teapot of a column headed "Letters from the People". That I was a sesquipedalian simpleton you may see for yourself from a single sample paragraph of my letter:

> Reincarnation connotes preexistence, whether celestial or terrestrial, and is usually a synonym for the anthropological teachings of Pythagoras and Plato. It is not so comprehensive as resurrection, merely demanding, *quoad nomen*, a reembodiment of the spirit and maintaining at best a decidedly variable opinion as to the personal immortality of that spirit. . . . The religious philosophy of Fichte, the elder, savors strongly of Spinoza's pantheism, and is moreover preeminently monistic. Pantheism — in which, if it proposes immortality, the individual will be absorbed into the absolute — and monism of the idealistic kind, which takes little or no account of the body, are not with any show of wisdom to be enlisted on the side of reincarnation.

What I was trying to prove I remember only vaguely today, but what I surely succeeded in proving to the managing editor, if he read the thing, was my utter inability to write clear, simple newspaper English. To my delight the column-long jawbreaker was printed — probably as a space filler — with my name signed in full for the edification of the managing editor. I bore a clipping of it to the office and sent it in with still another card. The only response, by way of the contemptuous office boy, was "Nothin' doin'."

And now after a campaign in job getting as intensive as it was futile the news of the "Titanic" sent me scurrying optimistically downtown, convinced that with all this extra news to handle the papers must find themselves understaffed — perhaps even moaning for help! In my callowness it did not occur to me that a green reporter would actually clutter up the typographical landscape at such a perfervid time. My rejection today was kindly, however. With the whole staff absorbed by the emergency I might well have been sent spinning down those spiral stairs, were it not that lately I had found a friend who was a friend of one of the younger editorial writers. I had asked for him and he courteously showed me the futility of hoping for a place at such a time.

Then, as if to draw inspiration from merely looking up at these walls of nested news, I stood opposite them in City Hall Park, beating desperately on the doors of my unprofitable mind for an idea, a stunt, anything to put myself over. Like the cartoonist's time honored streak of lightning, the flash descended upon me. I had been following every line of news in the development of the story — the speculations as to the real cause of the disaster, the changing lists of survivors, the preparations for their reception. It was an order of Mayor Gaynor to the police department that gave me the idea. Cards of admission to the rescue ship's pier were strictly to be denied to the newspapers. Only relatives of the survivors would be permitted to attend the tragic homecoming. If, then, I could in some way get one of the precious pasteboards, as journalese called them, I might land my job after all. My pass could be turned over to some

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bright particular star reporter who could beat the other papers with it. No would be reporter begins his career without the word "beat" or "scoop" in his glittering lexicon.

About an hour later at my house I tore open a telegram that read:

In St. Vincent's Hospital. Strain too much. For God's sake meet Bertha.
PAUL G.——

The message was no surprise to me. I had just sent it to myself. I provided myself with another document written at my dictation by a friend in what was supposed to be extremely nervous handwriting:

WHITE STAR LINE,
Gentlemen: This will introduce Mr.—— who has kindly consented to meet my sister, Miss Bertha——. I have collapsed under the strain—am unable to go to the pier.
Yours very truly,
PAUL G.——

These were the credentials with which I planned to substantiate a shameless fabrication. Here is the story as I carefully rehearsed it before approaching the authorities: Bertha was the first name of one of the third cabin passengers actually reported by wireless as saved. Paul, her fictitious brother and a classmate of mine, was a civil engineer employed on the barge canal at Mechanicsville, New York. Before the wireless lists had begun to arrive he had come to New York to learn what he could of his sister's fate. Beset by the uncertainty of her survival he had fallen ill with an old ailment, nasal hemorrhage. Like a Laura Jean Libbey character, friendless in the big city, he was taken to a hospital, as near to the pier as possible. Bertha was the only remaining member of his family and when her name finally appeared among the rescued he thought of me and looked to me to meet her.

Calking the weaknesses in my narrative as best I could and dreading even a superficial investigation of its details, I went to the White Star offices, there to learn that passes were being issued from the Custom House at the discretion of General Nelson H. Henry, then Surveyor of the Port. That kindly gentleman stood behind a large flat desk while before him stretched a line of twenty five or thirty applicants. Some were sobbing softly into black bordered handkerchiefs, others were seemingly dazed and emotionless, still others were there as the messengers of officials whose curiosity wanted feeding. For myself I felt as if I belonged in that particular circle of the Inferno set apart by Dante for the hypocrites.

"I'm very sorry, Commissioner", said General Henry over the telephone as I neared him, "but I can't do it. If we had given passes to the applicants of the past two days there wouldn't be room to move on the pier. I know, but you don't want to deprive someone who has a relative on board! The passes are limited. I simply can't do it, Commissioner."

For a moment when my turn came I was inarticulate. Then words gushed with an assurance that made me feel as if another were talking. Fingering my telegram and letter, General Henry heard me out attentively.

"I don't see her name among the first or second cabin passengers", he said, consulting a list.

"Oh" — my tone was eloquent of relief — "she's in the third cabin."

I had cautiously selected one of the hundreds of third cabin or steerage passengers for the safety that lay in numbers.

Answering my hopeful observation, his voice had the tired quality of oft repeated formula: "No passes are issued for the steerage."

The next moment I was in the outer corridor.

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Was I downhearted? Yes! I stuffed my worthless credentials ruefully in a pocket. How could I have known that distinctions would prevail between cabins even in the face of catastrophe! All that elaborate scheme for nothing! If I had only selected from the second cabin — well, why not do so now? Could I get away with it? There were only about twenty two names in the second cabin list, if memory is faithful. And reading over them in a newspaper I tentatively picked one at random — perhaps because the patronymic — Webber — was also the name of a classmate. The classmate motif, you see, was now running amok.

But surely General Henry would recognize me upon reappearance. Well, let him! I would at least have a rebuff for my pains. I might even be arrested. On the other hand, interviewing about three persons every ten minutes, he might not identify me.

Half an hour later I was asking him for a pass to meet my sister-in-law, Miss Sarah Webber.

"I believe a pass has been issued in her name." No glint of recognition!

"That shouldn't be," I replied, "because she lives in Chicago and there is no one here to meet her but myself. May I ask who got the pass, please?"

He turned me over to a clerk who began searching through a ledger. It was not arranged alphabetically, and as we turned from page to page I was trying to think of some graceful escape against the moment when we came upon the name. But, by all the little leprachauns of luck, the name wasn't there! And I got my pass.

I shall always wonder about that name. Perhaps if there is such a Sarah Webber and her eyes happen upon this she will fill in the hiatus. When an accurate list of the rescued, taken from the "Carpathia's" books, was drawn up the following day there was no Sarah Webber among them. It may be that an error in wireless transmission had given her temporary being. It may be that she arrived unwelcomed by anyone. Or perhaps someone called after I had, late as the hour was.

At about five thirty I was pushing past the negligible office boys to see my young editorial friend. I told him how the pass had been manœuvred, and chuckling he took it with the telegram into the managing editor's office.

"So this is that eternal pest!" I imagined the managing editor thinking as his steely eyes analytically transfixed me a few minutes later. Not a word was said except the introduction. He must have sent for the city editor, for that little man appeared in the doorway of the cubicle with an inquiring lift in his slight eyebrows.

"Here's a new man", said the m. e., and — the city editor's eyebrows arching higher — he added, "He has a pass to the pier tonight." Then to me: "Just wait outside."

The little man came out presently, looking at me with what I took to be an air of resignation. It wasn't precisely that. It was his habitual attitude of seeming listlessness. From that moment on he was always the personification of calm to me. As we made our way to his famous old rolltop, copy boys, reporters, rewrite men, and copy readers were dodging each other in the narrow passageways. There was perhaps a hint of the din and bustle traditional in the movies of newspaper life. The usual studious atmosphere of the average news room had been disturbed with the "Titanic" story at its boiling point. But no matter how hot the stuff was breaking the city editor, I felt sure, would stand like a pigmy Gibraltar — immovable, dignified, mighty in

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mind though a mite in stature. I chose then to apotheosize him in that rôle. And though I came to know his weaknesses later, they were really only sun spots. He went out on his final and biggest assignment years ago — bigger for him than even his story from Santiago. And it was natural that to the last Thomas M. Dievaide was my idea of a city editor.

At his desk, in a characteristic plaintive little treble he sang out across the room — "Pierce!" As tall as his boss was short, Pierce joined us. "This", I thought, "is the star writer who is to have my pass." But to my mute amazement the city editor handed the card to me, and told his reporter to "look after" me at the pier.

Pierce must naturally have thought it a nuisance to be saddled with a neophyte at such a time.

"All you do", he said politely, "is buttonhole anyone that looks like a survivor, ask him how it happened, what he did, and so on."

It was "and so on" that I could have wished to have in greater detail when I arrived that evening at the Strand Hotel, a typical little waterfront place with a bar instead of a lobby. Almost opposite the pier, this was news headquarters. Newspapers from all over the country had hired every last room. The spectacle of a telegraph instrument on a washstand was commonplace. The windows radiated wires so close strung that, seen from the street, the building resembled a huge spider's web from which was to be spun tragic information. The place seethed with matter-of-fact reporters, special sobbists, dispassionate telegraph operators. Placards bristled from the doors, announcing their journalistic occupants. Here was the name of a San Francisco paper next door to one from New Orleans. London, in the form of the "Daily Mail", was just across the hall from Paris — "Le Matin". It was all most confusing to a young man with a card in his hatband, looking for a sympathetic somebody.

A police cordon that held back thousands had been thrown out around the pier, including the hotel, for an area of blocks; a second inner line handled the sparse traffic; a third stretched across the entrance to the pier. Once inside that guarded enclosure, I saw others with cards in their hatbands. The majority of the newspapermen on the scene had to wait outside, but certainly a score of them had managed to get in despite the Mayor's order.

White coated doctors from the hospitals were there with prophetic stretchers, and relief workers of all kinds. Coffee and sandwich stands gave an effect of grim holiday. Private automobiles, donated for the occasion, waited to take the unfortunate travelers to rooms provided gratis for them in the biggest hotels. The steamship company was prepared to supply them with funds raised by popular subscription. The whole city offered its key — and it wasn't the usual *papier mâché* symbol. In such a flurry of beneficence, everyone about him with an assigned job, a young man with a card in his hatband can be greatly confused, crowdedly alone.

As the "Carpathia" laboriously rounded the end of the wharf amid sinister hissings of steam and heroic puffings from the tugs, I shouted across the intervening slit of water to some curiously dressed persons along the rail: "Is Colonel Astor on board?" There had been last minute rumors that despite earlier reports the millionaire had been saved.

To be audible above the steam I had to scream my question again. Then came a touch of the dramatic that sent

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a shiver down my spine. One of the passengers, not even attempting to be heard, extended an arm out over the rail and, pointing a finger at the roiled waters below, slowly moved it thrice downward.

A minute or two later I had my office on the telephone.

"You can positively say that Colonel Astor has been lost", I told the rewrite man. He must have cursed me for my brevity, but I feared the gangplank would be down before I could get out of the booth. I was determined to get one of the survivors aside, and I knew success depended on quick work at the gangplank.

Coming down from the ship the rescued were distinguishable by their ill fitting clothes from the regular "Carpathia" passengers. Standing alone and uncertain was a prepossessing young man wearing a cap too small for his brow and a golf jacket too big for his girth.

"You were on the 'Titanic'?" I asked.

"I was — and I'm rather in a fix. I have no clothes or money, and the friends I was to join are in the west."

I told him of the arrangements that had been made for just such cases as his, and noting that two or three reporters were gathered about various other survivors I asked him to walk down the pier with me where we could talk undisturbed.

Behind a screen of packing cases he told me what I believe to have been the best single story of any of the luckless travelers. His name was Lawrence Beaseley; he was an Englishman and a product of Oxford. He was traveling — ironically — for pleasure. Starting with a card game in the smoking room, his narrative was colorful, comprehensive, and dramatic in every phase down to the explosion of the herculean boilers and the final plunge of that vast city of steel below the black horizon of the night.

He had been among the last to jump and was tossed by the icy waters toward a raft on which there were only a handful, while lifeboats nearby were overturned by the panic stricken numbers that tried to board them or hurled their bodies at them from the lofty decks. He had seen women torn from their husbands and children. He had seen whole boatloads of struggling maniacs spilled like so many bags of meal into the ocean. He knew what it meant when men die with calm eyes because their women must go first. What a story he had! And he told it with a well bred restraint that enhanced its thrill.

The general facts of the sinking are too well known for repetition here. Later Mr. Beaseley put his experiences into a book so valuable that the government officially recommended it to all United States maritime libraries.

Halfway through the narrative, my fingers tingling so with excitement that it was difficult to write, our hiding place was discovered. A reporter from a rival paper — there must always be a rival paper in a cub's story! — spotted us and cheerfully sat in. After Mr. Beaseley had finished, with what good grace I could command I repeated the opening chapters for the regretted newcomer. Too bad — but the goddess Chance couldn't be expected to stack the cards forever in my favor. My story would not be exclusive after all. But at least it would be shared only with the "Evening World".

With seven or eight closely written pages I dashed for a telephone booth. I was all but breathless with my conquest when finally a rewrite man took up the other end of the wire. When he asked who was talking I could describe myself at first only as "the new man".

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I gave him the name and background of my survivor and began to dictate the story verbatim:

"'With three others I was playing bridge in the smoking room that night. We had had a good day's run and the story had gone round that the "Titanic's" engines were crowding on all speed to —'"

"Say!" the rewrite man bellowed at me, decorating his interruption with a few non-Sabbatical phrases, "say, cut out all that flubdub and give me the gist of the story. The gist, see? We're getting out extras tonight. No time for all this general bunk!"

"But this is a long, detailed account," I objected, "wonderfully told. There's nothing much left of it if I give you merely the gist."

"Well, that's all we want, young man", he said sternly. "We're closing an extra in twenty minutes—do you understand!"

So in a broken spirit I gave him the salient points and left the phone booth bewildered. Here were all the papers devoting nearly all their columns to the event — many like ours printing extras. Yet I was cut off briefly when I offered a description rich in action, circumstance, and accuracy.

I talked with several others before the pier was emptied of the rescued. But the stories I telephoned were common property. It was after two A. M. when I got home, and such extras as I saw had nothing of Beaseley.

At the office next morning I felt conspicuous in my failure. One of the men glanced at me as I came in and said something to another, causing him to turn in my direction. Could they in some curious way know of my blunder? Of course it wasn't that. No one would ever know, I was determined. Later I learned that the music critic had playfully dubbed me "the 'Titanic'orphan" when the story of the pass got about.

Then came the blow. Studying all our editions, I located three short paragraphs about Beaseley, representing my ardent work, my lost opportunity. When the first edition of the "Evening World" appeared, the Beaseley story with a big headline ran for a column on the first page and occupied the solid lower half of the second. The story was practically exclusive — for the rival paper!

Of course I knew later what I should have done — just as we always know after Pegasus has bolted from the unlocked stable door. I should have shed the rewrite man's rebuff with unconcern. Instead of being proud that I had worked so late I should have gone back to the office at two o'clock and written my story for the next day's editions. Better — I should have led Beaseley from the pier. Taking him to one of the less prominent hotels on the free list I could have seen him safely under the coverlets. It was the chance of a lifetime — gone flooey forever! Any cub of fiction would have risen nobly to it.

The listless little city editor strolled over to my corner during the day and asked:

"Did you get anything last night?"

"I telephoned two or three little things", I said in a faint voice. And that was all I said. It seemed to satisfy him. He let me live.

Living, one learns. I learned that only in my own eyes had I failed. Whereas the Beaseley opportunity was never known, the pass episode was talked about. I studied law between assignments. And when finally I did get a real beat during the near-hostilities between Mexico and the United States, I had learned my lesson — I went back to the office and wrote until three A. M.

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THE GUNS OF SATIRE

By James L. Ford

THAT there is a crying need at the present moment for a powerful satirical journal, directed by trained hands and printed in the interest of public decency and integrity, will be denied by none with eyes to see and brains to comprehend current conditions in the city and nation. Periodicals there are that spread abroad humor of the pleasant, good natured sort designed to amuse rather than to set people to thinking. But we have nothing that can puncture the bladder of pretentiousness with the vicious stroke of a shining blade, or awaken the fear of God in legislative bodies.

At the present moment New York offers the amazing spectacle of many men anxious for power or place, either for public good or personal gain, and yet unaware of the opportunity that lies within the grasp of anyone capable of seizing and using it. Many of these men are willing and able to spend money liberally for the gratification of their ambitions, and the amount of money actually spent during the past few decades on publications designed for this purpose but lacking in the essential element furnishes abundant material for a comic history of metropolitan finance. If we examine these puerile efforts to influence public opinion we find that not one of them employs wit, the most powerful of all weapons in a war against the evils that afflict society. Yet he who runs may read the truth of what I have said in the history of "Punch", for three quarters of a century the greatest political and social power in Great Britain; in that of "Puck" during the years of its prosperity; in that of the New York "Evening Post" under E. L. Godkin; in that of the New York "Sun" under Charles A. Dana; and in that of "Harper's Weekly" when it arose in its might to crush the iniquitous Tweed Ring and rid the City of New York of the thieves who controlled it.

Never within my memory has the body politic been afflicted with so much moral disease as at present, and not one of these evils but offers tempting opportunity to the pen of the satirist or the pencil of the cartoonist. Righteous indignation has ceased to exist, and in its place has come a tolerance of and indifference to crimes against life and property as well as to decadent literature, bad manners, bad art, and a stage that exploits everything vicious and unwholesome.

With the dire need for such a journal as I have indicated, there exists also an important minority element in our population that stands ready to welcome it gladly and give it generous support. But where shall we look for the man to undertake, at his own risk, and not in collusion with political or commercial interests, the forging of such a weapon? Largely speaking, the men who dream of the power they do not know how to obtain are either theorists of academic habits of thought, successful men of affairs, or youths of small experience in life but rich in zeal for any undertaking and instinct with the spirit of the new generation. Of the three, eager youth is the most

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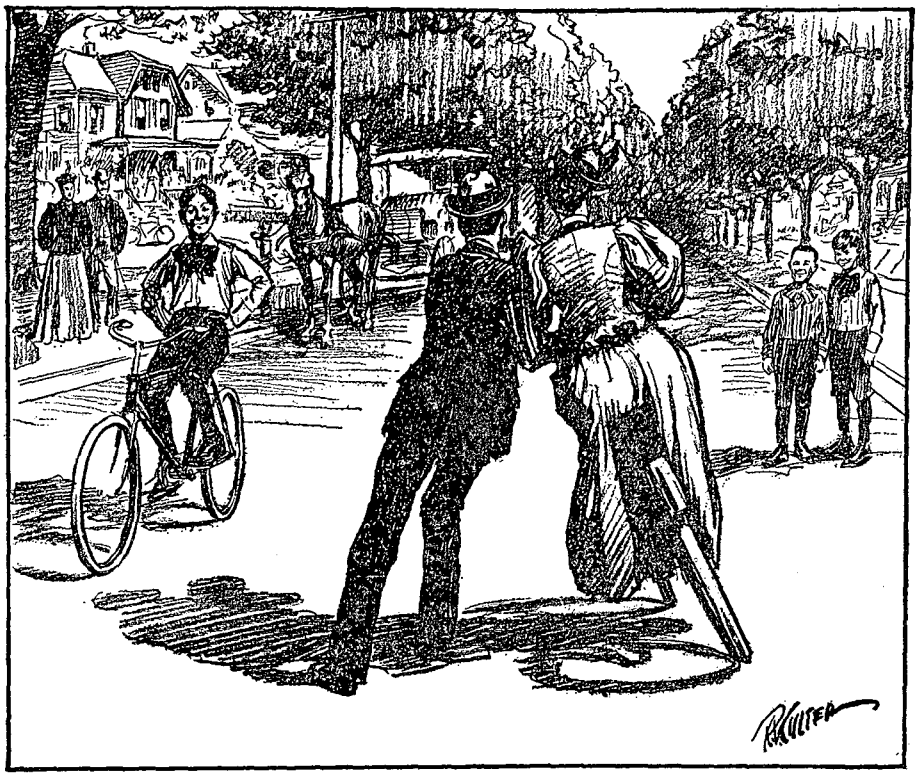

FAMILIAR SCENE ALONG ANY ASPHALT STREET ON A NICE SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE NINETIES, SHOWING A LADY TAKING UP THE NEW BICYCLE CRAZE IN A SERIOUS WAY.

From "The Gay Nineties", a book of drawings by R. V. Culter (Doubleday, Page)

likely to recognize the situation and the opportunity; for in academic eyes wit is something to be enjoyed in literature, while the man of affairs who has made a fortune out of material things knows it only as a joke heard in musical comedy or in an after dinner speech at a trade banquet. Inform such a man that wit, humor, and satire can be harnessed, like electricity, and converted into an intellectual and moral force as powerful as that of the electric current in the world of commerce and manufacturing, and he will not merely doubt the statement but fail to understand it.

To imaginative youth wit is a perfectly natural form of expression, greatly practised, usually in a crude form, in school and college days. A right thinking young man would regard it with too much respect to waste it in excursions into classic literature or in tickling the ears of surfeited diners at a trade banquet. Keenly susceptible to its sparkle and brilliance, he would much rather fashion it into an instrument of annoyance and use it after the reckless manner of his kind and without that cautious fear of consequences that is the heritage of age.

But unfortunately the men who have started magazines with altruistic motives have been drawn, not from the ranks of impetuous youth, but from those of successful commercial dealings.

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It is from this class that the next adventurer in the field is certain to come, and almost as certain is it that he will waste great sums of money and make himself ridiculous at the same time. In this connection I may record the fact that both "Puck" and "Life", the two most successful humorous publications in this country, were established on the traditional shoe string and lived to yield enormous profits to their projectors.

It is almost impossible for a satirical journal controlled by one of those "sound, conservative business men", who have done so much for our material prosperity, to achieve anything; for the moment the "sound, conservative" one sets his adventure afloat on the uncertain sea of public affairs he discards all his commercial knowledge and experience. He entrusts the direction of his venture to some thoroughly incompetent person and sets sail with inexperience at the helm, incompetence at the prow, and a cargo of money bags that is quite certain to be jettisoned before the voyage is over. Again I must refer to our comic financial history to corroborate my words. Impetuous youth will make many mistakes but not this particular one.

It is true that he who undertakes the direction of a satirical periodical has no easy task before him, but who is there worthy of his mettle who desires an easy task, like rolling off a log or editing "The New Republic"? To win in what is certain to prove a struggle his equipment must include a quick sense of that which is pretentious, dishonest, and cowardly; he must possess also that infinite capacity for honest, impersonal hatred which is one of the noblest and rarest gifts of God to man.

A natural instinct for what is best in art and literature should enable him to recognize those qualities as soon as found, and gradually to train and mold into a cohesive body the most promising young artists and writers who come within his ken. Such a staff is far more valuable than one composed of men of established reputation too busy with their own work to give the best of themselves to an undertaking of uncertain stability.

The direction of a humorous publication, than which no more serious effort can be imagined, is distinctly a one man proposition. The backer is at best a necessary evil, to be endured but not permitted to write anything or to handicap the enterprise with that entirely unnecessary evil, a board of directors. I have known many such bodies, and every one of them contained at least one man who wished to use the columns for his own purposes and four who clamored constantly for theatre tickets. The price of theatre tickets is certainly abnormally large these days, especially when purchased from a ticket agent, but even then they do not come as high as when begged of the manager, for sooner or later he must be paid in the inflated currency of puffs. All this knowledge is bound to force its way into the brain of an editor before he has been many months at his post, and in the course of time he will discover that it is bad policy to speak highly of anyone except under strong provocation.

In saying this I am well aware of the huge circulation enjoyed by nearly every one of those magazines that address themselves to the larger part of the population by presenting life, not as it is, but as this great majority would like to have it — and let it be remembered that there are more women than men in the population of the country. But the editor of such an honest and truth speaking publication

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as I have in mind must address himself to a minority audience of perhaps one person in a hundred of the population and not concern himself with the tastes and prejudices of the ninety and nine.

A really influential satirical journal should be marked by the best of text and drawing, and above all by that which is unhappily rare enough these days, good taste. All these qualities were apparent in the work by which the late George Du Maurier literally laughed out of England the decadent æsthetic craze that swept over the land nearly half a century ago and that later was effectually scotched in this country by Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience". That wit as refined as that of Gilbert or Du Maurier can be converted into political power is proved by what James Russell Lowell acccomplished in the "Biglow Papers", written in Yankee dialect many years ago. In these papers he always referred to a certain lowbrow politician of his day as "John P. Robinson he", indicating the politician's low mentality in such lines as:

But John P. Robinson he
Says they didn't know everything down in Judee.

By this form of ridicule Lowell literally drove him out of political life, since the public could no longer take him seriously.

Above all must the editor be prepared to meet the onslaught of the many illustrators who would rather sell a bad picture than paint a good one, and whose skill in unloading on a credulous art editor the crude products of their earlier years has brought disaster to many a richly subsidized publication. A recital of the methods by which these artists prepare fakes for their innocent victims, their skilled use of pantograph, tracing paper, and solar print, their crafty stealings from foreign publications, and the eloquence with which they commend their wares as fine examples of the "modernist" school of art, furnishes abundant material for a long chapter in my present discourse.

It is only from a staff of humorous experts directed by one who knows that which is bad as well as that which is good that the best examples of cartooning are obtainable, and the cartoon is the most effective weapon in wit's armory.

Largely speaking the cartoonist is born, not made. His art is totally unlike that of the illustrator or painter, for the least important part of his technical equipment is good draftsmanship; indeed, many of the best cartoonists have been exceedingly poor draftsmen. But the born cartoonist is also a caricaturist, in a way, and can catch the salient points of a human face and so reproduce them on paper that they seem a complete portrait. In this manner a recognizable picture of the late Theodore Roosevelt has been made out of his teeth and eyeglasses. The cartoonist should have a cartooning mind, by which I mean an ability to grasp the significance of some current condition or political situation and give expression to it in the shape of a little drama — it is in this form that real cartooning ideas clothe themselves. The best number of elements in a good cartoon is three or possibly four; more than that are apt to prove confusing.

The inferior cartoonist seeks to eke out his incapacity through the labeling method. He depicts, let us say, a rickety cart labeled "Soviet", drawn by a bony horse marked "Bolshevist", and driven by a typical shabby and whiskered Russian with "Trotsky" scrawled across his hat, the whole equipage traveling along a road whose terminus is marked "Ruin". The uninformed and unimaginative pro-

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OUR MODERN YOUNG MISS WITH THE ROLLED STOCKINGS AND BLATANT KNEES IS PROBABLY THE DAUGHTER OF THAT HUSSY OF THE NINETIES WHO WORE HER "RAINY-DAISY" SKIRT WHEN THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKIES.

From "The Gay Nineties"

nounce this an admirable specimen of the cartoonist's art because they have always believed that the present Russian government would end in ruin, and the picture is an exact expression of their primitive ideas. But not even the fact that the editor or owner of a great powerful metropolitan newspaper has been credulous enough to pay the artist for making it can convert this meaningless picture into a cartoon.

The custom prevalent in many newspaper offices of compelling the artist to furnish the ideas for his pictures is absurd. As well expect the carpenter, working for a daily wage, to furnish the boards, or a plumber the bathtubs. Although the public has always credited notable pictures to Tenniel, Keppler, or whatever artist affixes his name to them, they have been the combined work of a staff of professional humorists.

The "Punch" staff had a dinner every week, not, as has often been said, to "decide upon" the next cartoon, but actually to create it as they sat at table, and to award the making of it to the most available artist. The frugal proprietors of "Puck" saved the cost of the dinner, but had a weekly council with the same object in view.

In my mind's eye I can see the creation, bit by bit, of "Dropping the Pilot", always attributed to Tenniel,

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though much of the credit undoubtedly belonged to the "Punch" staff. When these gentlemen began their work at the dinner table it was obvious that Bismarck's retirement, a virtual dismissal, was the great event of the moment, and the question arose as to the best manner of portraying the event and suggesting its ultimate result. Such obvious schemes as the chancellor's handing in his resignation or the Emperor's putting him out of doors were not to be considered, for the two figures could not be shown the same size. Therefore the central figure of the cartoon must be that of the sturdy statesman, while the Emperor must be made as small as possible. The idea of this statesman's controlling the Ship of State — Bismarck standing at the wheel — may have occurred to everyone present. But he was no longer at the wheel and he must be shown quitting his post. Nothing could better express this idea than the figure of the pilot going down the ship's side, and that figure must convey an idea of his strength and skill. The comparison between himself and the vainglorious Emperor could be shown by the face of the latter, gazing at the pilot for whose services he believed he had no further use — a smirk of self satisfaction in the Imperial face would tell the story. The result of these deliberations, founded on a genuine knowledge of European politics and German history, enabled Tenniel to employ his great power as a draftsman in making an immortal cartoon. I may add that the collection of the "Punch" cartoons is virtually a history of England during the long period that it covers. Moreover, it shows the superiority of Tenniel over his predecessor, John Leech, who excelled in another and a different field of work.

Perhaps the most famous cartoon ever printed in "Puck" was the "Tattooed Man", which represented James G. Blaine tattooed with various slogans of the day as a freak in a dime museum. Many years afterward President Cleveland declared that it did more to elect him to office than any other argument advanced in his behalf. The name of Bernard Gillam was signed to this work. It procured for Gillam the position at the head of the rival paper "Judge", which he held till his death without gaining further renown.

It was Carl Hauser, the editor of the German edition of "Puck", who suggested a picture of a dime museum with the various politicians of the day exhibited as freaks. Gillam was selected to make a rough draft of the subject. This draft was submitted to the weekly council and discussed in detail by all present. Several alterations were made and results apparently satisfactory were arrived at when Mr. Schwartzmann, one of the owners of the paper, pointed to the tattooed man, an inconspicuous figure in the background, and asked whom he was intended to represent. Gillam replied that it was David Davis, at that time a well known figure in the political life of the nation.

"That will scarcely do", replied the publisher. "Davis has a clean record. We must have someone with a smirched record." And it was then that someone — it might have been Bunner or Keppler or Opper — suggested James G. Blaine, the candidate whom "Puck" was strenuously opposing at the time. Someone suggested further that he be tattooed with "Mulligan Letters", to which were added other campaign slogans, in consequence of which it became necessary to bring the figure down to the foreground and enlarge it so as to contain all the inscriptions.

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The Tweed Ring was, in its day, the most sinister political power recorded in the history of the City of New York. It was at the very height of its power when it was attacked by "Harper's Weekly", a journal edited by George William Curtis, a genuine humorist and a man of letters. Thomas Nast, employed as cartoonist, was a Bavarian by birth who had had a continental training. Backed by Curtis and other members of the staff, Nast produced cartoons that made him famous and did more to drive Tweed and his fellow thieves from power than even the solid reasoning and detailed statements printed in the New York "Times". It has been said that George Jones, the owner of the "Times", was offered a million dollars to give up the fight and that Nast declined an offer of fifty thousand dollars, both of which tales I am quite ready to believe. "My constituents can't read, but they can all look at a picture", said Tweed. Of one thing I am sure: that it was the vigorous employment of wit that rid the city of its hideous incubus of wholesale robbery and finally sent Tweed to prison.

But although wit, in its most effective form, is a serious matter, there is room for humor of a gentler sort in a satirical paper. There is abundant need for the funny pictures of a Fred Opper; for the incisive literary satire of an Agnes Repplier; for the matchless wit in text and drawing of an Oliver Herford; and for the entirely original work of a John T. McCutcheon.

As I have already said, the establishment of such a journal as I have indicated in these pages is a task too difficult to be taken lightly, so great is its potentiality and so high its aim. But I have no hesitation in saying, and I speak from a long experience, that he who succeeds in this difficult task will find himself the greatest political and social power in this country.

BARN SWALLOWS

By Eloise Gard

I CANNOT seem to understand
The lure of harness smells and stalls
For birds with wings so darkly blue
And sunset breasts.

Their flight should be from minarets
And castellated abbey walls,
Where grey old stones
And leaded panes
Might from this flash of living fire
Retain an afterglow.

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THE ALL AMERICAN FICTION NINE

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE BOOKMAN *requested representative American literati to give briefly their opinions, first, as to the greatest living American writer, and second, as to the most enjoyable of our writers. Their comments are printed below.*

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

IS a poet an author? If so, I think that Robert Frost is our greatest author. He is also the one who gives me most enjoyment. I happen to enjoy most, authors like Frost and Emerson, rather hard and resistant at first. A Frost poem is not to be savored by a passive reading. In the distillation of its fine, marrowy pungence, the reader is one of the essential elements, an element always actually alive in the literal sense of the word. His poems are thus either nothing at all to you, or intimately a part of yourself.

Witter Bynner

IF you grant me that whimsies of nature
May exalt a diminutive stature,
Then I'll use the word "greatest" today
About Edna St. Vincent Millay —
And my second reply, sir, to you is
I enjoy above all Sinclair Lewis . . .
May their volumes grow fatter and thinner
Is the wish of their friend,
Witter Bynner.

Stark Young

THE greatest American writer today is, I think, Sherwood Anderson. He has that strange surprise, freshness, and abundance that is so much of the creative sum in literature. The American writer whose work gives me most happiness while I am reading it is the incomparable Santayana.

Emily Post

IN order that I may be looked upon as a person of high literary taste, I shall of course say that the greatest living American writer (I wish the list included English ones) is Sherwood Anderson. But if you ask me which name on a cover makes me at once buy book or magazine and immediately sit down and read the print off the page because of the impelling vividness of life put into mere words, I confess that the name I can't resist is that of Jim Tully!

John H. McGinnis

OF living Americans, who is the "best writer"? If you had asked for the greatest artist, I should have said Theodore Dreiser — in spite of the "Liberty" symposium. But in so far as words and sentences go, he often isn't a good writer at all. At the end of some of Dreiser's chapters I should be ready to call him the worst writer in America, except that I have read "The Hard-Boiled Virgin". But if your search is not so much for art as for craftsmanship, why then Mr. Cabell should have my vote: he can write. And then, who is most enjoyable? "Enjoyable" is a vague word: if it means entertaining, I reply Mencken.

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Who else has produced such a uniform quality of standardized entertainment, or kept at it so indefatigably and long? He never strains the attention, for you know what he is going to say the minute he names his subject. Hear him through two or three sentences, reassure yourself he is still in good voice, and you may turn to your more interesting reveries with confidence you will miss nothing you have not heard many times before. By all odds the most dependable entertainer in America today.

Bruce Bliven

WHAT does "greatest" mean to you? I have three definitions, and a candidate for each. You can infer the definitions from the candidates, who are, 1, Dreiser, 2, Eugene O'Neill, 3, Sherwood Anderson. If you pin me down to one (but please don't) — Dreiser. But if "enjoyable" means interesting, the answer to the second question is: Ring Lardner. If it means enjoyable, then Lardner, Anita Loos, Robert Benchley, and Frank Sullivan are at present running neck and neck.

Frances Newman

AFTER an American child has been told that "The House of the Seven Gables" and "David Copperfield" and "Adam Bede" are great novels, he naturally grows up with a strange conviction — the conviction that a great novel is necessarily a dull, long, solemn novel. Naturally then, he loses confidence in his own enjoyments, and if he likes a book he thinks it cannot possibly be a great book. But having been away from official instruction a good many years, I am convinced that I do not enjoy books I cannot admire and that I do not admire books I cannot enjoy. Therefore, I think that James Branch Cabell is the most admirable and the most enjoyable of American writers — because I think his politely cynical attitude is the only civilized attitude toward life, and because his phrases are phrases I enjoy with all my five senses.

R. L. Duffus

"GREATNESS" will always be a debatable term. I would rather say "most significant". I respectfully eliminate Mr. Dreiser because I think his significance arose from the leading part he played in a fight that is now won. He is the Wendell Phillips — or should I say the Harriet Beecher Stowe? — of the literary emancipation movement. He does not tell us what to do with the slaves now that we have freed them. I vote for Mr. Sinclair Lewis as our most significant writer because he is our most journalistic, and journalism in America is now more literary than most of our literature. I enjoy Mr. Lewis because more than any other author he affords me the pleasure of recognition. I believe he will for that reason outlast many literary modes and many awe inspiring literary reputations.

Helen Woodward

THE greatest American author to my mind is W. E. Woodward and I get most fun out of reading the same author. I don't see why I shouldn't say this, even if he is my husband. Extraordinarily enough, my favorite book by this same author is one that is comparatively unknown. It is the novel "Lottery", which to me is a much better book than "George Washington" or "Bunk".

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IS THE CHAUTAUQUA WORTHWHILE?*

By Albert Edward Wiggam

THERE are sixteen different ways of spelling the word "chautauqua", all of which are said to be etymologically, philologically, and historically correct.

There are likewise at least sixteen different ways of interpreting what chautauqua has meant and means today in American life, all of which have in them an element of truth.

Just as science means to one man a new method of making soap and means to another man a new interpretation of God, so every man interprets chautauqua out of his own education and background.

To some people — especially to many metropolitan city editors — chautauqua means a lot of platitudinous and misinformed nebulosity exuding from the pompous and perspiring personality of some superheated lecturer, who is wound up to go off for sixty minutes every twenty four hours like a Big Ben, only each time in a different community, the signal for every eruption of volubility being the introduction of him by the platform manager as the greatest humpty-hump of our time.

In so far as it goes, this view of chautauqua is perfectly correct. There have been just that sort of lecturers on the chautauqua platform. There have not been many of them, and as individuals they do not last long. But they keep coming and they deceive managers for a time, and probably always will.

Now and then, too, some second rate politician gains a reputation either in Washington or in his own bailiwick as being another Daniel Webster. Some political accident has elected him by an enormous majority, but this majority is laid to the persuasiveness of his eloquence and the profundity of his intellect. Chautauqua managers are not omniscient and now and then such a senator or representative gets a contract to lecture. But if he has nothing to say the people quickly find it out when he tries to spread his thin personality and intelligence out over the country at large.

I heard just such a politician last summer who was advertised as "the most eloquent man now in political life". He began by paying tributes to Washington and Lincoln and even dragged in Henry Clay. The people managed feebly to cheer Lincoln and Washington, but Clay seemed too remote. He then branched off on his early boyhood, followed this with a group of stale Negro stories, and wound up with a plea for one hundred per cent Americanism, intermingled with a denunciation of Socialism and the Yellow Peril, with a few words on the evils of divorce.

The people, however, are no longer deceived by that sort of oratorical buncombe. Poor lecturers and poor music and poor art come and go on the chautauqua platform, just as cheap art comes and goes on the stage. But these are not the type of men and women who have made the chautauqua a very important and permanent force in strengthening American social co-

*See "After Lyceums and Chautauquas, What?" by Eduard C. Lindeman in the May BOOKMAN.

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herence, elevating American social tone, and vitalizing American social hope.

There are men and women who have brought to the chautauqua platform study, thought, and scholarship, much of it expressed with as fine and restrained eloquence as the English language has in our day produced. A few of these who leap instantly into my memory as vital and helpful agents of the national purpose are such men and women as Chief Justice Taft, DeWitt Miller, President Glenn Frank, Russell Conwell, Bishop Hughes, Frank Dixon, Herbert L. Willett, Montaville Flowers, Charles Zueblin, Congressman Brooks Fletcher, S. A. Long, Judge Alden, Ida Tarbell, Ada Ward, Edward A. Ott, Colonel G. A. Gearheart, Ralph Parlette, Lou Beauchamp, L. G. Herbert, Edmund Vance Cooke, Colonel George W. Bain, Strickland Gillilan, William H. Stout, Frank Gunsaulus, Newell Dwight Hillis, S. Parkes Cadman — I could add a hundred others.

It may be that the city reader has never heard many of these names. That is not surprising. Fame or publicity in the national sense is not possible on the chautauqua platform, even for genius. I have often said to my friends that if any man wishes to retire to a life of obscurity, let him go on the lyceum or chautauqua platform as a lecturer or entertainer. This is literally true. No matter how deeply and vitally a man may move one community, it is only a matter of local interest. He is written up in the local newspaper. The following night he is written up in some other local newspaper. The metropolitan press never hears of him. And no publicity or fame or notoriety is real unless it be national in scope.

As an example of this: some of the finest dramatic art of this generation, I am convinced, has been produced on the chautauqua platform; but these artists will die unknown in the national sense, because their lives and their art have been expended upon the smaller communities of the nation. Yet whenever these artists come before metropolitan audiences they invariably astonish and delight them. During the war the chautauqua lecturers and entertainers held great city audiences spellbound with their eloquence and art.

I doubt, indeed, that any finer art in spoken English, or any richer comedy, has been put upon the legitimate stage in our time than the readings and impersonations on the chautauqua platform of Noah Beilharz, Sydney Landon, Elias Day, Robert Bowman, Thomas Elmore Lucy, Charles L. Taggart, Wallace Bruce Amsbury, Jessie Rae Taylor, Jess Pugh, Ralph Bingham — I wish I could mention them all. I doubt that any finer reading of the lines of English drama has been heard on Broadway than that which chautauqua audiences in the smaller towns have heard for many years from Leland T. Powers, Katherine Ridgeway, Frederick Warde, Isabel Garghill Beecher, Margaret Stahl, Jeanette Kling, Maude Willis, Lulu Tyler Gates, Edwin Whitney — again, I wish I could mention two or three score more.

And there have been Lorado Taft, Ross Crane, Alton Packard, Evelyn Bargelt, and a dozen other artists, cartoonists, and sculptors, traveling ten and twenty thousand miles a summer to carry art — real art, living art — to the people. Some one asked Lorado Taft why he left his studio and his big commissions as a sculptor to go out and talk in the hot chautauqua tents about sculpture. "Ah," he replied with enthusiasm, "I might discover another

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sculptor!" I have never seen a chautauqua musician, reader, entertainer, or lecturer who was not constantly in hopes of discovering some boy or girl whom he might stir to a life of self realization. Clay Smith and Guy Earl Holmes, nationally known composers — probably the leading composers of saxophone music in the world — have been on this quest for many years. Indeed to speak of chautauqua music and musicians would require an entire article. It has always been good, often excellent, and some of it of the very highest quality. All that the public is demanding is merely more of it — larger musical organizations, the leading musical comedy companies, and even grand opera. The San Carlo grand opera company toured the chautauqua tents during one summer with immense success.

May I offer just a bit of proof that much of the chautauqua art has been very fine? Recently one of these artists appeared before a select and highly critical New York audience, which was delighted with the entertainment. At the close, one of the greatest actors of our time said to the artist: "Your only difficulty is that you are too damned artistic. You can't put such fine art as that over on the stage." Yet I have seen this same "damned artistry" thrill a great audience in a chautauqua tent on a broiling hot July afternoon.

I am not delivering an encomium on the chautauqua, nor conducting a ticket selling campaign; consequently, I do not wish to maintain the thesis that the art of the chautauqua platform is better than that of the stage. As a whole it is not, although it is better than a vast deal of what is seen in our theatres. But wherever it has touched the art of the stage, such as in dramatic reading and impersonation, it has created a truly fine and worthy tradition of its own — a tradition which has been a genuine and sincere contribution to our national treasury of art. Here at least is evidence that the ten or twelve millions of people who buy chautauqua tickets every summer and who spend the afternoons and evenings of one week listening to lecturers and entertainers in a chautauqua tent are not all yokels, and that the persons who furnish the program are not all anti-evolution lecturers and yodlers, as many city dwellers believe.

Indeed, one of the prevailing misimpressions in large cities about the chautauqua has been that it was composed chiefly of William Jennings Bryan and a group of Swiss yodlers. It is a personal opinion of mine, and one which I do not insist anyone else shall share, that one of the greatest drawbacks to the chautauqua for the past thirty years was Mr. Bryan. If it be mentioned, for instance, before a university audience or some highly sophisticated group that a man has been a chautauqua lecturer, he is instantly classed with W. J. Bryan and his anti-monkey lectures on evolution.

Mr. Bryan was a great progressive in politics and the greatest regressive of this generation in every other field of scholarship and intellectual life. With his mediæval mind and his exhaustive ignorance of biology, psychology, and history, he looked forward in current politics and backward in religion. And since he was perhaps the leading national figure on the chautauqua platform, the most scholarly and forward looking lecturers who ventured on the chautauqua circuits came to be classed with him as intellectual yodlers.

Mr. Bryan did not stand for nor understand the great progressive ideals which are really dynamic in the structure and purpose of the chautauqua. He was the greatest single incubus

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which the chautauqua idea and ideal has had to carry during the past generation. And it will take many years to overcome the legacy of intellectual regression which he left behind upon the American lecture platform.

In order to get a close up of the present day chautauqua, I asked Dr. Paul M. Pearson, president of the Swarthmore Chautauqua, to spend a day with me recently, to talk over the present day chautauqua situation, its history and outlook. There is to me something vital and wonderful about the chautauqua. It has been eight years since I was in a chautauqua tent. Those years I have spent entirely absorbed in metropolitan and national journalism. But I am going back for a few weeks the coming summer just because I believe that if a man wishes to speak with a truly national voice, he must occasionally refresh his point of view by that close and renewing touch with American life afforded only in that vast system of seven or eight thousand chautauqua tents which every summer are scattered over America.

Doctor Pearson has grown up with the lyceum and chautauqua and no man knows its history and spirit better than he. After making himself a lecturer of distinction on literature, he went into the managerial field and for twenty five years has conducted one of the most extensive and successful systems of chautauqua circuits in the country.

He has the forward look of a born educator, and his vision of the potential national usefulness of the circuit chautauqua and what it may well become, if given adequate financial support, has led the newly organized National Community Foundation for Popular Education and Cultural Advancement to single out his institution, the Swarthmore Chautauqua, as the first agency through which it will work. The Foundation is now seeking an endowment of $5,000,000 for this purpose. The Foundation's program is a story in itself, and I wish I might tell it here, but in order to understand it thoroughly one must first understand chautauqua.

"What do you think", I asked Doctor Pearson, "are the things by which we can truly evaluate the chautauqua?"

"Well," he replied, "it has been running for fifty three years since the original chautauqua was founded by Bishop Vincent at Chautauqua Lake as a great summer assembly of lectures and entertainments. For thirty five years a large group of very able business managers have endeavored to take this great mother institution which runs all summer, reduce it to one week, carry it on in a tent or temporary pavilion, and thus bring its inspiration and cultural stimulus to the smaller communities of America.

"We now have an average of six or seven thousand of these one week assemblies running every summer throughout the United States and Canada. For several summers a number of large circuits have been conducted in Australia and New Zealand. The total attendance each summer, not different people, but counting the audiences at every performance, runs from about twenty eight to thirty million. There are usually about five hundred lecturers, each of whom delivers from seventy to one hundred lectures during the summer, each one in a different town. The total number of persons employed as entertainers, musicians, and in the offices and management of the equipment and the recreational activities averages from six to seven thousand. The value of the chautauqua business is variously

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estimated at from five to seven millions.

"Now in my judgment the chautauqua undertakes to do and does do five distinct things.

"Let me outline each one briefly:

"First, *the chautauqua gives the community a medium through which it may express itself at its best.* If it be true for the individual that next to self preservation the most universal impulse of the race is for self expression, the same is true of the community as a whole. A community is always expressing itself somehow, either at its worst or best, or at some place between the worst and best. We see these expressions of community life and spirit in churches, libraries, schools, prizefights, movies, hospitals, races, carnivals, circuses, and the like. Now chautauqua is simply one of the mediums which enable the community to express itself through *cultural aspiration and enjoyment.*

"Second, *chautauqua brings the community together in a common cooperative effort toward a high social ideal.*

"Ordinarily the people in a town meet as Methodists, Baptists, Catholics, or other sectarian groups: or as Republicans or Democrats, or other partizan groups: or as Masons, Knights of Columbus, Odd Fellows, or other fraternal groups: or as Socialists, Labor Unionists, or other labor groups. As such they listen only to those persons who speak the orthodox creed of their own group. But during chautauqua all denominations, blocs, sects, and parties are disregarded. From fifty to one hundred and fifty of the leaders of all the groups underwrite the financial guarantee and work together with a united front for the benefit of the whole town. The only word you hear is 'community benefit'.

"Now and then people get together in this spirit to build a library or public school or hospital. But that is spasmodic and is soon over. The chautauqua comes permanently year after year as a powerful coalescing and uniting agency to bring people together in a common purpose. The mill hand, the mill owner, the traffic cop, the bus driver, the lawyer, the railroad station agent, the grocer, banker, minister, school superintendent, and all their wives work together for a fine social ideal. Our program may not always be all that they hope; but even if it is not, carrying on a chautauqua every year is in itself a big enterprise in community education.

"Furthermore, it leads the different groups to understand each other and each other's purposes. We see that finely expressed in our Sunday afternoon or evening services in the chautauqua tent. Ministers of all faiths take part. This in itself is a fine object lesson to the community. I have often spoken myself where a Protestant minister gave the opening and a Catholic priest the closing prayers. Indeed, in many communities the chautauqua furnishes the only occasion in the history of the town which has brought all classes, sects, and parties together for the common good.

"Third, *the chautauqua is America's freest platform.*

"If the chautauqua should pass away America would lose one of its most effective agencies for the free and open discussion of the great issues of national life. So long as a man is within the bounds of common decency and does not talk against organized government, he is welcome on the chautauqua platform. We have had many great debates upon public questions, which have drawn immense audiences. Among these have been the famous debates between Senator Dolliver and Champ Clark on the

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tariff; between Captain Hobson and Governor Hanley on disarmament; between Adam Bede and Carl Thompson on Socialism, and many others.

"The people themselves have stoutly maintained this freedom. The moment they suspect a speaker is not representing his own unbiased opinion, they reject him. Various foundations and societies with worthy objectives have tried to furnish speakers on our chautauqua platforms free of charge, the organization to bear the expenses. But the people, and also the chautauqua managers, have turned down all such offers. They savor of propaganda. A man can speak from his own heart and mind, but the people instantly suspect purchased opinion.

"Nor will the people allow any section of the community to dictate programs. As an example, a certain group in one community informed us that if one of our speakers, Father Ryan, appeared, the chautauqua contract would be canceled. We immediately informed the community leaders that we would put on the chautauqua at our own expense. The public and the majority of the leaders reacted strongly against this sectional group, carried out the contract, and made chautauqua a great success. Of course party and denominational creeds and doctrines are never discussed by our speakers unless it be as a public debate. But the people are hungry for discussions of life and character, of history and art and all things that go to the making of what we call liberal culture.

"Fourth, *the chautauqua stimulates leisure time activities.*

"For one week out of each year at least, the chautauqua gives the people a rich and fruitful employment of their leisure time. It furthermore gives a stimulus and furnishes an ideal for a better use of leisure than the majority of the American people have so far developed. You know we have acquired leisure so suddenly through the development of labor saving machinery that vast numbers of people do not know what to do with it. Their notion of leisure is more bridge, more dancing, more golf, and 'more miles to the gallon'.

"The chautauqua, however, stimulates tastes, desires, and appetites for those uses of leisure which bring growth in individual character and development of individual effectiveness and power. Owen D. Young said recently: 'American industry must for the future be based not on a living wage alone, nor on a saving wage, but on a *cultural* wage.' And the chautauqua furnishes a strong impetus to thousands of people toward an effective expenditure of what wages they may have for culture. As an example, a minister said to me recently: 'It was a chautauqua lecture which decided me to study for the ministry and devote myself to a life of service.' At a great meeting of business men recently in Chicago, a young man arose and delivered a brilliant and eloquent address. At the close he said: 'I was a blacksmith in a little country town when I heard a chautauqua lecture on ideals; as a result, I am now pastor of one of the large churches of Chicago, and I believe I am considered to be something of a literary critic and scholar.'

"I could multiply these examples endlessly. The chautauqua has definitely stimulated thousands of young people to undertake more ambitious careers and to carry them through to success. Every chautauqua manager has large numbers of instances in his letter files. But it has also laid hold of thousands of adults and stimulated them to larger

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self development and to undertake as a life program the endless adventures of culture.

"Fifth, *the chautauqua directs the activities of the children of the community and gives them a broader horizon.*

"Most people imagine that the chautauqua program is carried on entirely on the platform in the tent. They are wholly unaware that each of the six or seven thousand chautauquas in America carries a play leader to direct throughout the entire week the play of the children. This play leader is practically always a young woman of high intelligence and experience, trained in play leadership in our leading universities. At the close of the week she puts on a pageant, which is to many children their first taste of drama.

"In addition we often have a lecturer who specializes in stimulating the small boys and girls to various activities, such as Scout and Camp Fire work, or in such things as making a compass or an hour glass, or a sun dial, or how to get fire without matches, or how to keep water cool hanging in the sun, and the like. For an interesting personality such as the play leader or a special lecturer to spend all or a part of the week with the boys and girls — someone who is not there to preach or compel them to go to school, but who enters into their own life and spirit and teaches them new plays and activities—has a definite and lasting effect."

At this point I said to Doctor Pearson: "What are the weaknesses of the chautauqua as you see them, and what are the objects of this five million dollar endowment which the National Community Foundation is seeking?"

"Well", replied Doctor Pearson, "it would require a good many pages in a magazine to explain this, especially to outline our objective. But briefly, the chautauqua has been carried on for thirty five years, by a group of what I believe have been rather heroic managers, with very little increase in our income and with our expenses continually rising until now they are double. We have cultivated in the people tastes and appetites which this situation does not enable us to satisfy. The sale of tickets gives us only enough money to issue an invitation and serve an appetizer to people who are hungry for a full meal. During the chautauqua week we stimulate, but we have not the funds to sustain the educational and cultural advantages of our program throughout the remainder of the year. This can be done only by endowment."

"But", I inquired, "you surely do not hope, do you, to endow a chautauqua program which will run 365 days a year in every town?"

"Of course we cannot expect to do anything of that kind", replied Doctor Pearson. "But experience has demonstrated beyond a doubt that we can aid in the organization of groups in each town, both for adults and children, which will continue throughout the entire year, and which will follow up the various lines of interest stimulated by the chautauqua program.

"Another trouble with chautauqua is that it has been, to too great an extent, something which came to a community from the outside, rather than something which grew from within the community and, of itself, reached out from there to meet the outside world. Under an endowment we shall be able to give the people continuous organized aid in their own attempts at self expression.

"The old chautauqua lecturer pleased immensely; he was a great success and did a great work. But his lectures were too generalized as a rule and too many

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of them covered pretty much the same field: namely, character building, success, happiness, and the conduct of life. People will always need lectures on these subjects, but they are now demanding that the lectures be not merely stimulating and inspirational, but that they bring some large field of scholarship in a simple and entertaining form to the people. The people want lectures on popular science, on psychology, on education, on literature, art, and philosophy. All these are concerned with the same old themes of the old-time chautauqua lecturer: namely, happiness, success, character building, and, if you please, 'Mother, Home, and Heaven'. But they are concerned with these things in a new way and discuss them out of a rich background of authentic knowledge.

"Just the same is true in music and art. We have many fine chautauqua musicians, but we need more; and in addition, the people are demanding the great musicians and the great dramas put on, not by a dramatic reader, but by a full company of recognized actors. Occasionally some chautauqua manager in the past has taken a plunge and put on, say, Schumann-Heink or Adelaide Neilson and the like. But we haven't the money to carry this on permanently, nor have we the money to secure the great lecturers who have done big things in fields of discovery or criticism or invention or other fields of scholarly achievement and who have a great and dramatic story to tell.

"These are some of our needs and our problems. They are not personal problems with us chautauqua managers at all. We can easily make a living at something else. They are national problems which the chautauqua managers of the country, of whom there are thirty or forty in our association, are struggling desperately to solve.

"Money and money alone will solve these problems. The chautauqua managers of the country through thirty five years of hard experience have developed the machinery and the methods for making big endowments in this field of education enormously effective. If the chautauqua should pass, it will mean the passing of what Theodore Roosevelt justly termed 'the most American thing in America'. But we have already ample assurance that the business leaders of America recognize the educational value of the chautauqua and will see to it that it keeps going just the same as other educational institutions, as one of the great and necessary agencies in fulfilling for each individual citizen the rich promises of American life."

LOVE TO STEPHEN

By Elinor Wylie

CHERUB in armor;
Wolf in rabbit-skin;
New wine, far more
Harsh than its habit-skin;

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Nice rice pudding;
Bonaparte brandy;
Hellebore brooding
On peppermint candy.
Apple-cheeked shepherd-boy
Giants make irate;
Gunpowder-peppered boy;
Mild-mannered pirate,
Strung from the yard-arm
For flying a skull-and-bones;
Strong in the sword-arm
To punish the sullen bones
Of Mitching Malecho
Or defend Queen Guinevere.
Red and white calico
Banded with miniver;
Sometimes a stag you are,
Sometimes a stallion,
Sometimes a jaguar
Or a Spanish galleon
Raiding the Azores;
Beneath a silk mitten
Your fingers are razors.
A wild-cat kitten
Striped black and furry tan,
Trussed in a uniform
Tight and Puritan.
Queer as cuneiform;
A scarlet rocket
And a clean tin dipper;
David Crockett
And a Salem skipper.
A canvas of Rembrandt's
Might seem your proper field —
But — the resemblance
To Master Copperfield!
Perhaps, in small ways,
A starched child-chorister,
But fierce, and always
Robin Hood's forester.
Who shall draw
Or tell your story
Brother, in-law
And in outlawry?

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THE SKETCH BOOK

SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HENRY

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

THEY tell a story of an old darky known as Uncle Eph, who was haled to court to testify in an accident case involving a friend of his named Henry.

"Now, uncle," the judge said, "let us hear what happened, in your own words."

"Yassir — yassir jedge", Uncle Eph replied. "De circumstances was laik dis. Me and Henry — we was walkin' down de railroad track. I tuk de cinder path, but Henry, he kep' 'tween de rails. I says to him, 'Look here, boy, you better watch out — fust thing you know dat engine gwine come along and bust you right.' But Henry, he didn't pay no 'tention to me — no 'tention atall. Jes' kep' right on laik he ain't yeard me. Pretty soon dat train come along — swoosh! I looks around, and I don't see nothin' of Henry. I goes on down de track, and layin' agin de ties I seen one of Henry's arms. After a while, I comes across one of Henry's laigs. I walks on another piece, and over yonder I sees Henry's haid. And jedge, when I seen dat, I says to myse'f, 'Mah Gawd — sumpin' musta happened to Henry!'"

May there not be room for similar apprehension concerning our brilliant critic and leader of the intelligentsia, Mr. Henry L. Mencken?

It has been my privilege to enjoy Henry's friendship for a good many years, and I yield to none in my admiration for his great talents, both as a critic and as a writer of pungent, vital English. But I cannot help feeling that something must have happened to Henry.

While not precisely in the sere and yellow, as it were, our w. k. critic is no spring chicken — my own creaking if slightly older joints tell me that. And as middle age creeps over a man, his friends are apt to look for those mellowing touches, those evidences of ripening judgment which the years bring to men, as they bring body and flavor to aging wine. I discern no such mellowing in Henry. He still seems to lack that maturer type of humor which enables a man to laugh at himself. His grouch with the world appears to have become chronic. Can it be that his bootlegger has been untrue to him? Are the penalties of bachelorhood waxing heavier with the years? Or is it just a touch of liver?

Passing over the rather regrettable savageness of his assault upon the late lamented Bryan — whom I admired no more than he did, but would rather forget as a ghastly mistake than pummel in his grave — I come to other and more recent bludgeonings — the one, of the shade of O. Henry, the other of the spiritual essence of the unfortunate Edgar Allan Poe.

The attack upon the latter took place in the course of a widely syndicated review of a recently published volume of the poet's letters. After assigning to Edgar a leading position as a second rate genius, Henry proceeds to inform us that Poe was "a foolish, disingenuous and often somewhat trashy man". As a man, Poe may perhaps have been all these things. It is not my intention here to

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dispute it. Even genius — perhaps inevitably genius — has its weaknesses. But it may be pertinent to ask in what way such failings affect a man's reputation as an artist. De Quincey was an opium eater. Oscar Wilde — well, scarcely a candidate for the Y. M. C. A. Handel is said to have thrown his aged grandmother out of the window. Such quirks of genius are interesting, but the judicious critic does not as a rule make a great point of them. Especially the judicious European critic, more inured, perhaps, to such backstairs gossip. Henry may claim, of course, that in criticizing a man's letters one must inevitably criticize the man. If so, then with understanding. In the review in question Henry tells us that Poe was a stout lad who should have gone to work instead of sponging on his patron Allan. A more creditable performance, surely, save for the fact that men of Poe's neurotic, unbalanced type never do anything of the sort, just because they *are* neurotic and unbalanced. As well suggest that François Villon should have taken up cheesemaking, or Chopin have sought honest employment as a waiter. Genius may starve in a garret — may even accept help from a patron, or ask it; but, as Shaw says, the true artist will "let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art". Somehow I cannot picture the author of "The Raven" as a go-getter.

Henry knows better than all this, of course. But having packed his bladder with a brick, he takes an increasing joy in using it. To bean a man of note, such as Poe, over the left ear attracts wide attention, makes a lively show. Yet we find no similar onslaught upon — let us say — Theodore Dreiser. Unthinkable, perhaps, when we consider the years in which the author of "Sister Carrie" has waded half drowned in a rising tide of goose grease, yet it may be that we perceive here some glimmer of that saving sense of humor which, by and large, Henry would seem to lack. So far, Dreiser's private character remains unassailed. He has not yet been accused of robbing henroosts. Who can tell? — it may yet be that when, and if, Henry passes the Pearly Gates he will not throw a brick at God.

As for the late Sydney Porter, better known as O. Henry, that sturdy writer of short stories may or may not have been the genius his admirers claim. Henry (without the "O") is inclined to doubt it. In fact he thinks that almost any clever newspaper writer could have duplicated the Texan's tales. Again, he may be right, but why reenforce his opinion by calling the unfortunate Porter a "jailbird"? It is true, I hear, that Porter did at one time do a stretch in the "pen" — just why, I neither know nor care. What of it? Better men than he have had that experience. For example, Cervantes, who employed the time most excellently by writing "Don Quixote". I have never heard Cervantes referred to as a "jailbird" but I can imagine that had Henry (without the "O") so dubbed him he would have shrugged his Spanish shoulders and remarked pertinently upon the quaint lack of humor so noticeable among the Teutons.

I knew O. Henry slightly, during my earlier days in New York. Once, when we were drinking his favorite New Orleans cocktails in a saloon near Madison Square, Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, joined our party. He was heavily, overbearingly, patronizing and Porter did not like him. When he had gone, O. Henry chewed on his cigar for a

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while in amused silence. Then he said, "I wish I could like myself as much as that." Big, tolerant, hating all pretense and conceit, he was ever ready to laugh at himself, which I maintain to be the acid test of a sense of humor. Henry (without the "O") would do well to cast an occasional eye toward his mirror. Brick throwing, as is proved by such classics as "Mutt and Jeff", or "Krazy Kat", becomes by repetition merely a humorous performance.

What significance lies in the fact that both O. Henry and Edgar Allan Poe hailed from the Black Belt? Are these savageries part and parcel of Henry's contempt for the south? I doubt it, and yet the thought intrigues me. The schoolmarms of Europe, from Montmartre to the Kaiserplatz, have taught millions of innocent children to look on Poe as a writer of parts. They have even accorded a certain excellence to O. Henry. What is the result, when their youthful charges are told that the one was a "trashy man" and the other a "jailbird"? Will not these tiny tots, as they cast their eyes over that magnificent stretch of geography from the rockbound shores of the Susquehanna to the subdivided sand lots of the Gulf, misguidedly see at last, towering above the southern horizon, but one lone and gigantic figure — the figure of Henry himself, another Samson, jawbone in hand, surrounded by his illustrious dead?

A savage exhibition Henry is giving us. It attracts attention, but so does the ballyhoo of a medicine show. In the rôle of brilliant surgeon, using his scalpel on the diseased tissue of ignorance, hypocrisy, and cant, he arouses our keenest admiration; but when he begins to batter his patients to sausage meat, just to make them squeal, we may smile but somehow we lose confidence in him as a professor of his art. It would be a tragedy, were the ablest critic in America to allow his appetite for brick throwing to reduce him in effectiveness to the level of a comic strip.

Something must have happened to Henry.

OUR MISS REPPLIER

By Mildred Adams

IT is almost forty years since Agnes Repplier's first book of essays appeared before a public immersed in Henry James and Frank Stockton, Emerson and H. C. Bunner. Its author was a young woman, but under the title "Books and Men" she discussed such vast subjects as "The Decay of Sentiment", "The Benefits of Superstition", and "Some Aspects of Pessimism". Yet in the discussion there was no heaviness. These things were serious, but on them flashed the play of a rapid wit, a scholarship that was incisive, a keen intelligence, and a spirit that for want of a better word must be called aristocratic.

Those characteristics, employed now with practised skill, and backed by the serene wisdom of a scholarly lifetime, mark the modern essays that come too infrequently from Miss Repplier's pen. She is recognized abroad as well as at home as one of the most distinguished essayists of the country.

Put to the dangerous test of personal acquaintance, she proves to be as delightful in her conversation as she is in her written word. Of more than medium height, erect and alert, she gives an impression of elastic and well tempered strength. A fine head, crowned with vigorous grey, thrusts slightly forward as she talks, and her voice is vivid and interested.

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She spoke freely of other people's books and her favorites among them, more reluctantly of the way she worked, and then a comment called forth a tale of her childhood.

All her readers delight in her amazing memory, that recalls the most diverse authors and stuffs her essays full of apt and unusual allusions. It is the more remarkable in this day of an educational system which has almost done away with memorizing. Miss Repplier says that she owes her memory to the fact that she, scholar and Doctor of Literature twice, did not learn to read until she was ten years old. Could not learn, in spite of tears and trying. Yet she adored books, so her mother read aloud to her and her hungry mind fastened on reams of poetry.

This type of memory used to be common among minnesingers and tellers of sagas, and it is still found in Eastern bazaars, where the contamination of the printed word has not weakened it. All children possess it in some measure, but the flood of print, most of it unimportant and the rest easily referred to, soon sickens it and it sags from disuse. Even Miss Repplier's ten impressionable years of constant exercise were not enough to protect her for a lifetime; she says that her memory lost its fresh strength as soon as printed words took on a meaning.

When she finally did learn to read, everything clicked into place in her mind at once. She read and wrote almost simultaneously, and she skipped from picture books to Hayward's translation of "Faust". No 1870 equivalent of "Peter Rabbit" held any interest for her. All through her picturebook days she had puzzled over Retzsch's "Outlines of Faust" which lay on the library table. She managed to piece together an individual version of the story from the engravings, and when books without pictures took on meaning she eagerly read the English version, driving her ten year old brain through the intricacies of temptations and moral struggles.

The beginning of her career as a writer is no less individual. She admits no brilliance of inspiration. "I had to earn my living, and writing was the only thing I could do", she said simply.

She wrote short stories at first, and sent them to the magazine her home knew best, "The Catholic World". They were accepted and paid for, and they apparently made an unusual impression on a busy editor. She met him while she was visiting in New York, and he talked to her with a keen directness that blesses too few aspiring authors.

"Your stories", he told her, "show neither experience of life, nor the accuracy of observation which one might expect in a person of your age. They are little more than blurred and badly digested transcripts of other people's books. I do not believe you will ever make a story writer."

"But what else is there to write?" she faltered.

"Try your hand at essays", he suggested, and when she protested that she did not know what to write about, he asked her who her favorite essayist was.

"I answered as ninety nine out of a hundred girls of my generation would have answered", she says. "'Ruskin.' And he told me to go home and write an essay on Ruskin, and send it in. I did, and it was accepted, and I've written essays ever since, only turning to fiction when I wanted to say something that could not be put into the other form."

It sounds easy, until one knows the way Miss Repplier works. Every

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morning, from nine until one or two, she sits writing. It does not matter whether the day, the pen, or the mood is good or bad. Even if words will not come, and what stumble out are so bad she knows their only possible home is the wastebasket, she writes steadily. In the evening she plans her work for the following day, but her afternoons are given up to rest and recreation. Always she tests her work by reading it aloud, going over and over it, draft after draft, until it reaches that happy stage in which it satisfies its most uncompromising critic, its author.

Her essays are distinguished by a happy combination of pleasant informality with strict regard to form. Never sloppy or loose jointed, they are at the same time free from a certain stiffness and inflexibility which is supposed by advocates of formlessness to be an inevitable accompaniment of form.

She reads French and German, but her own favorites among the essayists are Andrew Lang and Augustine Birrell. Her comments on their work reveal her own tastes. Lang she loves for his scholarship, a scholarship warm with a sense of affection "that only a Greek scholar can have", and for his sad heart and his gay temper.

"He hated cheerfulness", she flashed, "and so do I. Yet he was always gay."

One of her recent essays concerns "A Certain Condescension in Americans". Its title was suggested by that of an essay which James Russell Lowell wrote forty seven years ago "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners". Miss Repplier's vivid etching of the changes which a half century has wrought in the national ego might well disturb anyone but a rockbound Rotarian.

Her plans for the future all centre around a new biography on which she is working. Some time ago she wrote the life of the surgeon, Dr. J. William White. Her second adventure in the biographical field will be with Père Marquette, priest and explorer.

IN DEFENSE OF OUR LITERARY EXPATRIATES

By Henry Albert Phillips

LET us call before the bar of public criticism and private judgment several of the most flagrant cases of promising American writers who are at this very moment living away outside the "hundred per cent" twelve mile limit and who continue to carry on their old trade, using the original labels, just as though there were no Unwritten Law against such nefarious business as this!

I trust that the court will continue to remain open minded when I disclose that the accused expatriates are residents of — Paris; of all cities! At least three of them are bringing up families in "ways that are dark" when viewed from beneath a clouded brow. All of them have wives and all of them seem prosperous and happy.

"But", I hear the white collared gentleman in the back row protest, "*why* does he leave America this way?"

"Or stay away from America so long!" expostulates the stout professional man in the front row.

"And bring up his children among foreigners!" snaps the spinster postmistress.

"It isn't patriotic!" shouts the importer.

And so on. Well, whereas the white collar cannot take his counter and his job with him, neither can the average professional man take his practice and his clients *en tour*, our

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writing gentleman snaps his portable Remington in its case and his office is packed up, while his counter and goods, tools and instruments, are somewhere just under his hat. He packs a suitcase and hands it to his wife, seizes little Joanna Godden by one hand and Joseph Vance by the other, and probably goes over tourist class.

"Put Yourself in His Place", as Charles Reade once wrote. Supposing you were an idea merchant, instead of a prosperous farmer who depended body and soul on daily contact with your native soil, which we shall call "America" and not the piece of land you own. This author fellow's property is his imagination, and he enriches its soil in proportion as he fertilizes or stimulates its productive powers by sprinkling it with new scenes, new peoples, new ideas. He can increase his production a thousand per cent more bushels to the acre if he can only lay hold of those rarest of imagination fertilizers, adventure, romance, strange experience! That is the sort of stuff from which writers build real castles in which poor and oppressed literate people, as well as rich but homeless wanderers, may live their mental lives.

To the average writer, Anywhere-but-Home — and the farther away the better — is his happy hunting ground. Let him go to Europe, even to Paris, if he wants to. Don't worry about him. Some day, like the sheep of Little Bo Peep, he'll come back bringing his tale behind him.

It does us all good to get away from home now and again, but I think it is especially salutary for the writer of books. Too often (see current books) brilliant authors become fed up with their own country and proceed to put it on the printed rack in a manner that shows it up to the ridicule of the world, besides stirring up with emulation the whole small fry of lesser writers who succeed only in making both themselves and America ridiculous. What these writers need is a strong dose of expatriation.

These "expatriates", in the main, are the best propagandists in the world for America. Within a year of the time they leave home they begin writing books about America! In one breath they may be telling you about the lack of freedom to be found in the Land of the Free, but in the next they are telling you in an obviously emotional strain about when they have decided to, or hope to, or want to go home!

Now, if you please, I shall let several of the defendants take the stand in their own defense — or offense.

Will Konrad Bercovici kindly take the stand?

Just a moment. This is not the Konrad that you and I used to know in New York; the Bercovici who used to stumble into Horace Liveright's office, looking for all the world like one of his own gipsy characters come to life. This is Konrad Bercovici transmogrified. He wears fawn colored spats, an overcoat collared and lined with otter seal, and a cane, among other things. This costume does not belong to the Latin Quarter, I hear you say. But neither did that other costume belong to Horace Liveright's fastidious office. Mr. Bercovici evidently enjoys doing the odd thing. All I am trying to show is that these authors are having the time of their lives in Paris.

Who among us potential stone casters would not go to Halifax, even, in search of his Elysian Fields, if he had the urge, the time, and the opportunity that is afforded these authors in going to Paris?

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"I want to play," said Konrad earnestly, "but the Americans have no conception of play. American authors in America are so terribly serious. Except Sherwood Anderson perhaps. Sherwood knows how to play. And I am fond of wine — good wine. I was born in a wine drinking country. (I can't drink whisky.) The first thing I did when I got to Paris was to stock a cellar with *soleil embouteillé* (bottled sunshine, the French call it) — *Saumur perlé*! No, I suffered in the States because I could not get wine — only bad wine. Ah!" Mr. Bercovici leaned back and curled his raven mustache and drew pictures with his cane on the tiled floor of my pension parlor.

I mention wine in the same spirit as Bercovici did, as a symbol of the freedom and taste and conviviality that he had to go to Paris to find. These three things, gratified, mean in an author's life inspiration, work. "I was getting stale in New York. I found I could not do my best work, so I have come to Paris!" continued Bercovici.

There is little more to be said in defense of Konrad Bercovici, except that he had just given a party in honor of the colored actor, Paul Robeson ("Emperor Jones"), without a single protest from someone with a miscegenation complex.

(As I write these words, I have just met Konrad Bercovici on Broadway. He is "revisiting" America, just as you and I go back to our old home town, as proud as a peacock over it!)

Next, let us take Louis Bromfield, the promising author of such books as "The Green Bay Tree" and "Possession". You may wonder why such an obviously successful young author as he should prefer Paris to New York, for instance. Well, I shall try to tell you. Or, better still, let Louis Bromfield himself tell you: "Living here, I can write of American life better than if I were in the middle of New York. I came to know the French after driving an ambulance for two years in 1916–17. The French had an immense effect on me — they changed my point of view to theirs, and I shouldn't have been worth a darn as a writer without it. I mean the point of view of seeing things as they are. I got it of sex particularly. The whole thing gave me a clear perspective of American life which I could never have found had I not left America."

If justification were necessary, there would seem to be little more that one could add. Yet I can add many further reasons why Louis Bromfield might prefer Paris to New York.

Mr. Bromfield invited me to bring my wife to lunch with him in his apartment out in Auteuil. I say "out", although it is only a subway journey of about twenty minutes. You get off at L'Etoile station and come up alongside the Arc de Triomphe near the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne. A few minutes' walk brings you to the apartment, where you take the *ascenseur* and run yourself up five stories. You are admitted by a typical French maid into an apartment of the proportions and equipment that we find on Park Avenue. Your hat and coat are hung in the hall in an antique French clothes press — the entire apartment is furnished in genuine period furniture. You have your breath taken away in the salon, where the whole side wall of the enormous room is given up to windows as large as store show windows, with the Bois de Boulogne spread out like a picture before and below. . . . You sit down to a luncheon that one can eat in France only, prepared by a French cook at a half hour's notice. You withdraw to the salon and sit before a

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wood fire and drink hundred year old cordial. . . !

And what do you think Mr. Bromfield has to pay for all this? I really haven't the heart to tell you!

Imagine, if you can, anyone strolling down Broadway with a good sized varicolored straw basket hanging on his arm. It *can* be done at the expense of gathering a gibing crowd. But suppose one has a penchant for carrying colored *paniers* on his arm while ambling down Main Street and does not wish to attract a crowd? Then one must transfer himself to Paris, where such personal idiosyncrasies are tolerated without comment and undue notice.

I met Ludwig Lewisohn, author of such serious books as "Israel" and "Up Stream", walking down the Rue de la Paix with one of those funny baskets on his arm, in which he was carrying a first edition of some forgotten poet that he had picked up on the Quai.

Later I took tea with Mr. Lewisohn in his furnished apartment just off the Avenue Kléber, where he sat in his shirt sleeves and read the latest he had just written on his new novel, "The Last of Mrs. Crump".

The last time I had seen Mr. Lewisohn previously had been in New York, where he was fretting and fuming over his worklessness, the Siberian condition of American literature, and all the rest of it. Now he was purring and scratching off pages of manuscript like a Cheshire cat.

Put yourself in Ludwig Lewisohn's place. Can you blame him for living in Paris, where he can run over to the Dome for *café au lait* after the day's work is done and lay down in payment the equivalent of four and a half cents, including *pourboire?*

Finally, I lead into the dock none other than our brilliant young F. Scott Fitzgerald. He explains himself:

"I'm a sensationalist — at least I've gotten to be one now that the American novel has turned upon the drab of American life."

He convicts himself of inevitable expatriation on two counts in his first utterance: he is a sensationalist and he scores the "drab" of American life.

So Scott Fitzgerald is just ripe for turning loose in foreign pastures to bring out all the mettle there is in him. Some day he will become fed up and come back to God's country, despite prohibition, sound in wind and limb and ready to be hitched and harnassed to the conventional literary buggy.

At present, however, Scott is doing Paris as he has been done by, alternately taking cognac and cures, hiring villas in the Riviera and dashing madly about in his little Citroen. Between times he is writing a novel about another young American looking for the ultimate sensation who simply has to murder his mother in the last chapter, there being nothing else left.

I say, let us thank heaven for playgrounds outside the twelve mile limit, like Paris. The point is: our authors play differently from other young people in our conventional recreation centres and make very bad little playmates if we don't let them have their way. The best solution is to let them play their own games in their own ways. Otherwise they become sarcastic and inflammatory and write harpooneries against us and our institutions.

Paris is not only a playground, but a workground. They are all turning out more material than they might have done at home — and having a wonderful time while they are doing it.

Is their kind of expatriation a crime or a salutary recreation?

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JEAN COCTEAU

WHEN modernist music in Paris, some years ago, seemed in danger of decline, its sponsors clamored for a "cure by literature", and Jean Cocteau promptly appeared as the official poet, critic, and surgeon of the new ultra art trends, supplying the critical hue and cry and some of the operations incident to stripping music's decadent impressionistic flesh to the realistic bone. Almost at once he turned creator as well. With Satie, Auric, Milhaud, Poulenc, with Picasso, Stravinsky, Diaghilev, and others he conceived ballets "spiritually" important because reflecting the fresh-air-even-if-that-of-the-street movement in realistic art. "Parade" was one of these fresh air bits, painting vacuous mob melancholy at a fair, and, like "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel", baiting the Paris bourgeois. In "Le Bœuf sur le Toit" (The Nothing-Doing Bar), a revue satire on American prohibition, the air was only three per cent fresh, being strongly flavored with synthetic gin. But always, in his drama adaptations, "Romeo and Juliet" and "Antigone", in his novels "Le Grand Écart" and "Thomas l'Imposteur", Cocteau with witty paradox pursues his favorite indoor sport of irritating the musical fundamentalist. No doubt his new book of critical essays, "A Call to Order", will rouse indignation among those who, unlike the witty Jean, refuse to think Beethoven is not even good "Muddy Water", Wagner and Richard Strauss morons, Puccini an overripe love apple, musically speaking, and Debussy a poor impressionistic fish with a "near sighted ear". Yet Cocteau, like Chesterton, is always an irritant with a stimulus. When you pick him up, you don't know in advance what he's going to say. He once compared his idol Satie to a chair which, when plumped down upon, exhaled a tune. Satie's tonal tunes are sadly pallid, but none can say Cocteau's verbal ones lack color.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

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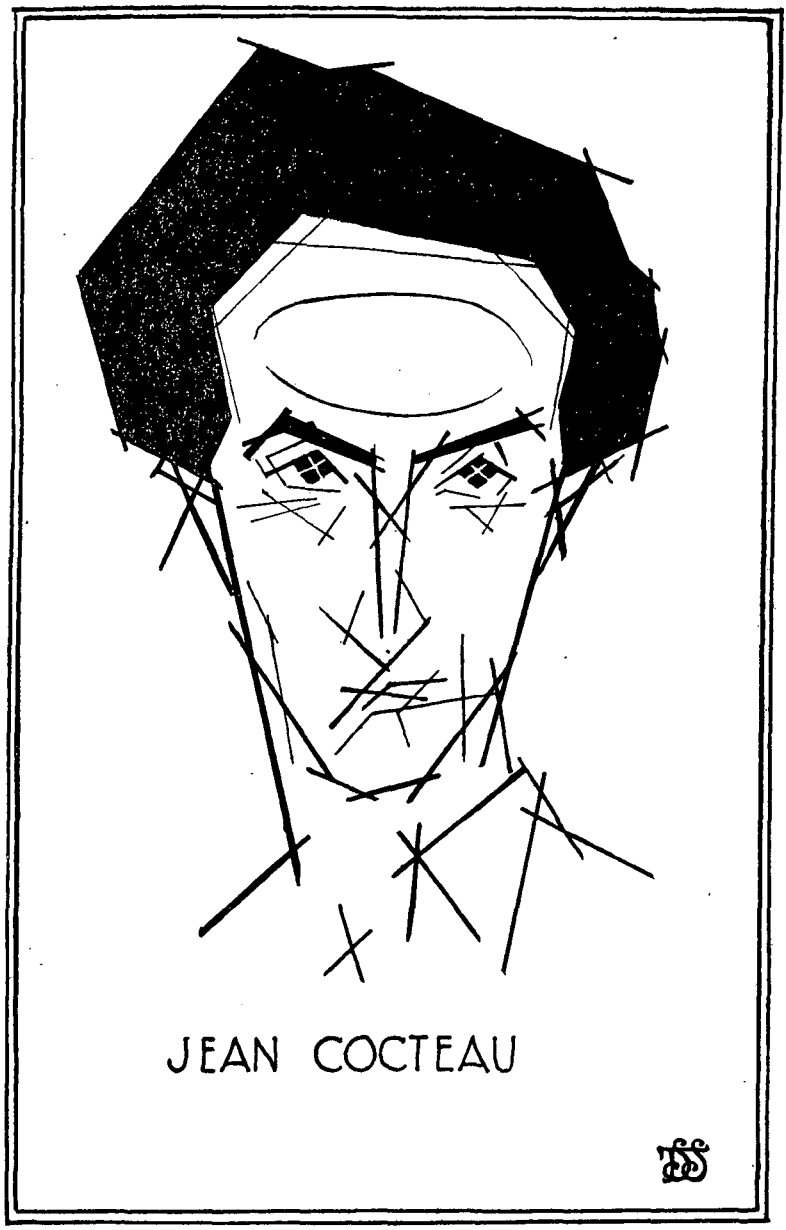

Drawn from life for THE BOOKMAN *by Theodore Spicer-Simson*

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BOOKS IN 51,925 A. D.

By Edward Lucas White

BOOKS? he said. Well, if you want to know how many books there are in the world in this present year 196,166 of our era, which would be A. D. 51,925 according to your reckoning, you'll have to consult the reports of the Department of Statistics. I never had any capacity for exactness as to figures. But I can tell you nearly everything else about books. As to numbers, you might not expect to be told that there are no more books on this earth now than there were thirty thousand years ago. I thought that would strike you! You see, you grew up in our world toward the end of that half millennium of comparatively brief and very fleeting expansion which followed the first transatlantic voyage; so you think of everything in terms of its ephemeral conditions, and expect indefinite growth and progressive development everywhere in every way. The world began to fill up and quiet down within the millennium after the discoveries of Columbus. It filled up and quieted down within the ten thousand years after his time. Mankind will never stagnate so long as there's a new generation growing up and we look forward to a future of millions of years. But the feverish unrest, frenzied activity, and bewildering changes of your times are now long past and gone forever. In our days, as for thousands of years now, no human beings can live long enough to suffer the miseries of aging and dying in a world wholly unlike that into which they were born and in which they were trained. Change is unceasing, but gradual, and mostly rather qualitative than quantitative. It is now many thousand years since there could be more on earth of anything produced by human intelligence and energy without there being less of something else; for every product long ago reached its possible maximum among all other products, and, as with population, domestic animals, crops, and whatever else you choose to name, so also books long ago became as numerous as possible.

Naturally, as you indicate, you think almost exclusively in terms of rapidity of production. But the number of books in existence now, as at any given date, past or future, depends not merely on rapidity of production, but, in the long run, much more on wear, tear, and care.

As to wear and tear, I should think that to you the most notable feature of our books would be the material of which they are made. We call it paper, as you did, but your paper was not so greatly superior to the coarse, brittle papyrus after which it was named as ours is to your paper. Not even your best paper, handmade of selected linen rags, no, not even your best parchment, was anywhere near as durable as our paper. It is practically pure cellulose, dissolved, floated, and dried into a film amazingly thin, uniform, flexible, strong, tough, lasting, and opaque. The solvent not only does not weaken the cellulose, it strengthens it. Take any leaf of any ordinary book of say 500 leaves to the centimetre, and you can sit and twiddle it for hours without its cracking or

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crumpling. You can fold it over and flatten it down at the crease with a paper knife, over and over, with all your might, and it will spring back flat when you let it go. Shut the book and leave it for a day and you can't see where you creased that leaf. Our paper is harder to tear than fairly thick parchment. So one of our books will outlast more years than I care to specify of reasonably careful daily use; and, on a library shelf, will last thousands of years.

As to care, the slow operation of racial, social, and governmental selection has long ago eliminated from the world those human stocks which were reckless, feckless, heedless, careless, thriftless, wasteful, destructive, or improvident. Industry, thrift, system, orderliness, and punctuality are with us not ideals preached to deaf ears, but ingrained, inborn, inherited habits all over the world. So that books, like everything else, are instinctively treasured by their possessors. And, although with us as with you, most human beings care nothing for books or for reading of any kind, yet not only is illiteracy long as obsolete as cannibalism and everyone able to read, but a considerable portion of human beings want books, like books, and read books.

To them the Bookdealers' Guild caters not merely by supplying new books, but still more by its worldwide system of what you would call second hand bookshops which, in the long run, count heavily in preserving books once produced.

New books are distributed to the public in cities through large bookshops carrying stocks proportionate to the local population and bookbuying habits, stocks often occupying a vast space and containing a great number of volumes; through book departments in what you would call the department stores of our cities, boroughs, wards, and precincts; through bookshops, dealing in books exclusively, in all cities and towns whose size and purchases justify such shops; through book departments in all those establishments, which you would call general stores, in our small towns and villages; and through an efficient and smoothly working mail order service systematized not only for every nation, empire, and continent, but for the entire world, so that, at the tiniest hamlet, anyone desiring any book can quickly ascertain its size and price and may be sure of getting it promptly after ordering it. With us, no mail order for any article whatever may be sent by any individual or other purchaser direct to the source of supply; all such orders go through the local selling agent, and our selling agents know their business and give satisfaction.

Our million and more of second hand bookshops are conducted with the primary aim of bringing it about that, among books not wanted by their possessors, as few as possible may perish and as many as possible may find users. The dominant maxims of the second hand book trade are that each separate shop must make a profit, and that local prices must be so adjusted to prices elsewhere as not to cause an unnecessary flow of second hand books from any locality to any other.

The complete adjustment of the instincts of our population to the now immemorial legal requirement of accurate reports of all personal possessions makes it easy for the Department of Statistics to be exact as to the numbers of books in private hands, and as to the copies in existence of any given book. Now and for ages past each book published is designated by a number instantly intelligible and not to be confused with that of any other.

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For instance, 196,166,A,305 would identify the three hundred and fifth book issued in Europe in this current year 196,166.

The libraries of our world may be classified roughly as follows: first, governmental libraries, for every high court, legislative assembly, and administrative department has its library and there is a world wide, all inclusive organization of each sort — court libraries, parliamentary libraries, and departmental libraries; second, local government libraries, as provincial libraries, city libraries, town libraries, and so on; third, educational libraries, as those of our universities, colleges, technical schools, art schools, and public schools; fourth, guild libraries — most notable are those of the Advocates' Guild (what you would call law libraries), of the Curers' Guild (what you would call libraries of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty), of the Exhorters' Guild (what you would call theological libraries), and I might run down the entire list to the libraries of the Basic Guilds, the Gardeners' Guild, Farmers' Guild, Planters' Guild, Foresters' Guild, Herders' Guild, Fishermen's Guild, and Miners' Guild; fifth, public libraries, and those of our largest cities are so vast as to stagger sightseeing tourists, natives of lonely atolls, of oases in sandy deserts, or of isolated mountain hamlets. What is more, besides the great city library, each large city has borough libraries, ward libraries, and precinct libraries of size adjusted to that portion of the city which each serves.

Our libraries could impress you only by their numbers and their size. But our book repositories are unlike anything that existed in this world in your days. We define a library as a storehouse of books located where most wanted and most convenient for use by the greatest possible number of readers. A book repository is a store of books located where they will be safest.

Your total experience and records of the effects of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, tidal waves, winds, conflagrations, and other such destructive agencies had taught you little and had had almost no results in the form of effective governmental action. Within only a few thousand years after your times mankind, not only officialdom and experts but the general public, had come to realize that books, pictures, statuary, or other art treasures, if housed in or near any great city, were doomed to certain and complete, even if long deferred, annihilation.

Locations were looked for as far as possible from volcanoes, or the probability of danger from volcanism; as free as possible from danger of earthquakes and violent storms; with climatic conditions neither too wet nor too dry, too hot nor too cold, as equable as possible and therefore most favorable for the preservation of books. Ultimately forty three sites were chosen, one in Mahé in the Seychelles, three in Australia, nine in Columbia, which you called South America, nine in America, nine in Africa, and twelve on the Continent, which you whimsically spoke of as two continents by the names of Europe and Asia.

The World Government maintains ten repositories, three on the Continent, two each in Africa, America, and Columbia, and one in Australia; the Government of the Continent has three; Africa, America, and Columbia two each; and Oceanica one, in Australia. The Mahé repository was created by and is maintained for the Associated Governments of the Empires of Oceanica, except Australia. The other repositories belong to the

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twenty two empires in which they are located, one in each.

Each location selected for a book repository is identical with that at which are housed the same government's older archives, collections of phonograph records, of more antique and more valued statuary, paintings, etchings, engravings, photographs, and other such articles, curios, museum treasures, fossils, and memorials of the past.

On each of the chosen sites there has gradually been built an aggregation of book stacks, vaults, and other structures, until the smallest of the forty three book repositories is larger than the largest of our great city libraries. Each repository has an adequate equipment of repair shops, binderies, administrative offices, reading rooms, hotels and inns for visiting readers, and whatever else is needed for functioning smoothly and efficiently.

These maps in the Manual of Bibliography show the locations of the forty three great book repositories. I forgot to say that each nation has one of its own, but those two hundred odd are of much less importance; for while each nation has built its archive building and book repository at the safest location within its territory, still many nations have no locality really safe enough for the purpose; and of course the repository of the largest, most populous, and richest nation cannot but be surpassed by any imperial establishment, dwarfed by those of the continental governments, and almost insignificant compared with the repositories maintained by the World Government. Of these the greatest is that nearest the Capital of the World, Byzantium, which in your days was temporarily known as Stamboul or Constantinople. If only one copy of a rare book exists it will be found in that repository; if two, one there and one in the largest world repository on the continent of the book's origin; and so on, the forty three great repositories being graded as to relative importance so that, if there are but five copies of a rare book extant, one will be found in the most important repository on each of the five continents. All very rare books of vital interest have been reproduced in facsimile to the number of a thousand copies or more, one of which is allotted to each repository and each important library. Of old books which are mere curiosities facsimiles will be found in the repositories only.

One limitation on the number of books in private hands you would probably not conceive for yourself. Most of our officials of the World Government, the five continental governments, and the governments of the twenty four empires are booklovers. Many of them, however, do not remain long in one place but are ordered to new posts, often suddenly, like the diplomats and army and navy officers of your days. Each government official has, in proportion to his rank, importance, and salary, the right to take with him when so transferred possessions not exceeding a definite limit of bulk and weight. Not only that total, but each item is limited in both bulk and weight. For anything over the limit he must himself pay the cost of transportation. And there is also a definite limit of bulk and weight beyond which he is not allowed to transport his possessions from one of his posts to the next, even at his own expense. This regulation, universally thought wise, limits the number and weight of books any official can own. And by age-long custom, the like has come to be felt as the proper and fashionable size for the personal library of anyone of similar rank and income.

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In your days you went by impulse, guess, chance, and utterly without system or control. We long ago systematized every activity of mankind. Our first consideration is the furthest possible postponement of the death of every human being. In your days the most conspicuous need was for a diminution of deaths by wars, murders, riotings, diseases, and disasters. Some of these causes of premature death we have abolished, the others we have reduced to their irreducible minimum. Manifestly, for human beings not menaced by such dangers, long life depends most of all on an adequate food supply, suitable clothing, comfortable housing, and the best possible care of the sick and injured. These are our foremost concerns, and most human beings are necessarily occupied in food production, as gardeners, farmers, planters, herders, or fishermen, or in basic industries like mining. How many persons may be occupied in any given pursuit is determined, with us, by the consideration that the world must be made first safe, then comfortable, and that only after these two chief necessities have been made realities can we busy ourselves with making the world agreeable, beautiful, and magnificent. Since most persons must be occupied at the more important pursuits, since the number of persons who can be busied at any one occupation is necessarily limited by considering how many should be busied at every other occupation, we long ago arrived at the exact number of human beings who can be profitably and properly occupied in caring for books. That definitely limited number can care for only a definite and limited, though very large, number of books; which number has never been exceeded and never will be exceeded. For only books adequately cared for can survive.

But, you say, I have said nothing about publication, or periodicals, or authors. Of course not. You asked me about books and I have talked about books. Those are three additional, though related, subjects. I may talk of one of those subjects some other time.

IRONY

By Alice Clear

YOU have made the world for me
Very wide.
You have shown me past my wall
All outside.

I have waved you off. Now I
Turn my head
Toward my garden walks you found
"Quaint", you said.

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WHEN IS IT A PLAY?

By Stark Young

HOW many times have we heard that a play was interesting but not a play of course! Good but not sculpture, effective but not architecture — we have heard that often. It is the kind of thing that people say who prefer a picture of themselves talking sense rather than talking what they like because they like it and finding out artistic principles later. This was said of Shaw when he began, of Chekhov, Brieux, and others. It is the sort of thing that has always been said and always will be.

A piece of writing intended for the theatre may be indeed interesting but not for all that a play. Or it may be a play but a very bad one. Yet even if it is interesting and not a play the lack will not be from any cause that the æsthetic reasoners intend. For the most part they are talking nonsense.

They listen to a piece acted in the theatre. It moves or entertains them, they admit that, but they have something in their minds which prevents its passing for a play. This something amounts to a conviction that there is some special way in which a play to be a play must be written, some group of patterns or some formula on which a play is to be built. According to their schools or prejudice they lay down principles and rules.

The hole in the argument appears at once. Who is to say what the formula, the standard, is to be? It is plain that the ways of writing a drama have changed. Sophocles to Shakespeare — Shakespeare to Ibsen — could any two things be further apart in a score of outer qualities? On this basis we should never get anywhere with the question. Every new sort of writing brought to the theatre, as Shaw brought something new, or Pirandello, will open up at once the old dispute; and only by personal endorsement of this or that formula can anything be decided as to the piece's being a play, though meanwhile perhaps the public goes on crowding to see it. It fares well, it draws crowds, but it is not a play. Something is clearly wrong.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Which means that it is a pudding so far as it goes down pleasantly and nourishes us. So with a play. A play is a piece of literature about a section of life written in such a way that it will go over the footlights, in such a way that what it has to say it can say in the theatre. That is the sole test. If it can do this it is a play. It may be a bad play but it is a play.

A play, good or bad, is a play in so far as the idea, the content, of it is expressed in theatre terms, terms we all know: the space relationships, the time elements, the oral values, the personal medium of the actors, and so on, as distinguished from the terms of literature. A painting may have a superior idea and yet be an inferior painting because of the fact that the idea is not put into painting terms but merely attached to the work. The idea of Lincoln meditating on slavery might move us greatly even in the poorest of pictures, or we might even be moved by a wretched little miniature, crude and awry, because we were told that Lin-

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coln died clutching it to his breast. And though we are moved not by the picture but by the idea, these pictures, however poor and slight, are nevertheless pictures. In the same way almost any piece of writing in dialogue — or perhaps even in soliloquy — will have some slight elements of a play to it, something that will go over the footlights and keep alive as it goes; and to that extent it is a play, though so little of one as scarcely to count.

Poetry or art, as Plato says, is a general name signifying that process by which something is where something was not before. We may say that the something that has arrived consists of a form and an idea; the idea never existed till it had the form to express it, the form never existed without the idea to determine it. An idea does not exist in the theatre until it achieves a theatrical body. Ideas have varied and will vary as epochs in human experience arrive, though much of the basic nature of ideas remains permanent. Much of the basic nature of the theatre remains permanent; the terms of the theatre have varied and will vary in diverse epochs — we have for instance the theatre of Dionysos and Periclean ideas, and Elizabethan conceptions and Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. The question as to whether a play is a play or not turns, as that question in every art does, not on rules or standards but on one fundamental point, namely, the relation between the idea and the medium.

Is it possible to have a piece of writing, of dialogue, of direct discourse, that will be dramatic and yet not a play? Yes. That means that it is not in terms of the theatre; it is dramatic without being theatrical. The look in two people's eyes at a certain moment may be dramatic and yet not be such that you could see it four feet off, much less from the audience; and so it is not theatre.

But before we say that, we want to be sure to ask ourselves, What theatre is it that these discourses, or these expressions like that look in two people's eyes, fail to be? In terms of what theatre do they fail to be said? The theatre may be dilated in such a manner that dramas not at the moment possible may find in time a theatre that can express them. In music, for example, the orchestra makes possible ideas not expressible on the Egyptian pipes and strings. An audience may some day in the future arrive to whom certain qualities may be perceptible and exciting that at the moment we cannot convey to our audiences. Audiences now understand and respond to Freudian ideas and Bergsonian conceptions that would have bored or puzzled the public who went to see Booth and Forrest. What is impossible in one theatre and for one audience may under other conditions and for another audience be good theatrical matter.

We have arrived at a point where we seem to be agreeing that stageability is all that is needed to have a play. And this is true in a sense. But what of the play that is worthwhile? When does this — to use O. W. Firkins's admirable phrase — "flowing vagueness" of the stageable cease to be worthless and become of worth? It may be only trash. What will make it take on value and significance? Are we driven back after all to formula?

The answer is No, not to any given formulas. Certain general canons and forms have been found to serve in the case of certain kinds of dramatic matter; Aristotle, for example, could establish certain rules for Greek tragedy, rules excellent for dramas that are close to the ideas of Sophocles

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though less so for Euripides, some of whose plays fail because of the fact that he could neither use the form to express his matter fully and inevitably on the one hand nor on the other trim and alter his matter to suit such form. We are driven back not to any formula but to the principle that underlies every formula when it arrives at its full expressiveness and therefore at the point where it is most fully alive. This principle is that within every content, worthless or notable, is implied its form. In any art great matter may be indicated, but it is not expressed until in its own kind there is created a form for it. This form illustrates certain principles and contains its formula, no doubt. But when we come to any other work of art this formula applies only in so far as the two works share the same quality or idea, otherwise it has no point.

You cannot say, then, for example, that such and such is not a play because it violates the unities, or is in one long act, or has a speech of ten pages' length. But you can say, for example, when a dramatist — as I remember to have seen once in a manuscript — writes that the heroine turns and walks to the door at the back of the room and as she reaches it smiles a radiant, happy smile, that he may be writing fiction but is not writing in theatre terms; the audience could not see the smile, which as theatre therefore does not exist. You can say that Bernard Shaw, writing a sentence of thirty lines, three hundred words, is still writing theatre, because by means of the steady progression of its parts, by means of its balances and phrases and words, and the click of its thinking, the sentence achieves what will make it speak over the footlights and live in the theatre; whereas many a shorter sentence in other writers would spell despair to the actors, and to the audience flat apathy.

A DEAD POET

By Margaret Widdemer

I AM glad that she could die
While her young agony
Was splendid still for her to see
And glittered like a sword;

While she saw Life and Death
At sword-play for her breath
In shining panoply
Each like a stately lord . . .

Her pain was a bright thing to her,
Steel-silver and steel-black . . .
And now its colors cannot ever blur
To dun when she looks back.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART VII

THERE was yet some light in the sky, a great red gash in the dusk over the sea as though the sky were bleeding. Low on the horizon little ripples of gold played and above them, studding so unexpectedly the thick grey fabric, one bright shining star.

It was cold. The Dormouse was glad he had his grey coat. The stamp book pressed under his arm was a kind of friendly companion. He had no sense of direction but his plan was to find his way to the town of High Dowden which was, he knew, but a short distance, and then to ask the road to Leicestershire. He wasn't sure whether, having found the direction, it would not be wiser to make his shilling take him as far in the direction of Leicestershire as it would. It must, after all, be a long way to walk, because he and his father had taken some time in the train. Perhaps there was a short cut across fields or something.

The sea now drove itself in upon his consciousness, the sea that had waked him morning after morning and that had therefore been responsible, as it were, for ushering him again and again into so many horrors.

He had grown to hate the sea, but now in a moment he loved it. It was friendly, purring and whispering and crooning to him, telling him not to be afraid, not to think that he was alone, whispering to him that he was on his way home to Leicestershire. It blew, cold and salt, in his face. Cold and salt and fresh and strong.

He was strangely not afraid; indeed fear had left him for the first time in seven weeks, and that although the dark was coming on and the hedges were mounting like walls out of the ground and his boots clattered on the road with more emphasis than anything else at all. There was only one star; no others came; and one bird, melancholy, forlorn, seeking what it could not find.

But he did not care. He had his stamp book and he was free of Baldock and Cresson, and soon he would be in Leicestershire.

Oddly enough, there came into his head lines of a piece of poetry that his mother had taught him only this very last time before he came away. He had not thought of the lines during all this time at Crale but now they came crowding into his head. He remembered them all in the right order — but then, before he came to Crale, he had been very good at remembering poetry. At Crale he could never remember anything.

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
Come buy our orchard fruits
Come buy, come buy.
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches. . . .

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Especially he liked that last line:

Bloom-down-cheeked peaches. . . .

His mother had explained to him exactly how that was.

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry. . . .

And at the word "goblins" a delicious warm shiver had crept down his spine and he had put up his hand into his mother's warm one and sighed with happiness at the lovely time they were having. . . .

Two things made him pause. One was that he was at a crossroads, the other that the heel of his right foot was already sore. He had to confess now to a little uneasiness. He could not have come very far from the school, and yet it was as though only he were alive in all the world. The light was so dim that you could scarcely see the direction post that had in its pointing fingers something mysterious, as though it warned you. No light from any window anywhere, only the wind rustling through the grass and the clap-clap-clap of the sea now very close at hand.

But he had a great spirit (when he was not in the underworld of Crale) and he would not be, thus early, deterred, so he stumped on, his head in the air, his eyes staring at that one bright glittering star and, over and over again in his head, as though someone inside himself were singing there, the words:

Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries. . . .

He stumbled along (it was growing *really* dark now) and then, before he knew anything about it, there he was falling over short thick grass and tumbled plump onto his face right on the seashore itself!

He stood up, feeling in spite of himself rather frightened. The sea was very near to him now and the white line of the waves as they turned over shone in a kind of rhythmic phosphorescence as though they carried lanterns inside them. Very near was the sea, and a fine pounding noise it made as it came down and turned over with a slap like tumbling out of bed, then drew back with a hissing grinding noise as though it would drag the Dormouse with it.

He stood there, hesitating, not knowing quite what to do. He had not meant to come down onto the seashore. This was not really the best way by which to reach Leicestershire. But the light now was so strangely odd and veiled that it was difficult to make sure of anything. He did not wish, however, to go back the way that he had come so, clutching the stamp book under his arm as though his whole safety depended on his retaining it, he went on over the wet and shivering sand.

Then he saw, to his left, a white gleaming path; he took this and it climbed upward. As he left the sea and its roar became muffled he felt cheered again. He *must* be on the right path now, but perhaps it was a pity that he had started so late in the day. If he had waited until tomorrow. . . . Then with a shiver he remembered. That would never have done, because it was tonight that they meant to roast him. At the thought that he had escaped all that and would never, never return to it his spirits went up and up and he was, inside himself, singing:

Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches. . . .

And then later on (he forgot the bit in the middle):

Currants and gooseberries
Bright fire-like barberries

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Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the south,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy.

His mother had told him what "barberries" were but he had forgotten. A nice word anyway. "Barberries, barberries, barberries. . . ."

He was pressing up the hill now with little sharp pants and his heel, when he thought of it (which he mustn't do), was hurting a good deal. How was he going to walk all the way to Leicestershire with a sore heel? Later on he would sleep somewhere under a hedge and rest it. The thought of sleeping under a hedge was very exciting.

Climbing with a last little victorious pant to the ridge above the sea, he had the surprise of his young life, because — oh, most unexpectedly — he was in a world full of lights and noise and bustle. He realized at once that he was quite close to a station and then, after that, understood that this must be the station connected with the School; so that, in all these wanderings of his, he had come as yet but little more than a mile — and he had to confess to himself that he was already tired and cold, yes, and hungry. However, here there might be a train that would be going straight away to Leicestershire and he might have a chance to creep into a corner of it without anybody's seeing him, and be carried all the way.

He knew, however, that this was the School station and that, although he was wearing his grey overcoat and his home cap, the sight of a small boy wandering loosely all by himself about the place would rouse their suspicions, so he determined to be very careful.

There were caverns of color where the gas lamps spluttered, and dark walls of mist and ebony between; he could not see very well, and he nearly fell forward over some railway lines. Then, looking up, he saw straight in front of him a long line of railway trucks.

These, as he looked at them, moved forward a little, then stopped with a jerk and a slither. He had at once the notion — why not climb into one of them? They were empty; no one was about; they were going in the right direction and so they must then, wherever their journey ended, carry him closer to Leicestershire than he was now. When they stopped he could climb out and inquire the way. They were not deep trucks. Voices were in the distance. The engine hooted like a distressed cow, but no one was near.

In another moment he had climbed up, hung on to the top, and dropped inside.

Then in a corner he crouched, his heart beating loud tom-toms because of his grand and, indeed, amazing adventure.

He was very small and the truck had absorbed him. Yes, and more than the truck, because in another five minutes he was asleep, forgetting the hard surface on which he was lying, the cold, the strangeness and mystery of the gathering evening.

He dreamed that he tumbled from a great height straight into the Leicestershire garden; that he fell onto the lawn with no hurt to himself but only, sitting there, looked up to see his mother standing as she had often stood in her wide floppy hat, her gardening gloves on and holding the garden scissors; and that she said in her ordinary unsurprised voice: "Well, there you are. I was wondering where you were. Now let's come and get some flowers for the house."

And then off they went, his hand clasped by one of the cool gardening gloves, talking as though he hadn't been away ever. Indeed he had *not*

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been away. He had had a dream within his dream, a dream of some horrible place and some horrible people, and he would not think of this nor tell his mother about it.

They went across the bright lawn soaked in sun and then through the little door in the rosy lichened garden wall, and there were all the flowers, red and yellow and blue, their faces all smiling in the sun, and butterflies dancing in the air.

As he slept all the stars came out, and the trucks went bumping on through fields and woods, up hills and down into valleys, cluttering through the evening air, chatting to themselves, passing the message on perhaps from one to another that here was a small boy fast asleep and what had they better do about it?

All through the night he slept and nobody found him — nobody, except the trucks, knew that he was there.

When he woke it was so still that he might have been dead. Then, close in his ear as though standing on the truck above him, a cock crew. He sat up rubbing his eyes and at once was aware that his body was very sore, his face and hands very dirty, and that he was lost.

This might be Leicestershire but it didn't look like it. In fact it didn't look like anything that he had ever seen before. The trucks were still and silent. There was no movement anywhere. About him was the grey half light of an autumn morning. No sign of a railway station, but on one side of the line a hard white road and on the other a thick overhanging black wood.

He was terribly cold, colder than he had ever been in his life before, and he knew that he would have to take great care of himself or he would begin to cry.

He must not stay in the truck, that was clear; someone would see him, scold him, perhaps send him to prison; and although prison was not so bad as Crale yet it was not the place where he wanted to be.

He tried to climb out, but at first his legs were so stiff and his body so sore that he had no control over himself. However, the edge of the truck was very low, and at last with a kind of scramble and scuffle he was over and sitting disconsolately on the grass at the side of the road.

The cold drove him and he started walking forward. But he did not like this world. He had never known before what the world was like when there was nobody in it. He realized for the first time (and he was to realize it very often again) that people weren't of such importance to the world as he had thought them. It seemed, indeed, that the trees of that black wood looked on him with great disapproval. He began to be frightened of the trees and ran a little way to escape them, but the trees kept pace with him and ran faster than he did.

Hunger was now a great question. He *was* hungry. He could eat anything. There were indeed two cottages on his right but they were absolutely dead, their window panes as cold as himself.

Then he realized that he had left his stamp album in the truck. This was awful for him. The stamp album was the only hope he had of ever reaching Leicestershire, and the only friend he had too.

He walked back down the road to find it, but now all the trucks were exactly alike. There was nothing to show him which had been his. Even as he watched them a whistle blew in the distance and all the trucks, chattering and whispering, began to move. He couldn't stop them. He could only look at them as they bumped past him.

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Soon, one following another as though acting under secret orders, they were gone. Then indeed he felt desolate. If the world had been empty before, now it was *naked*. The black wood seemed to step down the hill and advance toward him. So then, seized with real panic, he started to run, and his heel dug knives into him and everything began to run with him, the wood, the cottages, the railway line.

He ran, staggered, nearly fell, ran again, stumbled, then caught his foot in a large stone, crashed to the ground, the black wood tumbling onto the top of him, and sank into a pitch of darkness.

Nobody missed the Dormouse until tea Call Over.

His name was read over three times and, there being no answer, a mark was placed against it, but tea Call Over was not important because there was Chapel Call Over at seven. The School Prefect wrote his name with a number of others at the bottom of his paper and hurried off to his own tea in his Study.

His immediate table companions — Cresson, Ellys-Roberts, and others — were also not disturbed save that they missed his jam and potted meat.

An hour and a half later came Chapel. This was one of the two occasions in the day when the whole school met, every boy answering to his name, beginning with the lowest form, and then passing into the Chapel.

It was Cresson who, always on the scent for a sensation, noticed that the Dormouse was absent. As he pushed into Chapel with the other small animals, all tumbling and shoving against one another, he whispered to Standing Minor:

"I say, where's the Dormouse?"

"I don't know — why?" whispered back Standing.

"He wasn't at tea Call Over either."

"P'raps he's sick." And, forgetting outside affairs, they played noughts and crosses happily through the prayers.

After Chapel the Head House Prefect — Whymper by name — brought into Leeson's Study the Call Over absentees.

Leeson was about to go upstairs and dress for his own dinner. He threw a careless eye over the two lists. Then he straightened up. "Hullo!" he said. "What's this? Morgan absent from both tea and Chapel Call Over! The matron hasn't reported him sick. . . ."

"I'll go and see, sir", said Whymper and departed.

Leeson waited, standing in front of his splendid fire warming his back. He wasn't at all worried about the Dormouse's non-attendance, but the appearance of his name brought other thoughts. All had not been well during the last weeks in the Locker Room. Reports had been brought to him that there was a great deal of unrest among the small boys and that a quarrel had developed between Staire and Cole which the small boys had championed. He had heard rumors also that this quarrel was being made the excuse for a good deal of ragging; even, possibly, of some bullying.

He was distressed about this for two reasons. He followed the policy (in spite of his nickname and house reputation) of interfering as little as possible in the inside affairs of the House; he left these things to his Prefects. That was well enough when his House Prefects were strong as they had been last year; this year they promised to be weak and he felt, all through his House, tremblings and stirrings that foreboded trouble and meant that discipline was relaxed.

He was disappointed in Whymper. Secondly, he was disappointed in

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young Cole. He liked that boy; ever since he had come to Crale he had liked him. He had promised, in spite of some young animal wildness, to develop into exactly the right sort of boy, courageous, honest, sensible, with a feeling for responsibility and with humor. But now it seemed that, with him as with so many boys, he could not stand up to a little independence and authority. Ever since he had had his Study this term he had changed. He had not looked so happy, some of the gusto had gone out of him, and here he was developing a quarrel with a boy of his own standing until the whole of the Lower House was upset by it.

And now he thought of it, it was this very boy, young Morgan, who had been mentioned to him as a target of this Locker Room bullying. He must look into it, and if Cole was making a disturbance he must lose his Study for the rest of the term. A nuisance with a nice boy like that. . . .

At this point Whymper returned. "No sir. The matron hasn't seen him. He's all right as far as she knows."

"All right and not turned up for two Call Overs?"

"Yes sir."

"He must be found at once and brought to me."

"Yes sir."

Whymper departed.

By the beginning of evening Prep everyone in Leeson's knew that the Dormouse was missing. Here was a sensation, a lovely, mouth filling, heart warming sensation!

Bennett, one of the younger newer Masters, who was in charge of the Preparation, could do nothing to stem the current of eager thrilling comment that ran under the forms, through the benches, up the trousers, out of the shirts into the collars.

"Silence there! Who's that talking! Who's that? Stand up there!"

"Please sir, I wasn't talking."

"Sit down and get on with your work."

"Who threw that note there?"

"You, Cresson, bring it to me."

"Please sir, I didn't write it."

"Never mind, bring it to me."

On a dirty tumbled bit of paper was scrawled: "Dormouse has drowned himself because Baldock was going to roast him."

"Who wrote this?"

No answer.

Then, rather weakly: "If I have any more trouble I shall set everyone fifty lines."

But of course he did have more trouble, yes, until the hour was over. And behind his own words and actions was the thought, over and over again: "That poor little kid. I wonder what has happened to him. Something bad's been going on here."

Because he was new to his job he was a sentimentalist. Indeed he wrote poetry and sent it to the London papers.

Jeremy heard the news. He was sitting gazing into the shape of Uncle Samuel's sheep, puzzling over the lines of the "Æneid". A head was poked in through the door. It was Stevenson from the next Study.

"I say, have you heard?"

"No, what?"

In the ordinary run of events he would be working in Big Classroom with the Lower School, but tonight he had been given special Study leave, a favor occasionally to be won from an indulgent Prefect under the plea of a terrible strain of overwork. Gauntlet had also been given it and was alone with him there.

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"The Dormouse has drowned himself."

"What?"

"Yes, he ran away this afternoon because they were going to roast him and he's drowned himself."

The head was withdrawn.

Gauntlet whistled. "Crikey!" he said.

But Jeremy said nothing. The news was too awful for any words.

And at once he knew that he was connected with it. For weeks he had known in his heart that in some way he was connected with the Dormouse, that whether he wished it or no he ought to do something about the Dormouse. He had known it, but he had done nothing.

Gauntlet, as his inevitable way was, said the true but unpleasant thing:

"This is all because of your row with Staire, Stocky."

"Oh, shut up!" Jeremy would willingly have murdered Gauntlet at that moment.

All because of his row with Staire? No, that wasn't true, but what was true was that he ought to have done something for the Dormouse, helped him in some way, made things easier for him.

He had known that the kid liked him. Fellows had told him so. Besides, he could be sure of it by the way that the kid sometimes looked at him; and it was just because the kid looked at him like that that he had felt uncomfortable and kept away from him.

But, sitting there, seeing the Dormouse drowned, his dead dripping body even now in Leeson's Study, it was now that he knew the sharpest, acutest moment of all his young life — and the bitterest.

"Perhaps it isn't true", he said, turning to Gauntlet.

"You bet it's true", said Gauntlet. "Those things always are."

"No they aren't. Chaps will say anything."

Nevertheless he was sure that it *was* true. He had been forewarned. Fifty times of late his conscience had urged him: "Go into the Locker Room and see what Baldock and Crumb are doing" — and he had not gone because he had wanted to leave it all alone, because he felt that he had "grown out" of that kind of thing. And now the Dormouse was drowned.

Sitting there, he looked back to that moment a few days ago when he had stopped the Dormouse and spoken to him. How the kid had started when he had put his hand on his shoulder! Nice kid too, really, if he'd cleaned himself up a bit and respected himself. . . . He shivered. What was the use of that *now?* The kid was dead. Drowned himself because they were going to roast him. And he might have stopped it. He was almost as good as a murderer.

The door opened and Whymper came in.

"Cole, would you mind going to Leeson? He wants you in his Study."

"Would you mind. . . .?" So like Whymper to be polite.

Cole went out, Gauntlet following him with inquisitive impersonal gaze. In the passage boys were standing about.

"Hullo Stocky. Where are you going?" He didn't answer them. He went straight through. He expected to see the Dormouse's body laid out, under a sheet, on Leeson's sofa. He was trembling all over as he turned the handle of Leeson's Study door.

Immense relief came to him when, coming into the warm cosy study, he saw no one and nothing there, only Leeson standing up in front of the fire.

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"Well Cole. . . . Shut the door. . . . You've heard perhaps that Morgan has run away?"

"Oh sir. . . . Then he isn't dead!" The relief was tremendous, tremendous. He gulped in the throat.

"Dead! No — of course not — who said he was dead?"

"The boys said he'd been found drowned, sir."

"What rot! Of course not. Ridiculous nonsense. But he's run away. He was in the same dormitory as you. I thought you might know something about it."

"No sir. I don't know anything."

"I hear there's been some bullying going on — in the Locker Room especially — and that young Morgan has been treated worse than any of the others. Had you heard anything about it?"

"No sir."

Leeson's voice took on an added sternness.

"Now Cole, listen to me. I know your ridiculous code of honor. I haven't been a schoolmaster all these years without being brought up against it again and again. You're not going to sneak. That's the only idea in your head. Well, I don't want you to sneak. You needn't mention another boy's name except your own. It's about yourself I want to speak to you."

Jeremy's eyes dropped. He shifted his feet. Then he looked straight into Leeson's face. "Yes sir", he said.

"You're in this," Leeson went on, "as I can see you very well recognize. I will begin by saying that I've been disappointed in you this half term. Just after you came back I had you in here for a private talk. Do you remember that?"

"Yes sir."

"I spoke to you very frankly. I told you that you were beginning to be a person of importance in this House — not much importance but some — and that you must begin to realize that. That you had influence here especially with the smaller boys. You seemed to understand that. I had good hopes of you. But having a Study doesn't seem to have improved you at all, and all that you've done this term so far is to kick up a row with another boy which has managed to spread through all the Lower School boys in the House. Is that so or isn't it?"

"I didn't know it, sir", said Jeremy.

"Now come. Is it true that you've had a quarrel with another boy in this House?"

"Not a quarrel exactly, sir", said Jeremy, hesitating. "We just can't stand one another. We never have."

"Oh, I see. Not a quarrel exactly but you just can't stand one another. Not much difference as far as I can understand it. Anyway, did you know or didn't you that the Lower School boys were taking sides?"

"Yes sir, I did."

"And that this boy Morgan because he stood up for you had to take a good deal of bullying?"

"I'd heard about it vaguely, sir."

"You'd heard about it vaguely? Well, a year ago you wouldn't have heard about it vaguely, you'd have gone into it and seen about it. You wouldn't have been able to stand the idea that a small new boy was being knocked about because of yourself and that you were doing nothing to stop it. Isn't that so?"

Jeremy hesitated — then he plunged. "You see, sir, I heard vaguely that there was some bullying in the Locker Room and I saw that Morgan didn't look very cheerful, but I didn't think it was my business to go back into the Locker Room now that I was in a

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Study. I've hated this row with Staire and I don't think he's wanted it either, sir. We never could stick one another but we didn't want to go for one another either, only chaps sort of shoved us at one another. But I knew I ought to do something about Morgan. I've been feeling it for some time. But I thought that if I went back into the Locker Room and began kicking up a row, with everyone taking sides about me and Staire as they were, it would only make things much worse you see, sir."

Leeson couldn't help himself. Whenever he came into direct contact with this boy he liked him. The boy was as honest and sturdy in character as he was in build. He stood there exactly as he was and he looked Leeson in the face without flinching.

However, Leeson had no time just then for sentiment or heroics. He was worried desperately by this business. Worried because it was abominable to think that in his House this child, who was hardly out of the nursery, had been bullied so badly that he had had to run away to escape it, worried for the reputation of his beloved House, worried for the reputation of his beloved School. So he regarded Jeremy sternly.

"I don't like it, Cole. You mightn't have had much to do with this directly; you've had a lot to do with it indirectly. You've been here three years. You've got influence, as I've said. You might have stopped this and you didn't."

Jeremy might have said that that was the business of the House Prefects, but he didn't say anything at all.

"I expect you to help me here, not to hinder me", Leeson added.

"Yes sir", said Jeremy.

There was a pause.

"Well, you can go. Remember what I've said."

"Yes sir."

He went. The Dormouse wasn't drowned, that was one thing. On the other hand, everyone thought him a rotter. He wasn't sure that they weren't right, but he wasn't going to show them that they were.

By morning Chapel every boy in the School knew what had happened — that a small kid in Leeson's had run away. This event for an instant bound the whole school together as only certain things — Speech Day, the Rugby Match against Wragley, the Cricket Match against the Old Boys, or a very particular scandal — could do. Every boy was thinking that morning of Leeson's, thinking with a peculiar mixture of pride, interest, self righteousness, and speculation.

It was two and a half years now since any boy had run away. Then it had been two Sixth Form boys in Haggard's House. They had been in London a whole week and had had a delightful time; then, forcibly returning, had been publicly flogged and had proclaimed the adventure worth it.

But this was different. By First School everyone knew that this kid, Morgan, had run away because he had been bullied within half an inch of his young life. Here much virtuous pharisaical judgment! Just what you would expect of Leeson's, a rotten House anyway. What was Paddy Leeson doing not to interfere before it had come to this?

And then, with this, some nervousness on the part of various pasty faced, overstout gentlemen who had been trying their hands, once and again, at a little private fun of their own. It was said that half Leeson's would be expelled.

By mid-morning the names of Stocky Cole and Staire were much discussed. They were known, both of them, be-

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yond their House because of their games ability. So far as Cole had been known he had been liked, "a plucky little devil". Staire was not so popular, "apt to put on side". And here they were. They had, between them, bullied apparently the whole of Leeson's Lower School. So said one version.

Another story ran that Cole was the kid Morgan's protector and that Staire had attempted to lure him away — "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*" Another account was that Cole kept a number of small boys to practise his Rugger Half Back tricks upon and that every night he forced them to "scrum" and knocked them about to keep himself in form.

And there was young Morgan himself. Some said that he had been kidnaped by gipsies and was now being held for ransom; others that he had paid a fisherman to row him out to sea, had boarded an Atlantic liner and was now halfway to America; others that his father had come in the dusk of the evening, carried him off, and was now threatening Leeson with the law.

The small boys of the Lower School were of course especially thrilled with this splendid adventure. They were eager with narratives of what they would have done had they been in Morgan's place. Some of them wished that they had gone off too and thought of home with sighs and longings; others couldn't see what he wanted to run away for; others hoped "he would jolly well catch it" when they brought him back; others, taking with great gusto the gloomiest view, said that of course he had drowned himself in the sea, that he would never be found, and that fishes were now devouring his bones.

Great fun for nearly everybody. A few suffered, and of them all perhaps Jeremy the most.

When, afterward, he looked back he could never remember the events of that awful morning. He dragged himself through morning school trying to escape the endless questions, the joyful prophecies, "By Jove, *you'll* catch it Stocky.", the false consolations, the unkindly jeers.

At midday he escaped away to that field that overlooked the sea, his favored place, and there, although a cold sharp wind was blowing, stood looking across the bending, writhing trees to the grey checkered sea where the white caps were like little fragments of paper blown about its ruffled surface.

After all, what had he to do with it? Why was he being jumped on by everybody? He hadn't bullied anybody, he had never been unkind to the boy, he had scarcely ever spoken to him; why should Leeson be disappointed in him? He had been behaving better this term than ever before, sticking to his work, not ragging anyone, playing football to the best of his ability — why was everything going wrong?

But in his heart he knew that, in some way or another, he had missed the right thing. He wasn't happy. He hadn't been happy for weeks. He had half quarreled with Jumbo, his best friend, he had kept to himself, he hadn't been jolly with everyone as he used to be. And then he had been a coward about the Dormouse. He could have looked after the kid, who was, after all, in his dormitory. He had seen, quite clearly, how miserable the kid was but he had avoided him lest fellows should laugh at him or hint beastly things or think him "soppy".

He was changing; things weren't as simple as they had been. A year ago, as Leeson had said, he would have "jumped right in", had a row in the Locker Room and claimed the Dormouse as his property. He would

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have done it all without thinking. Now he thought about everything, and a lot of good it did him!

Most of all did he hope that Ridley knew nothing of this. Ridley wasn't the sort of fellow, he imagined, to care whether or no a small kid at the bottom of the school had run away. It was probable that he had heard nothing about it or, if he had, that he did not connect Jeremy with it.

But as he stood there Jeremy had an impulse, as powerful as any he had ever known, to go off to Ridley now and to explain to him that he had never done the Dormouse any harm and that it was not his fault that the kid had run away.

And a nice soft thing that would be to do! Ridley, to whom Jeremy had never addressed one word in all his life, who did not know in all probability that Jeremy even existed. And yet of all the trouble connected with this affair this was the worst! That Ridley should think badly of him, should say perhaps: "That chap Cole must be a rotter", should give him, maybe in Chapel, a quick disapproving glance and, after that, never consider him again.

Of all the possibilities this was the worst. Better that Ridley should never to the end of his days be conscious that Jeremy existed rather than think badly of him.

Behind these thoughts all the time, the consciousness that the Dormouse must have suffered badly to do a thing like this. He must have had weeks of misery and bullying and homesickness. Those swine Crumb and Baldock! And, as Jeremy thought of them, he hated Staire more deeply than ever before. He must do something to get at Staire, must fight him or, at least, tell him to his face what he thought of him. Things had gone too far. No one should say now that he was a coward or wanted to keep his place safe for the football.

Let the football go to blazes! With which heroic resolve, his head up, he strode back to Coulter's.

That evening, just before tea, everyone knew that the Dormouse had been found, brought back, and was even now in the Infirmary.

At fever pitch the excitement. The Dormouse had returned; now for punishment.

Although only two days ago the Dormouse's personality had been so small as to be almost invisible it swelled, overnight as it were, into balloon proportions. He had become because of this escapade a kind of Robin Hood — Munchausen — Jack-the-Ripper. He had returned "to wreak his vengeance on his tormentors", as Marlowe put it. Marlowe, indeed, informed Jeremy that he had torn up two of the chapters in his present romance "The Trump of Doom", reality for the moment proving itself so much greater than fiction. He would rewrite them on Dormouse lines. He intended, if it were possible, to have an interview with the Dormouse in the Infirmary and to get from him the minutely accurate details of his adventure. Marlowe was in fact one of the early apostles of the realism of today now so popular.

Meanwhile details of the Dormouse's "finding" varied. On one hand it was asserted that he had been found, nearly murdered, in a lonely house on a windy common. Another version had it that he had been discovered bound hand and foot to a post waiting for the encroaching sea to devour him. On all hands it was agreed

1. That he had had a romantic time.
2. That he was a plucky kid.
3. That he held Baldock, Crumb and Company in the hollow of his hand.

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Interest in truth passed that night rather swiftly from the personal history of the Dormouse to the yet more intriguing question of the fate of his persecutors — and especially Crumb and Baldock.

Expulsion was the least that could happen to them. Possibly expulsion and a public flogging before the whole school first.

And behind them the aloof figure of Staire.

And behind him young Cole.

There was some revelation of character in the manner in which these two boys, Crumb and Baldock, took this pause before punishment. They had both undergone interviews with Leeson; they were both aware by semi-ostracism that everyone expected them to suffer the worst; they must, both of them, have passed an exceedingly unpleasant day.

Crumb minded. He minded very badly indeed. He wilted from hour to hour. All the stuffing dropped out of him; you could almost see the sawdust scattering the ground about him. He was frightened, terribly frightened, and he only increased his fear by going to his intimates and inquiring of them his probable fate. This delighted them and they exercised all their imagination and fancy in outlining possible penalties for him.

When he went to bed that night he wished himself dead.

It was very different with Baldock. He really could not see what the fuss was all about or why the kid had run away. He was very fond of the Dormouse. He always had been. His attitude to him was precisely that of a Roman noble who had been robbed of his favorite slave. He was a very decent little kid and had understood Baldock properly. It was true that he had been very irritating and aggravating about young Cole and some "moral suasion" had been necessary to induce him to look at the matter in the proper light, but that had been young Stocky's fault. Why hadn't he interfered? After all, he knew what was happening. If he didn't like it he should have said so.

In any case he, Baldock, wasn't intending to let the business interfere with his personal happiness. If they did expel him there were plenty of other schools. If they whacked him that didn't last long, and he had a tough skin. He found life much too jolly to let a little thing like this spoil his sleep. He was quite sincere in this. There was no swaggering pose. He had no nerves and no fear. He won much admiration among his companions. In after life he had the nickname of the Buccaneer. He made a number of people unhappy in the course of his pilgrimage but never himself.

Meanwhile the hero of the day was sitting up in the Infirmary talking to his father. There was nothing very much the matter with him. When he had fallen in the uncertain light of that early morning he had knocked his head on a stone; there was a large bruise to testify to that. A farmer driving his cart into market had discovered him, picked him up, carried him to a neighboring farmhouse, revived him, discovered his origins and telegraphed to the School. He had been brought back by train late that afternoon and his father had arrived shortly afterward.

He looked extremely small sitting up in a very large woolly dressing gown eating his supper. He was cleaner and happier than he had been for many weeks. Everyone was very nice to him. It was difficult not to be. He looked such a baby.

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The point was whether or no he would return home to Leicestershire with his father.

"I'm disappointed with you for not sticking it", his father said to him. "Our family must stick anything."

Quite so, but the Dormouse most urgently endeavored to make it plain that there hadn't "been anything to stick".

There hadn't been any bullying. No one had threatened to roast him, he had had a most charming time. Everyone had been sweetness itself to him.

"Then what did you want to run away for?" his father naturally inquired.

Oh, he didn't know. It had just happened like that. He thought he'd see what it was like. He knew that it was very wrong. He wouldn't do it again.

Well then, would he come home now, back to Leicestershire, stay away for the remainder of the term, come back next term?

There must have been a great conflict in his young heart. Here offered to him without any pains or penalties was the very thing for which, for weeks, he had been longing. On the other hand he had a very clear picture in his mind of the thing to which, if he stayed, he would be returning. The Locker Room, Baldock, roasting. . . .

But, oddly enough, the issue was clear. He would remain. He knew that his father wanted him "to stick it out". In some odd undefined way he wanted himself "to stick it out".

No, he wouldn't go home. He would stay.

So he kissed his father, finished his egg and bread and butter, turned over, and went to sleep.

(To be continued)

ARCHIVE OF A NEW GIRL IN TOWN

By David Morton

NOT Helen, not Francesca could have been
More punctual or more apt upon the hour:
The spring this year was late in coming in,
There had been want of something—song . . . and flower. . . .
Then, suddenly and everywhere your name
Was music so immoderately sweet,
So mixed with storied praises that your fame
Is like a shining legend on our street.

And somewhere in my mind, the tales they tell
Are building, now, your beautiful renown,
Like some old story that I might as well
Have read: . . . how long ago . . . there was a town. . . .
The spring that year . . . wherein this thing befell . . .
And there was one who wrote the story down.

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THE CONFESSION OF AN AMATEUR AUTHOR

Anonymous

ONE day about fifteen years ago I was in trouble. Every day it was getting harder to pay my bills. The time had come when it was necessary to take account of stock and study possible resources, since the expense of educating the children and of daily living was constantly increasing while the salary the church paid remained stationary. On the fatal day when this story begins I decided to become an author and supplement my salary with the earnings of my pen. This decision was definitely and deliberately reached while I was sitting in my study, and at the time it seemed to be a wise one.

The books on the study shelves never winked an eye or cracked a smile when they heard of my determination. They were discreetly silent and gave no hint of what was in store for me. There were so many books in sight, it seemed an easy matter to add one to their number and gain a full harvest of royalties.

This decision to become a rich and prosperous author was based on a number of circumstances, each small in itself; but taken together they appeared to make a strong rope on which to climb. I could tell a good story and write a passable sermon. Once a college professor, who was a noted critic, had commended one of my essays. I never realized the weakness of the threads I was using in my efforts to weave a rope with which to escape from my financial difficulties. Telling a story well is very different from writing one. Sermons are either a work of art or an abomination to the Lord; they have little in common with writing for publication and that little is a handicap rather than a help. The professor's kindly comments only meant my essay was a little better than the hopeless mass of mediocrity produced by a heterogeneous group of college students.

It must be admitted at once, my determination to become an author was based on straw and chaff. Do not fear for my conceit, since it was to be trampled in the dust many weary months and years.

Having decided to become an author, I faced the question, What should I write? Just at that time a member of my congregation had a strange experience which contained several elements of human interest. It was a mixture of a little child, a dead mother, and an undertaker, and it had a happy conclusion. The story contained pathos and child psychology, and it revealed the possibilities in a kind word spoken on a lonely road. When the effort was made to reduce this story to writing I discovered the difficulty of catching an atmosphere and putting it into words on a cold sheet of paper. It was far more difficult than writing sermons. The first problem which had to be solved was the one of telling a story concisely and choosing words so as to reproduce a situation and make it vivid to readers in whatever circumstances they might be.

It was hard to take these inanimate things composed of ink and paper and make them obey the rules of grammar and also interpret the facts in an interesting way. Infinitives had a diabol-

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ical trait of becoming split, tenses mixed themselves in an unreasonable and illogical way. Sometimes a sentence which looked all right as it was being written turned out a jumble of meaningless words. When the words obeyed the rules of grammar they often remained dead and dull. They carried no conviction with them. I knew that these same lifeless symbols could be made to live and glow, and that was the end I sought. They could be used in some mystical and magical way to captivate the eye and sing in the ear, but it was hard to make them act that way. The same idea can be expressed in words which lull the reader to sleep or in those which stir the pulses, stimulate interest, and carry a tired mind from page to page with eagerness. Choosing the correct words and interpreting a thought so as to compel the reader to follow it is a difficult but fascinating task, and one of the things which make an amateur author love his work. For fifteen years I have been studying words in an effort to find out which ones should be used to create a desired impression on the reader's mind.

Having written my first story, I tried to find a publisher. My effort was a total failure. Years later, in looking over some old manuscripts, I found this story. It is not surprising the editors returned it. The only wonder is the courtesy of the printed slip which accompanied it, since it was about the poorest stuff you can imagine. It had once appeared to be an interesting and well told anecdote while it was in truth only trash. Ever since then I have had a more kindly feeling toward editors when they return my articles. Probably their judgment is right, and when I am able to see the rejected manuscript with impartial eyes its inherent weakness will be evident.

This first effort, which had been a dismal failure, only stirred up my stubbornness. I kept on writing in spite of the fact that my manuscripts always returned. They seemed to enjoy their brief outings but they liked their original home too much to leave it.

Some years later I was fortunate enough to hold a position of prominence in the denomination with which I am connected. I remembered what Mr. Dooley said after John L. Sullivan had been beaten in his fight with Jim Corbett, "When you are on the pinnacle stick it into you or you may fall off." With this advice in mind I determined to use my position to break into the field of authorship and to that end wrote a series of articles on the work under my care. I succeeded in having them published, although it must be confessed the editor used a blue pencil rather freely. At the same time I had the pleasure of getting a leading article into one of the church magazines, for which I received the magnificent honorarium of twenty dollars.

The dream of golden royalties had faded. The twenty dollars received for my article did not cover the money already spent in mailing manuscripts and providing paper, pencils, and stenographic help. I had started to chase a rainbow in hopes of finding a pot of gold, only to have it recede with every step taken. In the effort to increase my income I had merely multiplied my expenses. Even worse than that, a vicious habit had been created which was as hard to overcome as a taste for liquor or drugs. I had become a typical amateur author who wrote with little hope of gain because he found it impossible to stop writing. Occasionally encouragement was received from having articles or stories accepted and published in religious magazines or church papers. Sometimes they were

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paid for, but more often they were given away to relieve the congestion of my desk. Sometimes my labor was lightened by receiving letters from distant friends and even from total strangers. I kept no books, because it was unpleasant to be reminded constantly of how much actual money it cost every time an article appeared.

As time passed the editors became more sympathetic. Once I sent a magazine a story which admittedly was of a different type from that which the editor usually published. It seemed to be a good story and it was sent in the hope that it might be strong enough to break a precedent. To my surprise it was accepted. Some months later the editor said, "One of my associates wanted to return that last story of yours, since it was different from the material we usually use. I told him I knew a good story when I saw it even if we did not often publish one."

Another time a manuscript was sent to a church paper which has an enviable reputation for its editorial articles. Can you imagine my joy when I received a letter requesting permission to use my essay as an editorial! Of course no one but the editor and author knew who wrote the editorial, but it was balm to a wounded soul to have my composition printed in that way.

Finally an editor said, "The stuff you furnish us is the best we get from any of our contributors."

In the language of baseball, all these magazines I "made" would be classified as members of a minor league. Why didn't I make an effort to break into the major league teams, the magazines which establish a man's literary standing at once? I must confess I tried to time and time again. Usually the manuscripts were returned with a printed slip. I know by heart the standard slip used by most of the outstanding magazines, and sincerely wish they would occasionally alter the wording. It would be a great blessing to all the would be writers in the country to have a change of diet, and it might improve our style to be shown a new way of saying "No thank you." Occasionally, however, my articles were returned with a personal letter. These letters gave me real pleasure even when they merely said the editor regretted he could not use the material offered him as it was not the kind of thing he wanted at the time. Whenever this happened I felt I had at least drawn blood, and I was in a bloodthirsty mood. I finally made up my mind that the major leagues had no use for my services until a reputation had been established as a writer; they one and all refused the responsibility of aiding and abetting my early efforts.

Ambition grows even with occasional or meagre success. Nothing would do but I must write a book. Having chosen a subject with care, I labored long and earnestly. Some of the work previously done was woven into the fabric of the Book.

When the manuscript was completed it was necessary to find a publisher. A new set of experiences were in store for me. A personal friend furnished a letter of introduction to an officer in a publishing house. This worthy read the manuscript and found it interesting, but felt it would not find a ready sale. Undaunted by this disappointment, I started out to peddle the manuscript on the street. More literally, the lions were assaulted in their dens by means of stairs and elevators. None of the lions bit but occasionally one growled. I had become hardened to growls and it would have taken a bite to stop me. At last a kind friend in a moment of weakness accepted the manuscript. It

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was published. O glorious day! The sun never shone so brightly and the world was never quite so fair! The reviews and criticisms were awaited with anxiety. When they arrived I found it necessary to buy a new hat and thus increase my expense account. One enthusiastic friend called me the New Prophet! Can you imagine what that meant to a humble preacher who had never held a metropolitan pulpit? Another wrote, "I intended to take your book to read on my vacation. I picked it up last night and became so interested I never laid it down until it was finished." Another said, "I saw your book on the bookstand, bought it before taking a railroad trip. I enjoyed every word of it." It is enough to say that whenever the day is dark, the dog is sick, the children trying, or the congregation critical, I retire to my study, lock the door, and take out the reviews of the Book. All sorrow fades away and I see myself as I really am, a great man, not yet appreciated, but great in the splendor of my literary attainments.

Having written a book which had been kindly received by the critics and reviewers, I sat down to await the incoming tide of golden royalties. For some unforeseen reason the tide at that time was ebbing and not incoming. The book would not sell. It never did sell. The royalties again failed to meet the expense account. For a time I vowed I would never put my pencil to paper or dictate another paragraph. But mine was the same kind of remorse as is sometimes produced by an excessive use of alcoholic beverages. It was bitter for the moment but it did not cure the taste for the indulgence.

Fortunately for my family, time and not my literary efforts had solved the financial problems which had started me on the stony pathway of literature. If I had had to live on what was earned by my pen my family would long since have starved to death. I ceased expecting to make money by writing but could not stop it. I even wrote another book and submitted it to the publishers, who asked if there were any way in which the author could guarantee its acceptance by the public. The manuscript was considered worthy of publication if people could be induced to buy it. The material it contained, fortunately for me, could be divided into articles, and I made short work of producing a group of brief manuscripts and offering them for sale. They were all accepted by different magazines and many of them were paid for. An effort was then made to open up channels whereby the book could be assured of a better reception than my previous opus had received.

Do not consider the amateur author as being too modest in his efforts to win a recognition for the product of his labors. There was no modesty left in my nature by this time. I used every means which seemed to offer any hope of getting the manuscript printed, but one. On no account would I have the book published at my own expense. This decision was reached not only from an unwillingness to meet the cost of printing but also because of a conviction that it was a foolish thing to do. If publishing houses who made a business of books would not take the risk of bringing out mine, it seemed the height of folly for me with my limited knowledge and total lack of experience to undertake the publication. A man is usually a poor critic of his own work, and so the wise author takes his medicine even when it is bitter rather than shoulder burdens which may break his back. I went so far as to compromise with my conscience and offer to guarantee a minimum sale of the book.

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But this offer proved unsatisfactory and the manuscript remains unpublished. Even this disaster has failed to dampen my enthusiasm for writing. I have written another book, which I expect to have published in the near future. But since my confession is the story of a soul's struggle to find expression and not an advertising campaign, we shall draw the curtain over this last effort.

I may never attain distinction in the art of writing, but I know its possibilities and feel its charm. No matter how many disappointments it brings, I shall continue to write because after all I am an amateur author who writes for the love of writing.

SKETCH

By Charlotte Haldane

As the hills rise or dip
From rock ledge to grass lip
See the shaggy goats skip.

Gentle tinkling of bells
Through the airy trees tells:
Here the highland herd dwells.

Down the mossy alp-side
They half tumble, half glide
Scattered wide

As the bearded dam leads
To the juicier meads—
Flowers glisten like beads.

Now the buck gravely peers
Softly flapping both ears,
Ere he valleyward steers.

One by one they all follow
Down steep-sided hollow
In deep grass to wallow.

Udders filled to the teat,
Plum-blue bags of milk sweet,
Swell to drown the kid's bleat.

Dewlaps swinging from throats,
Black and brown dappled coats—
Aren't they jolly, these goats?

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In Answer to

HAS AMERICA A LITERARY DICTATORSHIP?

THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN,
Dear Sir:

I have read with much interest and more surprise the well written, if anonymous, article entitled "Has America a Literary Dictatorship?" in the April issue of THE BOOKMAN. With your anonymous writer's comments upon the exploiting of personality in modern advertising I am in sympathy if not entire agreement. I believe with him that such publicity is not helpful in the long run to the individual exploited, and I think, as he does not, that it is personally distasteful to most of those offered upon the altar of publicity. Yet who is the critic that he should say, I am a superior person and the methods applied to famous authors and famous bankers are too crude for such as I. However, I will not argue this point with him and should prefer his solution to the present exigency.

But his main contention is not only fallacious in its ideas of the duty of criticism but based upon a gross misstatement which makes his whole attack a dangerous perversion of the truth.

He charges that the critic whose job it is to distinguish between the fine and the not fine in literature stultifies himself if he recommends to large numbers of readers a book which he believes to be good but knows is not a masterpiece. This is nonsense. Because no permanent contribution to world literature has been published in the month of May, is a critic thereby estopped from recommending somebody's good and readable novel? Would you have all reading cease until the rare masterpiece is produced? Are men made for books, or books for men? Is it not as much the critic's function to extend the reading of good books as to teach the difference between the best, the better, and the bad? No one can hesitate for an instant in answering these questions unless, as a critic, he regards himself as responsible only for the æsthetic qualities of literature and intensely indifferent as to the use that is made of books. Every good critic, like every good scholar, is both interpreter and teacher, and should discharge both functions without damage to his intellectual integrity. To conceive of a critic as an arbiter who lowers himself by approving of the plain fare of good books, not great, which most of us must largely feed upon if we are to share the thought of our own time, is literary snobbery and devoid of common sense.

Yet if his main contentions were based upon fact, your anonymous contributor would still have a point to make. He charges specifically the Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club with asserting each month that a given book *is* best, and rightly concludes that with five opinions involved, one or more of them must occasionally concur in sending out each month a book that he personally does not regard as best. It is true. On occasions some of the judges have felt that the best book was one that was too expensive to be sent out under the club's contract; in other months they have felt that a subtle and symbolistic story, a poem, beautiful but obscure, an

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historical work of great and involved erudition, was the *best* book of the month, and they have felt with equal certainty that while such a book must be placed (and always has been placed) upon the recommended list, it would be folly to send it out to 40,000 readers.

Hence in the advertisements, circulars, articles, talks upon the Book-of-the-Month Club, with the exception of an introductory circular of over a year ago which was badly phrased in this respect, it has been stated, reiterated, explained and re-explained, that the Judges proposed to recommend what they considered as the best ten or twelve books of the month, and send out that one of this group which they agreed, by vote, was most likely to be read with pleasure and profit by a large number of people, with free privilege of exchange. Nor have they hesitated to state in print and on the platform the qualifications which prevent a good book to be read and so recommended from being a best book. There has been no misunderstanding of this logical and sensible position except among professional critics either ill informed or desirous for purposes of sensation to spread abroad the idea of a literary autocracy. If the Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, whose differing points of view and circumstances make the idea that they constitute a literary clique absurd, have arbitrarily increased the reading of *good* books, let those who object to reading except in the Bible, Shakespeare, and Remy de Gourmont make the most of it.

But I regret that our anonymous critic failed to make certain of his facts before charging that the men and women he attacks have "sold out" to commerce and forsworn their critical integrity. The question as to whether reading should be advised, and books chosen, is one that I should gladly debate with a better informed opponent willing to concede honesty of intention on the basis of available fact. His inaccuracy is an unscholarly trait common to many journalists more desirous of making a case than of clarifying a situation in the interests of good literature.

Very truly yours,

HENRY S. CANBY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Sir:

The interesting article in the April BOOKMAN on the menace of a literary dictatorship in the United States describes a set of conditions which would be horrible if they existed. Indeed, if I thought I were in the slightest danger of becoming a literary dictator I should instantly make it impossible by refusing ever to praise or blame another book, or even, if the danger seemed great, by committing suicide. But at present I see no danger, either to myself or to my associates on the Board of Editors of the Literary Guild.

We have been asked to choose each month what we consider to be a good book. The Literary Guild then furnishes copies of the book to its subscribers. The business management of the Guild gives the Editors a perfectly free hand in their choice. The Editors, in turn, take no hand in the process of distribution. This is, I believe, a natural division of labor.

For the business management of the Literary Guild I do not claim to speak. I know that the Editors, however, regard themselves not as dictators but as authors, willing to take this trouble for the sake of other authors whose work they value. They go on the simple assumption that a good book is not made less good or less

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useful by being put promptly into the hands of many readers instead of finding its way with difficulty into the hands of a few.

Very possibly the editors of the Literary Guild will make mistakes in their choices. This is a risk which they do not mind running. They are willing to allow another age or another season to wonder at some of these choices, provided they can, even in a few cases, prevent that delay of recognition which so often handicaps good writers.

Suppose there had been, in Poe's time, an organization like the Literary Guild or the Book-of-the-Month Club to nominate one or more of his books. It might have furnished just the touch of encouragement needed to change his entire career. That some publisher might have profited by Poe's prosperity or that some rival might have felt neglected does not matter. What matters is that Poe might thus have been brought more quickly to his audience than he could be when the whole affair was left entirely to chance.

A standard complaint of authors and of their critics and biographers has always been that the best authors have too uncertain and too delayed a public. Surely it is unreasonable to complain of any agency that tries to improve this unfortunate condition.

CARL VAN DOREN

THE HOUNDS OF LIFE

By Lawrence Lee

THEY cry their hurry down the moonlit world;
Nor day nor night slows their terrific pace;
They have the speeding fox of time to chase,
That burrows where the lonely dead are hurled.

There is no feasting till the race is done:
The hunger of the hunt is their red meat,
While they across the trackless meadows beat
And sniff the wind of conquest as they run.

They do not sleep — the fox must falter first
Before a hound may let his wild eyes blink —
Nor do they stop by any stream to drink,
For they have drunken deep of their great thirst.

They are mad hounds, that flee the click of locks
To nose the winds far from the kennel bounds;
And love — they leave love to the little hounds
That cannot tell a rabbit from a fox.

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THE NEW YORKER

Jeanne Eagels Returns — A Mystery of the Varieties — Explaining an Ancient Tragedy — War and Wall Street — Offerings Good and Not So Good — Passing of the Neighborhood Playhouse

THERE was a perceptible brightening of the theatrical season during the month, when a number of plays which were distinct hits were rushed on to combat the Lenten slump. They followed no particular trend — comedies, mysteries, and melodramas appearing almost simultaneously — but each was good of its kind, and the results for theatregoers who had recently suffered under what appeared to be the ministrations of a dozen barnstorming companies were happy. The most eagerly awaited of these plays was "Her Cardboard Lover" in which Jeanne Eagels, long exiled to the provinces for her good work as Sadie Thompson, was again presented to her New York public. "Her Cardboard Lover" is that comedy in translation by Jacques Deval which has been announced during the past months as the starring vehicle for this actress and that, until one could believe the feminine rôle another Juliet, so eager were the ladies to appear in it. Miss Eagels proved the victor in this contest and presently "Her Cardboard Lover" was presented to New York, which took it to its bosom. There was plenty of applause, but strangely enough a major part of it went to Leslie Howard, late of "The Green Hat", who was not even featured. Now aside from Mr. Howard's very perfect acting, there seems to be a reason for this. The play was, we imagine, written to be dominated by a male star, and so well did the author contrive it that even the considerable spotlights focused constantly on Miss Eagels failed to shade the other part. "Her Cardboard Lover" is fascinating French froth, if we may be permitted the alliteration. It offers the not very credible theme of a young woman who, divorced from her husband but still loving him madly, hires a youth who shall be lover in name only and thus save her from herself, or rather from the man she has left. This impecunious youth is instructed never to leave her side when danger threatens; he is ordered to stay on the job even when dismissed, and he does it. The humor of the piece centres entirely about the struggles of Simone to rid herself of young André who takes his contract seriously. It is very funny: she orders him out of the front door and he reappears from the bathroom; by means of the telephone he wrecks her plans to visit her ex-husband; he even feigns suicide in order to prevent a remarriage. So persistent is he that in the end he is rewarded when Simone discovers the hired lover is not all cardboard after all. As the last curtain falls she is explicitly telling him so.

Now all good Americans believe that Frenchwomen act this way, but it seems a matter for reasonable doubt whether even one ever did, so Miss Eagels should not be blamed if she fumbled the interpretation a little. She was, we thought, to say the unkind thing first, a bit too noisy, a little too dependent on the "Ooh, la la" school

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of acting which supports itself by hysterical little shrieks and rolling eyes, but all this was only occasional. For the most part she carried her comedy lines with a sure knowledge of just how fragile and brittle they were, proving her worth as an actress by employing exactly the right intonation to give them value. Any performance heavier than air would have made them flop, and that Miss Eagels avoided. It is a long step from "Rain" to this play, but Miss Eagels takes it gracefully enough. "Her Cardboard Lover" should really be seen by all those who laugh at flippant wit. There is plenty of it in this piece.

The most successful attempt to incorporate the audience as part of the play that we have ever seen occurs in "The Spider". Here the action takes place on a vaudeville stage where the soft shoe dancers, the skating act, and the master magician are interrupted in their turns by a murder which takes place either behind the footlights or in the body of the house. Drastic measures are required in order to prevent the villain's escape, and so the entire audience is placed under technical arrest. Police are posted in the aisles, and an inspector harangues the suspects from the stage. Actors placed throughout the theatre add to the thrills as they rise to aid or impede justice. We did not know whether we were sitting beside the murderer or his next victim, and once when a revolver shot seemed to singe our hair we thought that we were going to be a victim ourself. Suspicion is cast here, there, and everywhere, with Chatrand the great magician trying to unravel it with the help of several ghostly experiments and Alexander, "the boy with the radio eyes". We think the authors meant "radium" eyes, but no matter. Between them they managed to solve the mystery, and about eleven o'clock the audience, highly reluctant to depart, was permitted to go its way in peace. This sensational and entertaining hokum was written by two such unlikely people as Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, and the lead is taken by John Halliday. He is as good a magician as we have ever seen, and if the legitimate stage ever turns unprofitable he can go into vaudeville, making goldfish bowls appear and breaking out gardens of paper flowers with the best of them.

Quite of another pattern was "The Crown Prince", an earnest attempt to explain the death of the young heir to the Austrian throne who was found shot with his mistress in the hunting lodge at Meyerling some thirty five or so years ago. Certain hardly necessary changes were made in names, such as calling the Baroness Marie Vetsera, Anna; and changing the name of the hunting lodge to Kleyerdorf, but the story of that tragedy remains the same so far as we know it, except that poison is substituted for the gun which killed the pair. The first act is the best, in which is shown the intrigue surrounding a man of royal birth, the espionage to which he is submitted, and the pompous formality of the most rigid court in Europe. But the end, in which the crown prince and his lady find their love again in death, has a poignant beauty heightened by the splendid acting of Mary Ellis which is all too rare on our stage. Basil Sydney as the crown prince was sympathetic and Henry Stephenson was very fine as the emperor. The settings, reproducing faithfully that distant year 1889, were handsome and substantial. A sentimental evening.

There was a time when sentiment was the only basis on which a play could be

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built. The then patrons of the theatre demanded it, and that they got their money's worth is evident to anyone who has time to read old scripts or who goes to the less gushing of the revivals. But our sharpened taste now demands a deal of irony as well, although, human nature being what it is, we still prefer our lovers clasped in each other's arms at the final curtain. Jed Harris, that shrewdest and youngest of the producers, knew what he was about when he offered "Spread Eagle". No more bitter lines, no sharper thrusts at vulnerable parts have been seen hereabouts since "What Price Glory" introduced a mode and held us gasping in our seats. "Spread Eagle" undertakes to expose who make wars, and why. It is as unflinching in its quest as the most pacific spectator could desire, and far more unflinching in its findings than a Congressional investigation. The trail leads inevitably to Wall Street, more specifically 120 Broadway, which may be termed the home of Big Business. Here the play opens with Martin Henderson, a financial magnate, and Joe Cobb, his secretarial rubber stamp, planning how they can induce intervention in Mexico in order to save the former's vast interests there. A visit to Washington has been fruitless — Coolidge being cool, even chill to the proposals. It is therefore up to Henderson to save his own hide — or oil or mines as the case may be. Quite coldbloodedly he plots with a Mexican bandit, who has arrogated to himself the title of general, for a rebellion, to cost so much in dollars and cents, which will forward the intervention. General de Castro does not know this, however. He has every intention of serving his own ends, but so has Henderson. Fate plays into the magnate's hands, for at this moment his daughter introduces a young man, the son of a former President, who wants a job. Cobb sees the light first, but Henderson is not far behind. The young man gets his job. It's a good job with nothing to do and paying five thousand a year, but it is directly in the path of Castro's marauding band. They count on the youth's being killed; they know that these United States, presumably inflamed by an inspired press, will spring to arms to avenge "the White House baby". And it happens just as planned, almost. At any rate Henderson gets his war, and his billion dollar property is about to be made safe from everything but the income tax; but whether he finds the bargain to his liking is the question. For the boy he believed dead turns up to denounce him, is prevented only by the strong arm methods of his secretary, and the magnate is left with a son-in-law who knows him for a potential as well as active murderer — men are dying as the play ends. Not even the secretary who is his brains is left him, for that calculating young man, lured again by the sound of a band, enlists in the war which he helped create and quits his employer with an injunction as terse as it is salty. It is a crisp, bitter, racy evening with no one escaping the playwrights' shafts from Judge Gary to the Hearst newspapers. Ten years ago, and possibly ten years hence, this play would be suppressed on a moment's notice, but just now we happen to be at peace. The large cast is so remarkably competent and frequently so brilliant in its renditions that we prefer not to single out a few names for praise deserved by all.

Many of those who remembered with pleasure "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Will Shakespeare" were deeply disappointed in Clemence Dane's new play "Mariners", in which Pauline Lord starred. This piece, which set

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out to expose the miseries that follow marriage between an ill suited couple such as a minister and a barmaid, began limpingly and became increasingly lame until the final curtain. Its structural weaknesses were many and surprising for a playwright with Miss Dane's gifts, but after all it is not important to point them out since the play ran only a couple of weeks. It is, however, important as proving that even a splendid cast cannot save a poor play. Blame is frequently passed on to the actors for fiascos which lie primarily with ill written lines. In this particular instance Pauline Lord, Arthur Wontner, Haidee Wright, and Mary Kennedy all labored bravely to give the play distinction, but it needed more than their gifts to save it. We felt particularly sorry for Pauline Lord, who has not had a good part since she wrung tears nightly from infatuated audiences in "They Knew What They Wanted". Eugene O'Neill or Sidney Howard should take her case under consideration.

Two plays dealing with the problems of the yellow and brown races were presented with "Menace" and "Savages Under the Skin". The first was laid in an island off Japan and the second in the Borneo Seas. Neither was so very good or so very bad. Once again white men escaping civilization or with an urge to create it dash around dealing out justice to loyal and disloyal natives, going mammy-palava, and being redeemed by the love of a pure American girl. It is very sad; there must be hundreds of good stories to be picked up in these strange climes, but our playwrights don't seem to find them. They harp on the same old string until it is frayed — we wish they would stay at home.

A dreary piece called "The Mystery Ship" was offered and has managed to survive to date, proving perhaps that a title has a good deal to do with it. Crime and mystery aboard an ocean liner are more alluring than in a New York apartment, and so "The Mystery Ship" sets sail with a favoring breeze; but thereafter it runs into a dead calm which holds it stagnant until the end. All the old bugaboo devices are employed to raise the hair, but in this spectator's case they were unsuccessful. Doors slam, writhing hands appear through portholes, and the like, but unless the actors can contribute a little reality to these occurrences they are apt to appear implausible. This cast did not do much more than mumble the lines in an embarrassed fashion, for which they are hardly to be blamed. The identity of the murderer is quite skilfully concealed, but at that it took two playwrights to do it.

"Lucky" is one of those opulent and gorgeously mounted musical shows, without much humor to commend it. But if one likes spectacles, it provides a pleasing evening. We do. And so we were happy watching the beauties of a village in Ceylon, both architectural and feminine. It would seem that with their last production the Messrs. Dillingham, Ziegfeld, and Shubert had produced the final word in this sort of thing, but always they have one more trick up their capacious sleeves. This piece was enlivened by pretty Mary Eaton, our old friends Sawyer and Santley, and, last on the bill, Paul Whiteman, who with his talented orchestra offered the best brand of jazz. We would willingly have had more of the last. On the whole you can't go far wrong with "Lucky".

The Neighborhood Playhouse offered its yearly bill of lyric drama which, the organization implies, is as much for the education of its actors as

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for the edification of its audiences. Certainly the agile and complicated dance forms which the cast perform have the effect of making them poised and graceful, but usually they provide too long an evening of æstheticism. Not so this time. The bill is so cleverly varied that never once is the note of monotony struck. The best and most vigorous of the pieces was "Ritornell", a dance suite performed by Hungarian gipsies, and staged with a rare sense of color and design. It alone was worth the trip to Grand Street.

But we shall no longer be making that trip to Grand Street. To the very great regret of everybody who admires the work of this group, the Neighborhood Playhouse is to close at the end of its spring season. A statement from the Misses Lewisohn who have been its angels announces that they can no longer afford to meet the heavy deficit — a deficit which has amounted to about half a million since the Playhouse was organized. Theatres and theatre groups come and go, but this one has made such an impress on New York with its artistic integrity that its passing will be sorely felt. It is just possible that if outside backing can be found the Neighborhood Playhouse will continue in a more feasible location with a larger theatre, and we hope this may be realized.

LARRY BARRETTO

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Marble God, and Other One-Act Plays" — "The Tender Passion" by Hubert Griffith — "The Old Adam" by Cicely Hamilton — "The Barber and the Cow" by D. T. Davies (Brentano). Plays long and short in the British Drama League Library of Modern British Drama.

"The Bad Man" by Porter Emerson Browne — "White Collars" by Edith Ellis — "The Tongues of Men" by Edward Childs Carpenter — "Welcome Stranger" by Aaron Hoffman — "In a Garden" by Philip Barry — "The Pipes of Pan" by Edward Childs Carpenter — "The Old Soak" by Don Marquis — "Across the Street" by Richard Purdy — "Going Crooked" by Winchell Smith and William Collier — "Erstwhile Susan" by Marian de Forest — "The Haunted House" by Owen Davis — "The Creaking Chair" by Allene Tupper Wilkes, revised by Roland Pertwee — "Not Herbert" by Howard Irving Young — "The Rear Car" by Edward E. Rose — "The Mantle of Lincoln" by Test Dalton — "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" by George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver — "The Bride" by Stuart Olivier and George M. Middleton — "A Holy Terror" by Winchell Smith and George Abbott — "Graustark" by Grace Hayward (French). Grist for the amateur's mill.

"Masks and Other One Act Plays" by George Middleton — "My Lady Dreams" by Eugene Pillot — "What Would You Do?" by Mrs. Chauncey Palmer Smith — "Showing Up Mabel" by Glenn Hughes (French). One act plays for the little theatre.

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CHANGE

By Marie Aldrich

COULD I keep this day
Of sunlight filtering
On yellow buttercups
And ivy green.

It would be the shadow
Of a cloud that has passed;
Another will return
But never this day.

Could I see the smile
That curves your crimson lips,
The allure and the deception
In your shining eyes.

It would be a sorrow,
And the breaking of a heart,
A picture that has passed
But never this day.

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THE LONDONER

The Spring Season—"Elmer Gantry"—Some Genteel Articles in "The Nation"—Philip Wicksteed—A Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Its Authors—Sir Ernest Benn and His Publishing Business

LONDON, *May* 1, 1927.

ONE whose business it is to keep his eye very closely upon the world of publishing and bookselling tells me that I may safely say in these pages that, with the exception of three or four books, the spring season has been one of the bad ones in this country. The three or four books will at once be recognized. Only one of them — "Jew Süss" — is a novel; and this one has carried the readers of England upon its back for four months while all the other novels have sunk without trace. At the moment, Sinclair Lewis is doing his best to redress the adverse balance, and it is a remarkable fact that his book and the "Show Boat" of Edna Ferber are made the basis in one of the Sunday papers of a redoubtable attack by an anonymous critic upon the work of all English novelists whatsoever. The attack — which is entitled "Anæmic British Fiction" — would delight the heart of many of those Americans who suffer from the delusion that English critics are on principle unjust to American books. It appears in direct contradiction of an adverse review of "Elmer Gantry" in the "Times Literary Supplement", and I think illustrates a peculiar tendency in contemporary English literary journalism. This tendency is a marked dread of saying anything at all severe about any book emanating from America. It is as though English reviewers had all been reading about their supposed sins toward America, and as though they had made up their minds to praise American books at all costs. The mistake made by such English reviewers — also, I think, by some American reviewers — is that they feel it necessary to depreciate English books in order that the qualities of American books may be exalted. In this way, we are enjoying a little wave of what might be supposed to be humility if it were not for the fact that any stick is always a good enough weapon for use by a novel reviewer in this country. Mr. Lewis has been sincerely praised, upon legitimate grounds, by Arnold Bennett, in one of his weekly causeries in the "Evening Standard"; and Mr. Bennett's word carries such weight that it will probably do something to correct the adverse review in the "Times Literary Supplement". The vehement article by the anonymous scribe, on the other hand, is obviously either propagandist or deliberately irritating. As the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland" says:

> He only does it to annoy,
> Because he knows it teases.

My own view is that it is not necessary to run down English novelists because one wants to praise American novelists. The two sections can exist together. Nor should the adverse review of "Elmer Gantry" be taken as indicating that the "Times Literary Supplement" is having a fling at the American novel in general. Although they vary, the novel reviews in the "Times Literary Supplement" are

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very seldom of critical importance. They are doctrinaire without being efficient. The writers of them are conscious of their own importance, and of some narrow æsthetic theory regarding the novel; but they do not as a rule succeed in being either interesting or intelligent. The one real importance of a novel review in the "Times Literary Supplement" is that it will frequently be used as copy by the more lazy of provincial or general hack reviewers; so that if a writer in the "Literary Supplement" says that Mr. Jones is a parodist of human nature the writers in the "Little Puddlington Gazette" and the "Mudshire Herald" will also say that Mr. Jones is a parodist of human nature, while if the "Literary Supplement" says that Mr. Smith is a marvel of insight into the souls of men the same discovery will be made by those who "do" the novels for the minor journals of the English provinces. Mr. Lewis, therefore, may expect to hear from Little Puddlington and Mudshire that "Elmer Gantry" is dreary, because that is what has been said of it by the "Literary Supplement"; but if Mr. Lewis supposes, upon reading that he is dreary in perhaps twenty different papers, that there is being made upon the American novel a massed assault, he will be wrong. No massed assault is being made. All that has happened is that several critical sheep have followed the bell-wether. It would have been the same if the "Literary Supplement" had used, by mistake, the word "cheery". And as for the ultimate importance of any of these pronouncements, it is just nothing at all, for books live and die quite independently of what is said about them in the critical press. I have been talking to a particularly vivid and enthusiastic member of the younger set, and have been hearing from him what is thought in the coteries regarding several modern books. This differs from anything I have read in the press. It is altogether more lively, less pretentious, and less solemn. In fact I have been a good deal relieved regarding the general level of intelligence among the young, as to which I had grown disheartened. I note also, in this connection, that Wyndham Lewis has been writing about James Joyce in a way that I should have thought would make hair stand upon end in both Bloomsbury and Chelsea. I judge, therefore, that the subterranean movement which is all the time working to destroy the favorites of the self elect has already begun to do its work with the latest of these favorites. It was not without importance a short time ago that there should have appeared, from the pen of an able young critic, a very destructive analysis of the celebrated last page of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria". The young, if they are over-hasty in discovering masterpieces among the works of their own generation, and even a masterpiece in that generation itself, are equally rapid in discovering that the masterpieces are not masterpieces at all. There is thus a not inconstant sanity all the time in action below the surface, which does not find its way into the popular prints until those responsible for the propagation of current critical prejudices have passed on to still fresher enthusiasms. And when these enthusiasms fail, the enthusiasts come back to something they have spurned earlier. This accounts for the curious uprisings of praise for men who have worked for many years without recognition. It accounts for the sudden respect which is shown for some old man who is deemed to be upon the point of death; and it also accounts for the gradual reduction

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of enthusiasm if the person honored in the evening of his life chances to continue living longer than has been expected, and longer than fashion can possibly maintain itself. Sinclair Lewis, if he live to be sixty five, will almost certainly be astonished to find himself treated with reverence by the coteries of the nineteen fifties. And he will in that event be most respectfully handled in the "Times Literary Supplement" about 1960. I will not guarantee *what* will happen if he lives until 1970. At present he cannot expect to be very highly praised by the right people, because it is rumored that he enjoys some measure of popular success. And if there is one thing the right people cannot stand it is popular success. Even Margaret Kennedy and E. M. Forster have suffered in reputation as the result of their acceptance by the populace. With the right people, any book by Mr. Forster is better than "A Passage to India", while as for "The Constant Nymph", its name is received with quite general grimaces of deprecation if it is mentioned by some old fogey who supposes himself to be living still in 1925.

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It is with no pretense to being up-to-date that I turn next to Bloomsbury. The truth is, a kind friend recently put into my hand three numbers of the English "Nation", at the same time drawing attention to three articles in the papers he bestowed. His comment on the articles was caustic; but I shall not repeat what he said, because it was expressed vulgarly in terms which are not usually printed. And yet my friend is something of a writer himself, and I think knows a little about life and letters. Now the articles to which he drew attention were by Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf. One was called "George Gissing", another, "The Life, Illness, and Death of Dr. North", and the third, simply, "Genius". All three were very bad articles, written with smugness and self satisfaction, and two of them were certainly in the worst possible taste. These two, dealing with Benjamin Robert Haydon's Autobiography and with the Life of Dr. John North, were, respectively, by Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey. Let us look at what they said. Let us see what the almost ostentatious refinement of Bloomsbury can lower itself to when it essays to be light and witty. First of all, Mr. Strachey on Dr. North:

> Death was always before his eyes; for now a settled hypochondria was added to his other miseries. He was a prey to constant nightmare. He had little doubt that he would perish of the stone. Taking upon himself the functions of the Wise Woman, he displayed before his embarrassed friends the obvious symptoms of fatal disorder. "Gravel! Red gravel!" he gasped. In reality his actual weakness lay in quite another direction. One day he caught cold, it grew worse, his throat was affected, his uvula swelled. The inflammation continued, and before long the unhappy doctor became convinced that his uvula would have to be cut off. All the physicians of the University were summoned, and they confessed that the case was grave. It was the age of Molière, and the practitioners of Cambridge might well have figured in the "Malade Imaginaire". Their prescriptions were terrific and bizarre; drenches, "enough to purge a strong man from off his legs", accompanied by amber, to be smoked like tobacco in pipes, with astringent powders blown into the mouth through quills. The Doctor, who, with all his voluminous reading, had never heard of Diafoirus, believed every word he was told, and carried out the fearful orders with elaborate conscientiousness. The result was plain to all; in a few weeks his health was completely shattered, and his friends, to their amazement, saw him "come helmeted in Caps upon Caps, and meagre as one newly crope out of a Fever". They privately consulted the great Dr. Lower in London. He threw up his hands. "I would undertake", he said, "by the smoak of Amber alone, to put the soundest Man in the World into Convulsion Fits." But it was too late to intervene; the treatment was continued, while

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the Doctor struggled on with the duties of his office. The scholars were to be publicly admonished for scandalous conduct; the fellows assembled; the youths stood trembling; the Master appeared. Emaciated, ghastly, in his black gown, and with a mountain of caps upon his head, the extraordinary creature began a tirade of bitter and virulent reproof; when suddenly his left leg swerved beneath him, and he fell in a fit upon the ground. It was apoplexy.

Mrs. Woolf makes merry with a slightly different species of mania. She has, perhaps, an even more easy butt than Mr. Strachey, and is even more amused by her own lightness of touch. Haydon painted large pictures. He had an enthusiasm for the heroic; and in his poor, foolish ambition, he expressed the belief that "all the sovereigns of Europe would hail with delight an English youth who could paint an heroic picture". He was wrong, as we who live nowadays know as we read his words. As Mrs. Woolf says:

He was disillusioned. The great, he found, care not for art, but for what people say about pictures. "Dear Lord Mulgrave" lost his faith in Dentatus when he heard it criticised. Sir George Beaumont shillied and shallied and said at last that Macbeth was too big and Lady Beaumont had no room for it, and, "in fact, Sir George was tired, and wanted another extraordinary young man, for Wilkie was an old story, and I was a nuisance." "And so, artists," he concluded, summing up all he had borne from his patrons, but letting us infer how boldly he had corrected them, "and so, artists, be humble and discreet!"

He proved the wisdom of his own saying by marrying, in spite of his debts, a widow with two children, and by having, in quick succession, six more children of his own. With all this weight on his shoulders he sank steadily more and more deeply into the mud. For his genius never deserted him. It was always flourishing irresistible subjects before his eyes. He was always rushing at his canvas and "rubbing in" the head of Alexander "gloriously", or dashing off some gigantic group of warriors and lions when his room was bare of necessities, his furniture pawned, his wife screaming in childbirth, and the baby (it was a way they had) sickening of a mortal illness. . . .

But . . . his genius was unrelenting. Paint he must; paint he did. When his cartoons were rejected he learnt to toss off pictures of Napoleon Musing at the rate of one in two hours and a half. When the public deserted his last exhibition in favour of Tom Thumb next door, he darted at another picture, finished the Saxon Lord, dashed in Alfred, "worked", he declared, "gloriously". But at last even his prayers sound a little hoarse, and his protests without conviction. One morning after quoting Lear and writing out a list of his debts and his thoughts, he put a pistol to his forehead, gashed a rasor across his throat, and spattered his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury with his blood.

What merriment! What taste! How they laugh in Bloomsbury, because a poor devil of a painter had dreams which he could not execute, and because a poor scholar was credulous. You see the very strange likeness between these two portraits, the one by Mrs. Woolf, and the other by Mr. Strachey. They are both comic pictures of insanity and death, and insanity and death have not always been regarded as the finest possible subjects for humor of this robust sort. How delicately they are here limned! How amusing they are made to appear! How we laugh at fear and enthusiasm! Such things are unknown in Bloomsbury. But surely, if Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey are really persons of taste, they must see, once their joy in the macabre has subsided, how disgusting is the effect of such simpering travesty of human beings in agony. Perhaps not. Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey are intellectuals. They are paragons of taste. And, like most of their kind, they are lacking in sensibility. For them it is amusing that children ("it was a way they had") sicken of mortal illness, or that men should suffer tortures of hypochondria. It is a matter for self complacent mirth that a man should fail because his aim is too elaborate, and because his enthusiasm continues itself into frenzy. That is the world of Bloomsbury.

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That is its regard for humanity. A little cold, perhaps; a little insensitive; a little apt to regard human beings as subjects for condescending ridicule, especially when the human beings are distracted by grief and fear. But after all, what taste!

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The death of Philip Wicksteed will perhaps not mean very much to readers of the present moment, since Mr. Wicksteed had reached the age of eighty two and had for some years lived in retirement; but I can recall that when I was in my teens his lectures and writings upon Dante were celebrated, while Bernard Shaw has contributed to the "Times" a fine note regarding his own conversion by Mr. Wicksteed to some economic doctrines which are still mysterious to myself. The point of Mr. Shaw's note was to show what a magnificent brain Mr. Wicksteed had, and those who are acquainted with his analysis of Dante's "Paradiso" will not need to be reminded of the quality of the brain which made much that was difficult become transparently plain. That was Mr. Wicksteed's gift, that he had the power to grasp difficult matters, and the quite distinct power of giving out his knowledge in a manner intelligible to all. It is a power which we require from all teachers, and one which we seldom find in teachers. Too often, if a man knows anything, he is so proud of his knowledge that he will not or cannot impart it. Most elementary treatises or primers are rendered useless by reason of the author's lack of the imaginative perception of his reader's needs. Mr. Wicksteed had none of this lack. He was always interested in the smallest things, and he had a heart of such kindness that he could explain simply without making his auditors feel that he regarded them as fools. I once attended a series of lectures which he gave on the subject of Dante, and I can thus speak from experience when I say that in face of a dull and ignorant audience he never lost for an instant that genial kindness of his, even though he was sometimes asked the most ridiculous questions by the more foolish of those present. One lady, in particular, I remember, who found a difficulty in reconciling a great love of Omar Khayyam with a staunch adherence to the tenets of the Methodist belief, received gratifying solace from the imperturbable lecturer. Later, when as a youth I had occasion to walk with Mr. Wicksteed through a part of the West End of London, I found him crammed with information concerning every street through which we passed. His memory was astonishing, and his acquaintance with the history of streets and those who had lived in them was quite remarkable. All who have read his books "Dante and Aquinas" and "The Reactions between Dogma and Philosophy" will testify to the profundity of his knowledge of mediæval thought and scholarship; while the thousands of those who possess and have studied the Temple editions of Dante will recognize that to Mr. Wicksteed and to Professor Edmund Gardner they owe a debt which can never be discharged. Mr. Wicksteed's was a useful life, and one which brought great happiness and increase of understanding to a considerable number of people. He was a kind man, and a good one.

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One of the most interesting books announced for early publication is the Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan which has been written in collaboration by Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower.

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Mr. Sullivan is the nephew of the composer, and Mr. Flower, as the world knows, is one of the most remarkable men of his day. He was at one time editor of one of Lord Northcliffe's magazines, which he made into a great success. But, like many of those who worked for Lord Northcliffe, he did not hesitate when opportunity offered to accept another editorship which removed him from Carmelite Street. He went to Messrs. Cassell, and from that time there has been a revolution in the Cassell publications. Not only in the magazine section of the firm's activities, although even here the change has been enormous, but in the department of book publication. It would be difficult to indicate in a few words the significance of that change; but one example will show how Mr. Flower's judgment has borne fruit. H. G. Wells had been publishing for some years with another firm, but he decided to allow Messrs. Cassell (Mr. Flower) to publish a book of his. It was "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"! No wonder, therefore, that Messrs. Cassell were also the publishers of "The Outline of History"! Mr. Flower published a number of books by Warwick Deeping before "Sorrell and Son", but "Sorrell and Son" came at last, as Mr. Flower had known it would. Nor can it be said that Messrs. Cassell are dominated by the fascination of large sales, for Mr. Flower has encouraged many young writers who have not immediately made good but who have quality enough to justify a long sighted publisher in his belief. He is himself a musical enthusiast, as his big book on Handel will testify. He has, I believe, a unique collection of Handel manuscripts. With such enthusiasm, therefore, and with the family knowledge possessed by Mr. Sullivan, it seems likely that the book upon Sir Arthur Sullivan will immediately take rank as the standard book upon its subject. That such a book will please such critics as Ernest Newman, with their strong anti-Sullivan bias, I cannot suppose, but there are hosts of Sullivan admirers in England (and I believe in America) who will be quite as strongly driven by *their* bias to read and delight in its pages. Whether Sullivan takes rank (as E. J. Dent seems in his book on Mozart to suggest) with the great composers, or whether his music is fit only, as the late J. F. Runciman used to say, for whistling in the street, there can be little doubt that he is the best loved of all the English composers, and as a musical wit it seems to me that he will always stand high. I remember reading in the diary of William Allingham that he had attended the first performance of "The Mikado" (I think it was), and that he had been disgusted, as usual, by Sullivan's melodic incapacity. All, said this stern critic, was done by means of tempo. Well, I thought those words at the time very foolish, and I still think them foolish, for some of the airs in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas seem to me to be enchanting; but I shall be among the first to read the Life of Sir Arthur, as written by Mr. Flower and Mr. Sullivan, because it is probable that we shall discover from this just what were the secrets of the composer's charm, which continues to captivate most of us to the present day. It is a book to note.

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Sir Ernest Benn has collected his letters to the "Times" into a little volume which he is publishing himself. At the same time his "Confessions of a Capitalist" is being brought out in a cheap edition by Messrs. Hutchinson. Some of Sir Ernest Benn's views upon

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economics and upon Liberalism have been attacked by economists and Liberals, but upon the subject of economics Sir Ernest has the laugh upon his critics, because it is so obvious, from the extraordinary advance of his publishing business in the last few years, that he has a practical ability which they lack. I do not know of any jump into eminence in the English publishing trade which can compare with that of Messrs. Benn. They were periodical publishers until a short time back. Then they became publishers of great books on art and ceramics, all very lavishly illustrated, and all selling to collectors at high prices. Suddenly, and as if without warning, they have invaded the field of general publishing. Their successes, which have ranged from "The World of William Clissold" to Mr. Guedalla's "Palmerston" and Dean Inge's "England", have been many, and their range apparently unlimited. The latest effort is a series of sixpenny volumes, upon similar lines (I gather) to those of the Home University Library, with authors whose names are sufficient guarantee that the books are not mere hack work; while the collection of selections from various poets, also published at sixpence, is a real piece of enterprise which I hope is being rewarded by popular support. As long as it is possible for a publishing house to establish itself quickly under the leadership of men of intelligence, and as long as smaller firms can score big successes, as Mr. Secker has lately done with "Jew Süss", it is clear that, in spite of every indication that English publishing is falling into the hands of trusts, success is still possible to those with brains and a spirit of enterprise. That the spring season has been a bad one may be attributed to the fact that too many mediocre books have been published. And if this means that the public does not want mediocre books, but only good ones and bad ones, the publishing situation, for those who can read signs, is by no means hopeless.

SIMON PURE

IN A CELL

By May Williams Ward

I HAD steeled myself to dream
Of the blow, of the cry,
Of the terror when footsteps paused
In passing by.
But how could I guess I should dream
Of scouring the knife,
And putting it back in its place
Where the dead man's wife,
After the time of shock,
When she must eat,
Takes it to cut her daily
Bread and meat?

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

GEORGIAN STORIES — 1926 — *Putnam.* An unusually good collection in point of diversity of theme, as well as of treatment.

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* In which the great American sin of amiability meets its reward. Well told and scandalous.

THIS DAY'S MADNESS — Anonymous — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The case of a modern girl who fought single handed against the monstrous repressions of her stupid elders.

* YOUNG MEN IN LOVE — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* This is Arlen, better than he has been before. A story of greater beauty and charm and more mature treatment than even "The Green Hat". (*See page* 466.)

THE IMMORTAL MARRIAGE — Gertrude Atherton — *Boni, Liveright.* Mrs. Atherton turns to the Greeks and treats them more respectfully than does John Erskine.

THE EMPRESS MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN — Octave Aubry — *Harper.* A sentimental tale, in the E. Barrington manner, of the love of Napoleon and Marie Walewska of Poland.

THE BABY GRAND — Stacy Aumonier — *Holt.* In all these stories life's little ironies are set forth with a truly sardonic humor.

DAWN — Irving Bacheller — *Macmillan.* An imaginative romance of the woman to whom Jesus said, "Go and sin no more."

DAPHNE ADEANE — Maurice Baring — *Harper.* The projection of a dead woman's personality is the underlying motif to an uninspired novel dealing primarily with marital difficulties.

THESE FRANTIC YEARS — James Warner Bellah — *Appleton.* Round the world with a young man who seeks adjustment in the postwar period. Lively and penetrating.

HONOR BOUND — Jack Bethea — *Houghton Mifflin.* Melodramatic love and villainy in an Alabama prison and thereabouts.

THE WOMAN WHO STOLE EVERYTHING — Arnold Bennett — *Doran.* A new group of short stories that should enhance the reputation of the already famous author.

FOUR O'CLOCK — Mary Borden — *Doubleday, Page.* Highly readable if not altogether pleasant short stories.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* An American novel as fine in its artistry as in its scenery. Domestic infelicitude at last dispelled by ranch life.

THE BEHIND LEGS OF THE 'ORSE — Ellis Parker Butler — *Houghton Mifflin.* Eight short stories, the best ones dealing humorously with the homely doings of just folks.

BROTHER SAUL — Donn Byrne — *Century.* A tremendous and unconventional story of the Apostle Paul and of the exciting times in which he lived.

HORIZON — Robert Carse — *Dodd, Mead.* Well written, meaty story of a young man's adventures in life and love as deep water sailor and New York reporter.

THE PEAT-CUTTERS — Alphonse de Chateaubriant — *Dial.* A tragedy of the French soil moving and powerful in its simplicity.

THE RETURN OF DON QUIXOTE — G. K. Chesterton — *Dodd, Mead.* Reincarnation as set forth by a good Catholic proves the genesis of a lively novel of modern times and problems.

THE MAD LOVER — Richard Connell — *Minton, Balch.* Put on his mettle by the scorn of the girl he loves, the too popular wastrel proves he's as good a man as his self made millionaire father.

SHULE AGRA — Kathleen Coyle — *Dutton.* Idiosyncrasies of the Irish temperament in a somewhat aimless novel that has, however, flashes of poignant emotional beauty.

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SWEEPINGS — Lester Cohen — *Boni, Liveright.* Commercial fortune forms the motif of this sumptuous family album. An American comedy.

THE NEW POOR — Clarissa Fairchild Cushman — *Harper.* Proving it's tough on a lady when her true love dies, and that it's better to marry rich than poor.

WHEN *Is* ALWAYS? — Coningsby Dawson — *Cosmopolitan.* The war years bring a little sense to a sentimental young husband.

DOOMSDAY — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* The sentimental undoing of a buxom country lass who attempts to escape the life of a scullery maid by a wealthy marriage.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* Fast becoming a classic; the doings of a father who was not "the old man" but a friend to his boy.

THE BLACK KNIGHT — Ethel M. Dell — *Putnam.* The wearisome husband turns out a prince in this gushing romance.

IN SUCH A NIGHT — Babette Deutsch — *Day.* What goes on at some people's parties; well done.

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* A cumulative and overwhelming study of one American boy who never became president.

THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES OF 1926 — Richard Eaton — *Dodd, Mead.* A competent if not exciting collection.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Mr. Erskine again applies literary television to ancient legend.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Wife Flays Hubby for Being Fogey; Daughter Implicated.

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE — Hanns Heinz Ewers — *Day.* A tale of fascinating horror, cruel, fantastic, yet so diabolically clear sighted in essentials that its weirdness serves only to heighten its searching truth.

* MOTHER KNOWS BEST — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Novelettes which are universal in their appeal and Miss Ferber's own in execution. (*See page* 467.)

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Richly staged comedy and romance on board what later gave birth to chautauqua.

LOVE LIES DREAMING — C. E. Forester — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The diary of a young man in love with his wife that manages to be tender without sentimentality and realistic without offense.

THE BEST STORIES OF MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN — *Harper.* Interesting because of their relation to the development of the native short story but otherwise more than a little disappointing.

PRETTY CREATURES — William Gerhardi — *Duffield.* Malicious, grotesque, and fascinating short lengths of mere mortals, with an ironic masterpiece entitled "A Bad End".

* YOUNG ANARCHY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* Alarming youth turns out to be the salt of the earth in this arresting tale.

* THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* Played by a girl and a judge with hardened arteries. The best of the Glasgow sagas.

DECADENCE — Maxim Gorky — *McBride.* What the title implies, done *à la Russe.*

UNDER THE TONTO RIM — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Schoolmarm and foreman stuff with a good sprinkling of red blood.

MAN'S WORLD — Charlotte Haldane — *Doran.* This novel inspires thought, but it is neither convincing nor logical. It places an emotional human being in a conceived world of science.

THE CANAL BOAT FRACAS — Louise Closser Hale — *Holt.* A love story adds piquancy to a happily described trip on the lovely French Canal d'Orléans.

* THE SUN ALSO RISES — Ernest Hemingway — *Scribner.* The amusing report of hilarious expatriates in France and Spain. Repartee, fights, and futility.

THE RESTITUTION OF THE BRIDE — translated by E. Butts Howell — *Brentano.* Tales of China before the days of moderns and revolutions. Done with humor and distinction.

EVELYN GRAINGER — George F. Hummel — *Boni, Liveright.* The story of a woman's life, told with a great deal of vitality and narrative interest.

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE — Owen Johnson — *Little, Brown.* What happens to the offspring of misalliances is here disclosed with a tinge of alarm.

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ANN DECIDES — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* An apostate priest in search of a new God meets a maligned divorcée and makes her his credo.

RED LOVE — Alexandra Kollontay — *Seven Arts.* Postwar sex relations and "the new womanhood" in Soviet Russia realistically and skilfully portrayed.

ULYSSE AND THE SORCERERS — Marius-Ary Leblond — *Stokes.* Touching and beautiful tale of an old Kafir's search for his son on the Isle of Bourbon.

PAINTED PONIES — Alan LeMay — *Doran.* A splendid adventure story of the west.

ELMER GANTRY — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* A slapstick comic strip, as amusing and credible as the doings of Boob McNutt.

ROMAN SUMMER — Ludwig Lewisohn — *Harper.* A not especially successful attempt to prove that interracial marriages are unwise.

STORIES NEAR AND FAR — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* There is a light, fantastic touch to these short stories, a Puck-like gaiety that few will fail to enjoy.

WE ALL LIVE THROUGH IT — Harold MacGrath — *Doubleday, Page.* Thirsty hero, mysterious infant, wonder girl, and a will, with a mild kick.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS — Compton Mackenzie — *Doran.* A delightful study in the contrasts of temperaments is afforded by this tale of an Englishman who marries an Italian girl.

THE BAND PLAYS DIXIE — Morris Markey — *Harcourt, Brace.* This love tragedy played out in the midst of the Civil War has a double appeal — romantic and historical.

LORD OF HIMSELF — Percy Marks — *Century.* Characters advanced from the plastic age to the adamant age of twenty five. Amusing and opinionated.

THE LINGERING FAUN — Mable Wood Martin — *Stokes.* Russian grand dukes and princes and an American girl do weird things to complicate life in postwar Paris.

LUD-IN-THE-MIST — Hope Mirrlees — *Knopf.* A beautiful and distinguished piece of work that every poet and every idealist and every world-sick dreamer should read.

BEVAN YORKE — W. B. Maxwell — *Doubleday, Page.* The fatal consequences of a man's altruism as seen by a writer who knows human nature.

* COCKADES — Meade Minnigerode — *Putnam.* The romance of the lost Dauphin furnishes material for a fascinating story of early American days. (*See page* 466.)

THE BIRD OF FIRE — Maria Moravsky — *Crowell.* Unevenly related tale of an American girl, some very strange nobles, and credible peasants in revolutionary Russia.

THE DARK FIRE — Elinor Mordaunt — *Century.* The beautiful islands of the South Pacific hide many black secrets, of which we catch terrifying glimpses.

* FOREVER FREE — Honoré Willsie Morrow — *Morrow.* Fiction which sheds amber light on the whimsical character of Abraham Lincoln.

THE SPANISH FARM TRILOGY — R. H. Mottram — *Dial.* Mr. Mottram's three well known stories, "The Spanish Farm", "Sixty-four, Ninety-four", and "The Crime at Vanderlynden's", are here published together with three connecting pieces, the whole forming a vivid and absorbing war document.

* CHEVRONS — Leonard Nason — *Doran.* Uncensored views of the other end of the big parade which left here in 1917.

THREE LIGHTS FROM A MATCH — Leonard Nason — *Doran.* Nason tells colorful stories with the war as a background. They are light hearted and humorous.

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN — Frances Newman — *Boni, Liveright.* The chronicle of a maiden's solitude, done with befitting tedium.

THE SEA GULL — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* An engrossing six reels of a young girl who knew nothing beyond her ranch until — Situation and mystery aplenty.

THE INTERLOPER — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Snatched from the gate of a monastery by Monica, the slightly Byronic hero inherits an English dukedom and lets nature take its course.

TOMORROW MORNING — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Another magnificent style book; mother and son live always for the dawn of better times.

THE MARRIAGE BED — Ernest Pascal — *Harcourt Brace.* A philosophical defense of marriage under a sensational title.

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BLACK APRIL — Julia Peterkin — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Transplanted Bantus on a southern plantation. Unapologetically black, inside and out.

PEACOCK HOUSE — Eden Phillpotts — *Macmillan.* Fifteen shortish bafflers of superior grade containing mental quirks, crimes galore, and — an iron pineapple.

THE MAGIC GARDEN — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* The poor little rich girl meets a masculine elf in a forgotten corner of her estate. The dénouement is ably done.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE — Felix Riesenberg — *Harcourt, Brace.* A panorama of New York City and the slaves who keep up the spectacle for visitors.

THE SOMBER FLAME — Samuel Rogers — *Payson, Clarke.* A study of diverse temperaments which has the rare virtue of illuminating both and condemning neither.

MOTHER AND SON — Romain Rolland — *Holt.* The third volume of "The Soul Enchanted" takes Annette through the Great War and presents a point of view on the subject of war that should make its appeal to all humanity.

RED DAMASK — Emanie Sachs — *Harper.* A conscientious presentation of an unfortunate girl who did the right thing as she saw it.

A FREE SOUL — Adela Rogers St. Johns — *Cosmopolitan.* A sentimental story about a lass who loved a gambler, and who "played square".

MIGRATIONS — Evelyn Scott — *A. and C. Boni.* A lengthy, dull narrative of slave conditions in the south in the middle of the last century.

THE ALLINGHAMS — May Sinclair — *Macmillan.* Miss Sinclair's perennial theme of the adolescent in his adjustment to life is not so subtly engrossing as usual.

INTIMATE ACROBATICS — Lord Stites — *McBride.* Smartness, disenchantment, and cream puffs among the ribald rich in Paris and the U. S. A.

THE PLUTOCRAT — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* Another American bull in the China shops of the Mediterranean.

HIGH WINDS — Arthur Train — *Scribner.* Against a background of not too subtle native society two couples of different generations come to terms.

STARLING — Christopher Ward — *Harper.* In which a caged lady bursts her bars with the aid of an accident and considerable theorizing.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* Leads the field in rough and ready fiction written for anæmic Americans.

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT — Sylvia Townsend Warner — *Viking.* The whimsical story of a missionary to Fanua who spent three years to get one statistic.

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH — Jacob Wassermann — *Boni, Liveright.* The inner mind of a sensitive youth of the seventeenth century revealed with all of Wassermann's skill and insight.

PHILOPENA — Henry Kitchell Webster — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Fairly amusing complications arising from twin sisters who look too much alike.

BACK OF BEYOND — Stewart Edward White — *Doubleday, Page.* Love and other dangerous adventures in lion-teeming Africa, authentically picturesque and powerful in spots.

IMMORTAL LONGINGS — Ben Ames Williams — *Dutton.* A rich New Yorker on a Maine vacation finds his boyhood sweetheart and —

THE ARDENT FLAME — Frances Winwar — *Century.* Paolo and Francesca's tragic love and fate is retold in fittingly poetic style.

SPRINGBOARD — Robert Wolf — *A. and C. Boni.* A young man's and a nation's mental development from the Victorian era to the World War, as seen by a first novelist of unusual promise.

THE EYE OF LUCIFER — Frederic F. Van de Water — *Appleton.* In a thrilling mystery tale New York State Troopers display the discipline and acumen usually accredited to the Texas Rangers and to the Mounties.

JONAH AND COMPANY — Dornford Yates — *Minton, Balch.* Pleasant sort of light reading that takes six young people on a gay jaunt in Paris and all that Paris suggests.

THE CRESCENT MOON — Francis Brett Young — *Dutton.* An amazing story of standard opposites — love and treachery, etc. — intriguingly told and placed against an East African background.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "The Novels of Jane Austen" (Oxford). There's no further excuse for delay in renewing acquaintance with this ever timely delineator of human foibles. Here is a five volume set with large type, notes, indexes, and illustrations from contemporary sources.

2. "Tartarin of Tarascon" by Alphonse Daudet (Little, Brown). This rollicking tale, accompanied by "Eugénie Grandet", "Harry Lorrequer", and "Handy Andy", starts off what should prove a popular series, "The Beacon Library of Fiction Classics".

3. "The Financier" by Theodore Dreiser (Boni, Liveright). This stirring novel has been completely revised by the author since its hurried publication in 1912.

4. "The Good Soldier" by Ford Madox Ford (A. and C. Boni). Not a war book, this "tale of passion" first published in 1915 and now republished as the first of a uniform edition of Mr. Ford's work.

5. "The Poetical Works of John Gay" (Oxford). Wherein you will find "The Beggar's Opera", "Polly", and other delectable bits.

A New Tristram

"TRISTRAM" (Macmillan) is a poem such as a poor reviewer dreams of finding once in a lifetime—and, frankly, this reviewer did not expect to have it happen along from the pen of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Mr. Robinson's greatness is assured; but of late years his work, while it has been mellow, has been more erudite than impassioned and the involutions of his thought have sometimes seemed to obscure the flow of his rhythm. In the latest narrative all this has been cast aside. We find a Robinson freed of mannerism, a mature poet writing a poem which is, for beauty, for technique, for passion, for dramatic skill, the equal at least of any great narrative poem in the English language. That is a strong statement; but one which is made in all sincerity and belief. The story of the two Isolts, and of Tristram their lover, has been often told, but never so vividly, nor with such a wealth of psychological perception. From first to last this great poem moves majestically and poignantly. In its course we hear the music of the sea and of the mind, we are given some of the most exquisite love poetry America has produced. Not abandoning his absorption with the psychological moods of men and women, Robinson has accompanied them with the pound of physical passion and the rhythm of natural beauty. Moreover, the whole poem must impress you as strikingly original. It will remind you never of Tennyson, and only in its sense of stark beauty of Homer. It preserves enough of the Robinson idiom to remind you of Robinson; but it remains a thing of beauty for itself, and a poem unique of itself. The heights of the poem are reached, it seems to me, in the dialogues between Tristram and Isolt of Ireland. These have a flaming beauty of desire unrealized and realized, of love torn and twisted and faithful, of courage and yet, underneath, of irony. Compare this poem with "Lancelot" or with "Merlin" and it is easy to see how far the poet has outdistanced him-

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self. I should like to quote whole pages; but I should be spoiling for you one of the great experiences for lovers of poetry. Let me give you one section:

"We are the last that are alive, Isolt,
Where the world was. Somewhere surrounding us
There are dim shapes of men with many names,
And there are women that are made of mist,
Who have many names and faces. If I see them,
They are too far away for you to see.
They all went when the world went. You are the world,
Isolt — you are the world!"

In all the helterskelter year of literary controversies which is drawing to a close with the waning of the spring season for book publishing, here is one book which stands out like a beacon to remind us that a few men in England and America, outside the trumpets and spotlights of publicity and controversy, go on writing and following the dictates of their own genius. They have the recognition which is justly theirs. They do not ask for more, nor do they seek more. Such public praise as is theirs could not be greater, because there has never been, nor perhaps ever will be, a resounding response to the finest things in life and in letters, the rare and delicate things, the things which are as sure to survive the hurrahs of today as are the Grand Canyon and Pike's Peak. Here is a book that your great grandchildren will know, even if you neglect it!

Several Young Men in Several Loves

MICHAEL ARLEN'S "Young Men in Love" (Doran) you can read for complete enjoyment. Putting that aside, it is also his best book, not even excepting "Piracy" which has always seemed to me much the most skilful of his novels heretofore. In this new story he has preserved his wit and glamour, and has dropped many of the mannerisms which were always slightly annoying to this reader. The most extraordinary thing about Arlen, the novelist, is that his characters, major and minor, have so great a measure of vitality that it is impossible to forget them. He has created a society and a world of his own. Whether or not this society, this world, is true to life is beside the point. Some say it is. Some deny its existence. The important point is that Arlen makes us believe its truth. In "Young Men in Love", the principal young man is Savile, the novelist. It is not hard to see in him Arlen, although I am convinced that Arlen would deny that his hero was intended to be a picture of himself. At any rate, the hero is a slightly disillusioned and most successful novelist, who in a sense mourns his success. The women are, again, remarkable and remarkably attractive. The older persons of the book are even better portraits of rich and powerful personages trying to squeeze from life something more than riches and power, and finding it difficult to do so. Arlen has chosen to contrast two beautiful and spectacular women, Venetia Vardon and Ysabel Fuller, one an English girl of wealth and power, the other an American actress, the vogue in London. It is an interesting contrast, and the plot revolves around the men who revolve around them. Exciting as women, they generate exciting events, and the novel is compelling from first to last. A far better book than "The Green Hat", and a much more interesting one.

"Cockades" by Meade Minnigerode (Putnam) is a story that young and old, all who like to read a crackerjack

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yarn well written, will read if they are wise. It is another of his stories based on American historical backgrounds, uniform with "Cordelia Chantrell". In every way it is a better book, although "Cordelia" was adroit and appealing. "Cockades" is a story of the lost Dauphin of France. It revels in the Philadelphia of Burr and Jumel, in the New Orleans of French days, in Spanish ambassadors and French spies. It is so skilful in its construction that it fooled this reader of mystery stories until the last page — and it isn't a mystery story. I should like to send this message to the motion pictures, those gentlemen who are always hunting for material: Here is the best motion picture story I have read in years. It is made for the movies, it will make an excellent play, it will make a grandiose musical comedy. It has everything! And it is well done. Mr. Minnigerode has an amazing faculty for putting in his background with eager, sure strokes, and subordinating it to his story. He does not fumble it the way Joseph Hergesheimer sometimes does. Perhaps, therefore, the fact that he is one of our best romancers will escape the highest browed of the critics for a few more years; but he is sure to come into his own. I have praised many of his non-fiction books in the past, but I never felt so sure of his importance as a writer as I did when I read that last fiery, entrancing page of "Cockades", toward which the whole action had been built, steadily, magically built. It is a love story, an adventure, a fine combination of little realized history and glowing imagination. To be sure, the publishers have chosen to make it look, in appearance, like a combination between a textbook and a minor biography; but do not let that deter you from the realization that it is one of the best American historical romances that have seen the light in years. "Cockades" has every right to being a best seller. If you don't rush out and buy it, I shall feel that my mission in life as a reviewer has been for naught.

Ethel Mannin, of all the young lady writers in England, has a touch of beauty and a verve that should endear her to America. "Pilgrims" (Doran) is a study of a young man's attempt to find his place in life, and is yet unlike all the other novels written on the same subject. It is far and away a finer book than her "Sounding Brass" which made such an impression a season ago. Louis Van Roon is an artist, but Miss Mannin has chosen an artist only because she is able, by so doing, to intensify the modern temperamental difficulties which beset youth. "Pilgrims" is a novel which has glamour and wisdom on every page.

Faithful Ferber

EDNA FERBER'S greatest fame before the publication of "So Big" was for her short stories. In "Mother Knows Best" (Doubleday, Page) her publishers have taken advantage of a fact which is true of only a few short story writers — Somerset Maugham and Miss Ferber herself being the most striking examples — that every story she writes is in reality a novel in itself. That is why people want to reread them. That is why they are and always will be successful when collected in book form. They are not sketches, nor anecdotes, nor stories molded to the technique of the magazines. They are well rounded presentations of a character or a series of characters, in actions which sum up the whole progress of a life or of a group

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of lives. What a tremendous and devastating novel the title story, "Mother Knows Best", would have made. It is, of course, a variant of the same theme which Sidney Howard chose for his currently popular play "The Silver Cord". Technically perfect, and therefore completely realized, is this tale of a domineering mother and her daughter, successful in her career because of her mother, a failure, and a pitiful failure in life, because of her mother. Every story in this amazing book is good, and some of them are masterpieces. I can think of no other story of recent years which has the pathos, the depth, the universality of "Holiday". "Every Other Thursday" is another exquisitely planned and executed tale. Miss Ferber's genius as a story writer and as a novelist has always been that she can take a character from any walk of life and see, not only its strength and weakness, but the poignant moments which correspond to the poignant moments in the lives of all of us. This, and the fact that in her translation of a mood or a setting she is not only accurate but economical. Her brief descriptions, her telling dialogue, are not only artistic but journalistically correct. Edna Ferber, in my opinion, will go on as long as she lives writing fine novels and fine short stories because she understands human beings. What is more, she has the gift, for which Defoe was noted, of being able to absorb the detail of a specific background and at the same time give it a universal quality. This is a combination for a certain type of romance which is unfailing in its appeal, yet is as difficult to accomplish as any other type of writing. Long life to Edna Ferber, then; for she is incapable of being dull, just as she is incapable of being shoddy!

— *J. F.*

REITERATION

By Maxwell Bodenheim

AH love makes me confused and filled with trite
Hyperboles, in which your lips suggest
A split rose and your hair becomes the nest
Where little birds of perfume end their flight.
Your glance brings me a trance, in which the light
Wherein you sit is but a humble guest
And scarcely dares to graze your magic breast
And almost vanishes in boy-like fright.

Yes, sublimated nonsense for the jeers
Of skeptics and philosophers, whose brains
Cross swords with logic in a cold, clear fight,
And yet the sweeping of a million years
Will never end the simple, mystic strains
Of lovers proudly blind within the night!

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY

By Charles W. Ferguson

IF Fascism and Sinn Feinism are being discussed, do you have to go all evening without saying a single word? Are you embarrassed and diffident when talk at dinner turns to "Il Duce" and the Machiavellian tergiversations of diplomatists? Do you have to drum with your fork or bite your nails when Italy and Ireland are mentioned, and as you ride home in the limousine does your wife castigate you severely for making a showing less pedantic than other women's husbands? Then I commend to you a one foot bookshelf on these items which will give you all the strength and self assurance of a Ph.D. and solve your social and domestic difficulties. You can talk at length on these matters, or, better still, you can, by mastering this course of reading, turn the conversation into channels where you will have the whole stream to yourself.

The first of the books is "Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland". The two mammoth volumes of this spectacular work are as handsomely bound and boxed as are most of the books that nobody reads. Their shelf appearance is prohibitive. One gets suspicious of their contents. I put them on a table and shied around them for days before I got up courage enough for the task in hand. But, once under way, I found the tale Piaras Beaslai tells as engrossing as a dime novel, yet important and intelligent enough to give me the pleasant feeling that I was becoming more and more cultured as I read. I cannot say that, once you have begun this work, you will not lay it aside. The very task of holding the thing on your lap precludes that. But I swear that I developed something akin to pleurisy pains before I was willing to change my reading position or come up for nicotine. Then I went under again, totally immersed in a tale which makes "Beau Geste" read like an account of pacifists at tea. The fact that a reviewer reads a book would indicate that the author has said something which should interest all humanity.

Ireland, like last week's murderess, has passed from the headlines in this country. Even Italy is mentioned principally in the magazine section these days. The consequence is that we are now in a position to consider Fascism and the Irish fight for freedom somewhat objectively. Fortunately, however, Beaslai is not objective enough to be dull. From the *coup* of Easter Week, 1916, until the final triumph of the Irish, he was prominently and dangerously identified with the work of the Irish Volunteers. He writes from the inside looking out. He has a tale to tell. He divulges esoteric information not hitherto made public, and I marvel that he had the nerve to publish his book in England as well as in America. What's more, he writes as well as a man has any business writing.

Michael Collins does not monopolize Beaslai's narrative. As a matter of fact, it seemed to me that Collins was more or less adventitious in the first volume. Beaslai is not a biographer and he has more to explain than the part Collins played in upsetting the

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inglorious espionage system with which the Motherland kept Ireland in subjection. Collins is often forced into the pages with the author's assurance that he was really a great man, but, until much later events, Collins struck me as something of a nuisance to the story. The dimensions of Beaslai's story simply crowded him out of the first volume. We have such illuminating insights into the man's character as the assertion that he was modest. Or, when he was taken ill, we are told that he got up from his bed with the memorable and singular statement, "The work won't wait for me."

Whatever Beaslai lacks as a biographer he more than compensates for as a narrator. That his work is authoritative is not so important as that it is infallibly interesting. His story has of course far too many ramifications to admit of brief digest here. I can only say that for a tale of blood and thunder it has no equal in my restricted range of reading; I can easily imagine that Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin will bootleg the thing into their bedchambers and read it after hours. One instance of the author's glibness is worth citing. Collins was witness to insult and torture inflicted by one Captain Wilson upon Irish insurrectionists following Easter Week, 1916; he was himself insulted by this same Wilson. The author remarks in a brief paragraph:

> In 1920 Collins discovered that Wilson was a District Inspector of the R. I. C. at Gorey. Shortly afterwards Wilson met with a sudden and violent death.

Of the two books on Fascism, I believe Don Sturzo's discussion of "Italy and Facismo" is measurably the more ambitious and profound. If this statement, however, is to be taken as disparaging "Fascism" by Giuseppe Prezzolini, I withdraw it. Both books are very informing and, taken together, they give balanced perspective to a movement which has rocked Europe and led to riots in Port Chester, New York, and Newark, New Jersey. Don Sturzo's style weathers translation better, I believe, but he is at times too recondite to serve the purposes of one who wants afterdinner culture. He plants his feet upon the rock of ages when he views Fascism in the light of economic circumstance and interprets its genesis in the light of economic history. His study of antecedents is extremely able; though the reader will grow impatient and cry inwardly, "We want Mussolini!" long before Sturzo is willing to bring him on. The stage is patiently set, then Benito emerges in all his glory and inevitability. As for Don Sturzo's view of Fascism, it is sufficient to say that he is now in exile. Under this circumstance, however, he plays the rôle of impartial critic with a genius and urbanity given to few of God's creatures. After all, he could not be blamed for setting down the obvious cruelties and repressions of a pugilist government, nor for seeing the deleterious results of a Ku Kluxery gone on a rampage.

Prezzolini's book is briefer and simpler. He writes with more detachment, if that be any virtue. His translator, Kathleen Macmillan, contributes a final chapter in which she gives articulation to the author's discussion of principles and adds the events which have occurred since the manuscript was finished. On the whole the book is quite admirable and one, by reading it, could really get by in current conversation without reading the more philosophical effort of Don Sturzo's. As a matter of fact, if I could regard myself as a menace to book sales, I would damn the other two books and commend Prezzolini's to a

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loving public. At least its pages are cut.

Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland. By Piaras Beaslai. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers.
Italy and Facismo. By Luigi Sturzo. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
Fascism. By Giuseppe Prezzolini. E. P. Dutton and Company.

SEEING AMERICA WHOLE

By Herschel Brickell

AMERICANS do not have to depend upon foreign sources for their contemporary literature of self examination. The number of critics of present day civilization and culture in the United States is impressive; we suffer from no lack of professional viewers with alarm, even though they be far outnumbered by and far less popular than the equally professional pointers with pride.

But the domestic variety of such criticism is likely to lack calmness and perspective. The size of the country demands that it and its multifarious problems be observed from a height and a distance if the observer is to see it whole. This last a Frenchman has done, a Frenchman who is by profession a teacher of economics in Paris, but who knows America from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

André Siegfried has made an invaluable contribution to the study of our civilization, amazing in its clarity, its sense of proportion, its exactness of detail, and its interest. But for the fact that his fine book includes no study of American cultural achievements, it is completely comprehensive, a fair, balanced study of our ethnic situation, our religion, our politics, our prevailing prosperity, and our foreign relations.

Another foreigner who knows his America at first hand has contributed a volume of importance to thinking people, but in a much narrower sense. Norman Angell's book is a study of the public mind, chiefly in England and the United States, half of which is devoted to the imbecility of nations in wartime, which is too obvious to need all this weight of evidence.

Mr. Angell has suffered for his intelligence; has felt the stupidity of the masses as a personal matter both here and in his own country, and this fact appears to throw him off balance. He is at too great pains to prove that the voice of the people is the voice of Satan — in wartime. This is self evident, except that the people are not alone. Their leaders, poets, politicians, publicists, with pathetically few exceptions run with the pack.

These are the steps in his reasoning: First, that the public mind, or intelligence, is for all practical purposes non-existent. Second, that there is no durable substitute for democracy. Third, that careful training of the public conscience — not mere education in the habitual sense — will better conditions in the *faute de mieux* governmental system.

This last is a recognizable variation of the older theory that universal education would serve as a panacea for all the ills of rule by the people, a theory to which Americans cling, although its worthlessness has become painfully obvious. It was based at the outset upon the false premise that all men are created equal in mental and ethical capacity, and only need training to become perfect units in a perfect polity.

M. Siegfried portrays a grown up America as a collection of more or less inimical racial units; by no means fused as yet into a nation — this situ-

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ation complicated by a fissure between country and city; a grown up America still dominated by Calvinist principles; still parochial in its grasp of international relations; and committed today heart and soul to the worship of a new god called Prosperity, whose High Priest is Mass Production.

What the future holds for our country, this canny Frenchman is too wise to say, although he leaves ample opportunity for reading between the lines. For one thing, he sees our destiny turning toward the Pacific, where we are to champion the cause of the white race in the East, a portentous prophecy.

This portrait is painted by a Frenchman, an individualist and an enemy of Puritanism. One should keep the fact in mind, as he would wish it kept in mind; beyond that, it is without bias, painfully accurate, and, it needs to be said again, astonishingly correct in its observations.

M. Siegfried's book is of permanent value; it contains many good charts and carefully compiled statistics which the ordinary reader may skip without losing the thread of the narrative, although they are not put in merely to give the volume an appearance of authority.

Mr. Angell's horrible examples of the imbecilities of democracies in wartime are depressing beyond words, but unnecessarily repetitive. His general conclusion is one that is forced upon even the most casual student of contemporary civilization: That man's dominance of the material world has far outrun his mastery of self; of mind and spirit.

To restore this dangerous situation to a balance is the great task of modern philosophy, which thus far has made pathetically little progress. Mr. Angell's thinking about the matter has resulted in constructive suggestions which are worth investigating.

America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Translated by H. H. Hemming and Doris Hemming. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The Public Mind. By Norman Angell. E. P. Dutton and Company.

MANY VOICES

By Margery Swett Mansfield

SET aside the extremely radical poets, the writers of newspaper verse, your own personal favorites, and the half dozen or so outstanding figures who represent to you the largest talents of our day — such as, perhaps, Sandburg, Frost, Masefield, Robinson, Millay — and you still have left an incredible number of technically competent poets who would be sufficiently individual, and in many cases sufficiently subtle and thoughtful to win marked attention, did they not all live at the same time. They drown out each other's voices. The books here considered make a fairly representative cross section of contemporary verse after you have removed its extreme figures. Although the inexplainably magic phrase — the peculiar gift of the poetic genius — is all too scarce, the work is, nevertheless surprisingly able and imaginative.

I make quick exception of "Street Lamps" by Morris Abel Beer. His work is weak and inconsequential, though possibly its publication is excusable for the sake of those still old fashioned people who like to read pretty thoughts about their home town, even if it happens to be New York. He is too self conscious, or too conscious of being a poet, and often too bitter, to be a popular poet, and too unintellectual to please sophisticated

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readers. In contrast, Amelia Josephine Burr in her "Selected Lyrics" writes from such a fulness of life, and such simple appreciation of it, that though she is not interesting technically she can hardly fail to appeal to thousands of girls and women who are just beginning to read poetry. I do not mean to be catty. We certainly have a shortage of good popular poets who can bridge the gap between Edgar Guest and the more subtle poets, and until it is bridged the more subtle poets will lack audiences.

There's a wee white shaving of a slim young moon,
Sliding down the sky through the rose and the gray.
The wind is rising cool and the dark will be here soon,
Dear God, how glad I am that I have lived today. . . .

Such lines will not hold the reader long, but they may point the way.

In this connection I recommend quite seriously, and hope that Glenn Ward Dresbach will not take offense, that the title poem in his "Cliff Dwellings" be tried out on junior high school students for possible adoption in the school readers instead of some threadbare Victorian poem still included because of its American theme. I do not consider Dresbach's poem either childish or classic, but it treats one of the most mysterious of American subjects — and one not too well known — in a dignified, unsentimental and unmoralistic manner, with here and there a fine poetic touch for a teacher to point out. And it should occasion interesting footnotes. The rest of the book does not seem up to his "The Enchanted Mesa", though certainly the last poem is a strong story effectively told, and "The Fence", "White Owl", and a few others can be named as fine poems.

George O'Neil's last book is pleasantly unusual in that it combines lyric quality and imagination with intellectual interest, escaping the lyric clichés — commonplace phrase and strained emotion. "The White Rooster" is a book to recommend to any intelligent lover of poetry, without fear of its proving either too difficult or too banal.

Exceedingly promising is S. Foster Damon, whose "Astrolabe" shows imaginative preoccupation with science, philosophy, theology, as well as a sense of satire, and compassion. This last quality and his simple, effective handling of a line, are shown in "Last Supper". Jesus is speaking to Judas:

I knew, when wine from water ran,
That I must die, for man is man;
I knew, when wine was changed to blood,
That I must die, for I am God.
I chose thee, and I chose thee well
To do this deed; since thou wilt sell
For hate the thing that thou wilt buy
Again for love most bitterly.
Then shalt thou kill thyself for me,
And greater love there cannot be.
And now thy Passion must begin.
Fear not: let Satan enter in.
(Long since have I forgiven thee;
But how soon wilt thou pardon me?)

. . . . . .

O silent one, take what is thine
— This last sop of the bread and wine —
To bless the deed; because a Tree
Is now prepared also for thee.

Another book of intelligent, courageous thinking about religion is "News of the Devil" by Humbert Wolfe. It is a long poem, the body of which tells in five foot couplets how a newspaper king decides to make religion effective by introducing business methods and publicity. But dying, or nearly, he receives a visit from God (or the Devil), and, stimulated by this unusual visitor, finds in himself something finer than the religion he had planned to boost. The treatment consists of sharply contrasting sections of keen satire and poetic sentiment, mixed with profound,

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pantheistic metaphysics. If we admit the humorously forced rhyming of "business" in the satirical sections, the verse is adequate, which is saying much. The following is from a description of God:

or when upon the evening one white petal
of the last bird's song stirs the air a little,
and all the petalled beauties that ever were
in song and eve enchant the listener,
and there's nothing in the world but tenderness,
all that and more than that were in the face.

In "New Poems" the publishers of Ford Madox Ford issue for three hundred and twenty five of his admirers an autographed book pleasant to the sight and touch (as are most of these books) but containing only six poems. The shorter ones have a distinctive flavor but a not very general interest. The longer one has too easy a method of presentation to deserve special praise for it, though the result is amusing enough without obscuring the deep sympathy and understanding of the inherited cares of the small farmer, toiling over his books while his family sleeps, and his farmyard tells his woes. It has a sense of life.

Lola Ridge's third book opens with an interesting Chinese scene in free verse, and includes some Russian and some Bermudian themes. Sometimes the free verse is prosy, sometimes the moods seem strained for the sake of images, but Miss Ridge's talent is apparent. At her best she is subtle and thought provoking or has the delicate rhythm and charm of "Snow-Dance for the Dead":

Dance, little children, it is holy twilight. . .
have you hung paper flowers about the necks of ikons?
dance soft . . . but very gaily . . . on tiptoe like the snow.

I like Maxwell Bodenheim's "Returning to Emotion" better than his other books of verse, and I think most readers will. It has the warmth and occasional lyric touch we have missed since "Minna and Myself" and contains longer, more mature, poems. The technique is less markedly gymnastic than that in his previous books—he tortures words less to make them form strange alliances. Or perhaps we have just got used to it. If not, I should say the change indicates a greater maturity and sense of poise in his art, a security permitting simplicity, or something more like it, for he is never simple. I like these poems, but if I hated them I should still give him a vote of thanks for his peculiar method. Who can read him and write as tritely as before? I believe his influence, direct and indirect, has been enormous. Everyone scribbling seems to know of him. And for how many years has he flouted the hackneyed, the sentimental, and the inflated?

Street Lamps. By Morris Abel Beer. Harold Vinal.
Selected Lyrics. By Amelia Josephine Burr. George H. Doran Company.
Cliff Dwellings. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Harold Vinal.
The White Rooster. By George O'Neil. Boni and Liveright.
Astrolabe. By S. Foster Damon. Harper and Brothers.
News of the Devil. By Humbert Wolfe. Henry Holt and Company.
New Poems. By Ford Madox Ford. William E. Rudge.
Red Flag. By Lola Ridge. The Viking Press.
Returning to Emotion. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright.

WANTED: A GUILD OF LITERARY CRAFTSMEN

By Babette Deutsch

VAN WYCK BROOKS'S most recent contribution to criticism consists of a volume which may be divided into two parts. The first of these is a set

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of six chapters in the life of Emerson, six "episodes", which appear to be a fragment of a more comprehensive work, in line with his studies on Henry James and Mark Twain. Mr. Brooks takes up his hero when at the age of thirty one he settled in the town which owes its most luminous associations to his name. He concludes with a picture of Emerson in Concord when the wise old man had sunk his roots, past all withdrawal, into its rich loam.

As in the case of his study of James, Mr. Brooks has written his account largely in the words of the man about whom he was writing — words drawn from Emerson's journals, among other sources, and calculated to give the very pulse and temper of his protagonist. This method has certain inherent flaws. For one thing, the reader who has the sources open to him may ask whether any fresh arrangement of the familiar patterns can be as satisfying as that into which they naturally fall. For another, the critic, whose business is, if it is anything, to view his subject with an objectivity which the subject cannot exercise on himself, the critic is here all but engulfed by his material. Mr. Brooks managed to escape this peril in his previous critical adventures. In this instance, he has fairly succumbed to it. What we have here is not Emerson as he has revealed himself to a penetrating observer with moral and æsthetic standards of his own, but rather Emerson as he set himself forth in his diaries and letters. What this comes to is an admirably edited selection from his intimate writings. The perspective on him, the interpretation of him, the relating of his personality not simply to the spiritual currents of his own time but to those — such as they may be — of ours, is somehow lacking. This is more nearly photography than portraiture, and the portrait — to which the artist must contribute as much as the sitter — is what we want, what, in fact, Mr. Brooks's earlier works led us definitely to expect from him.

Of the "Others" included here the author has done some excellent portraits, and it is therefore the second half of the volume which is the more appealing and exciting. These others — John Butler Yeats, Randolph Bourne, Ambrose Bierce, Herman Melville, Upton Sinclair — are, with one exception, Americans, and what emerges from a discussion of their lives and works is not unnaturally a picture of America itself. Two additional papers, both dealing with the literary life in these States, go far toward sharpening and deepening the values in that larger canvas. Mr. Brooks sees our society in flux, our artists hampered by a tradition of respectability, by that fear of overstepping the nice, the polite, the refined, which is the bane of the parvenu. He sees the writers who have been educated in a world dominated by the competitive spirit themselves falling victim to it, so that they have substituted a habit of log rolling for a respect toward their work. He sees a dead level of intellectual conformity, and he cries out in the bitterness of his spirit for some flicker of that stubborn egoism, that craft consciousness, that aristocracy of the intellect, which alone can save our culture from decay.

He believes that we cannot have an American literary culture until we can boast a guild of artists who respect themselves and their craft, a guild whose very existence will give moral help to the weak and lonely individual working out his own destiny, a guild which will be brave and strong enough

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to win the regard of the scattered members of our potential intellectual aristocracy. Only in spiritual consociations of this kind can the artist find his proper audience, his necessary support. Mr. Brooks also makes the point that the poverty which the artist must necessarily suffer is a heavier burden in these States than elsewhere. It means not merely physical, but intellectual starvation. He quotes Samuel Butler to the effect that "A genius can never expect to have a good time anywhere, if he is a genuine article, but America is about the last place in which life will be endurable at all for an inspired writer of any kind." One of the things that make it endurable for our generation is the example of such honest and earnest workers as Mr. Brooks.

It is distressing to descend from the intellectual peaks one treads with this clear sighted and plausible thinker to the dull little backwater on which Mr. Abbott lazily punts. His collection of studies contains some fine quotations from the writings of his heroes, but he scarcely bears reading for himself.

Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company.
Twelve Great Modernists. By Lawrence F. Abbott. Doubleday, Page and Company.

ANGLO-AMERICAN

By Gerald Carson

AMONG the substantial biographies appearing on the publishers' lists this spring none has a more interesting subject treated in a happier vein than H. A. L. Fisher's two careful, well documented volumes on James Bryce.

Lord Bryce is a congenial subject to carry to an American public. He is justly regarded here as having been our most sympathetic as well as our most influential modern British interpreter. The Civil War first drew the attention of Bryce, then a brilliant young Oxford historian, to American affairs. He paid the first of his many visits to this country in 1870.

"He fell in love with the United States", says Mr. Fisher. "It was almost a case of love at first sight."

Bryce's courtship of the American genius was ardent, for he visited this country no less than seven times before his appearance at Washington as British Ambassador in 1907, and his American contacts were already numerous and well tended.

In a review for THE BOOKMAN upon F. W. Hirst's "Early Life and Letters of John Morley" I recently spoke of one of the important differences between British and American life: that whereas in our country the best men keep out of politics, in Britain it is quite the contrary. There the young men of strongest character and most ranging ambition force their way as soon as possible into active political life. Lord Morley was one example. Lord Bryce affords another.

Like Morley and other of the able men who have eventually graced the House of Lords, Bryce was of humble but stalwart stock. He was Scotch and Irish and Presbyterian, a man whose apprehensive mind and inflexible attachment to principle made him a powerful force whenever intellectual or moral values were uppermost. Being Scotch-Irish, an evangelical Protestant, and a well educated commoner to boot, Bryce belonged politically among the Liberals. In 1874 he offered himself as a Liberal candidate for Parliament and was defeated. He was then a young lawyer of thirty six, with a solid

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reputation as an historian because of his brilliant early essay "The Holy Roman Empire".

In 1880 Bryce was successful in getting a seat, and from then until his death he was engaged constantly in politics, in travel, in writing or preparing to write books. His curiosity was like that of an eighteenth century philosopher. He was interested in flowers and stones and mountain climbing, in Homer, in woman suffrage in Ohio, in wild animals, in Armenia, in the work of American humanistic scholars, in the history of human progress, in peace, in the fortunes of the American Negroes, in Hindu temples, and in the progress of business and manufactures in the United States.

Mr. Fisher points out that Bryce was not a great writer. One does not think of him in terms of form or style. One thinks of his solid substance. Loving knowledge, Lord Bryce wrote to convey information. He wrote about what he saw and heard and read.

Greatest among his interests was his concern with the workings of modern democracy. That interest led him naturally to the United States and to the composition of "The American Commonwealth", the book by which we know him best.

Mr. Fisher covers the years of the Great War in much detail. They represent Bryce at the top of his powers, writing to Root, Roosevelt, Henry Holt, Dr. Eliot, President Lowell of Harvard, and the historian James Ford Rhodes, with a thoroughly British point of view (which Mr. Fisher quite preserves in his interpretative remarks) but with a temperateness and comprehension of the United States which marks him as a real Anglo-American.

Mr. Fisher's long narrative is completely objective, as it should be. Lord Bryce would be a tough subject for a psychologist. His significance lies elsewhere than in the curiosity or intricacy of his interior life. Rather, he is significant because of what he was and what he did, and it is the glory of biography that although it is a part of the literature of fact, it becomes, in dealing with such a man as Lord Bryce, a part of the literature of power, from which posterity draws courage and refreshment.

James Bryce. By H. A. L. Fisher. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company.

LOIS MONTROSS LEAVES THE CAMPUS

By Desmond Powell

THE title of Lois Montross's new book of short stories gives a cue to the characters about whom she writes. For the most part they are the kind of persons who, if they are mentioned at all, are mentioned only as "among those present". Mrs. Montross enters into the mental processes of these characters so completely and depicts their motives with so great a tolerance and so fine an artistry that they attain an intense interest denied them in actual life. Miss Shaley and the wife in "Near a Park" could be nothing but dowdy and mediocre to their most intimate friends. Under Lois Montross's deft fingers they become vital and important; they command our sympathy; they make us willing sharers of their experiences.

Not all of the characters, however, are drawn from the rank and file. One or two are cast in another mold. The protagonist in "The Man Who Was God" has in him the makings of a hero in the old style; and there is a quality

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about Black Matt in "Almost a Giant" which can justly be called epic. The latter is perhaps the best story in the collection, although one hesitates to make the statement in the face of "How Two Strangers Waited for Dawn" — a strange little story quite out of the ordinary run of magazine fiction.

There are only two objections which might be raised against the stories in this book. The popular magazine touch is apparent in "Iron Dogs"; and "The Clever Accomplice", otherwise a good story, is marred by an unnecessary trick ending. But these things are not highly important. "Among Those Present" remains the best book of short stories in a long time. It fulfils the early promise of "Town and Gown", a promise which became sidetracked in "Fraternity Row", gay and entertaining as that volume was. Lois Montross is a realist of the best sort, with a fine sense of fictional values. We are glad that she has left the campus. Her talents demand a wider field than that afforded by academic circles; and she has made a successful entrance into such a field in "Among Those Present".

Among Those Present. By Lois Seyster Montross. George H. Doran Company.

JAPAN JOURNALISM

By James Melvin Lee

JAPAN is fast becoming a publishing centre for books printed in English. From a shelf of such books I want to take down those that relate to the press of that country.

Possibly first in importance is "The Development of Japanese Journalism" by Kanesada Hanazono. Small as is this volume, it is a comprehensive survey not only of the Japanese press but also of the nation itself for the past half century from the political, economic, and cultural points of view. So far as I know it is the only volume written in English which presents Japanese journalism of today. American readers should be interested in those chapters relating to Japanese newspapers printed in English, such as the Tokyo "Nichi Nichi" and the Osaka "Mainichi". In his concluding chapter Mr. Hanazono pays a nice tribute to the New York "Times" and to several American books that have taken up present day tendencies of the press.

Another book by Mr. Hanazono, "Journalism in Japan and Its Early Pioneers", supplements the volume just mentioned in that it tells the story of the cradle days of the newspaper in Japan. It consists chiefly of sketches of pioneer publishers. The last to be mentioned is J. R. Black. He is called the father of modern Japanese journalism. Black had been born in Scotland, but business called him to Australia where he lived for many years. On his way back to his native land he stopped at Japan for a visit, and liked that country so well that he decided to make it his permanent home. Subsequently he became the editor and proprietor of "The Japan Gazette" and the "Nishin Shinjishi" (The Reliable News — according to his own translation).

Yasotaro Morri of the editorial staff of the Osaka "Mainichi" has published two volumes, half in English and half in Japanese, about newspaper humor — "A Study in Jokes" and "More Studies in Jokes". Especially amusing to American readers is the interpretation of slang terms in order to make humor containing them intelligible to the Japanese. In both volumes

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the striking fact is the large number of humorous squibs taken from American newspapers.

From a popular point of view the most entertaining of the books selected for special comment is "Random Thoughts on Journalism" by Sojinkwan K. Sugimura of the Tokyo "Asahi". Most of this volume is in Japanese. But it concludes, as the Japanese turn the pages, with three chapters in English. These chapters, however, as we read a book, really open the volume. The first, "Press of Japan, Past and Present", classifies for the American reader types of journalism found in Japan. One kind called the "bigs" puts political news first in importance and patterns its mode of treatment after British papers. The "smalls", according to Mr. Sugimura, are copying "the American style of dashy and flashy editing". Another type is a combination of these two — called the "heavies". Here editorials are fashioned after British models, while the news both in mode of treatment and in mechanical makeup is presented in the American way.

Another distinctive characteristic of Japanese newspapers is the frequency of "serials". Some of these are lengthy discussions of political topics. But the most popular are fiction. Every Japanese newspaper carries at least two such serial stories, which often continue for one hundred days.

Another point brought out by Mr. Sugimura is the frequency of signed articles in Japanese newspapers. The readers in that country show a tendency to place more importance upon a signed article than upon an anonymous editorial. These signed editorial comments often continue on the same topic for several days and are followed closely by the newspaper readers.

The third point emphasized is the "Letter-to-Editor" department. Contributions for this section are not always from outsiders, but are frequently written by members of the editorial staff who disagree with the main "leader". These departments are evidently similar to American "colyums". Each Japanese newspaper has its own name for such a department: "The Horn Flute" of the Tokyo "Nichi Nichi", "The Iron Broom" of the Tokyo "Asahi", "The Green Pepper" of the Chugai "Shogyo".

Mr. Sugimura concludes this chapter with a little chat about the number of characters used daily in the vernacular journals of Japan. He roughly estimates this number as between 3,000 and 4,500 in each issue. Evidently it is no easy task to be a compositor on a Japanese newspaper.

The chapter "Logical Basis of News Value" might well be read by every American editor who daily has to decide whether to print what is important or what is interesting.

By way of a postscript, mention may be made of "The Descendant of Cain" by Takeo Arishima, who until his recent death was possibly one of the most representative short story writers in Japan. Much of the fiction given in this translation originally appeared in Japanese periodicals and therefore justifies this brief mention in any survey of books relating to Japanese journalism.

The Development of Japanese Journalism. By Kanesada Hanazono. The Mainichi, Osaka, Japan.

Journalism in Japan and Its Early Pioneers. By Kanesada Hanazono. Shuppan-Sha, Osaka, Japan.

Studies in Jokes. By Yasotaro Morri. The Mainichi, Osaka, Japan.

Random Thoughts on Journalism. By Sojinkwan K. Sugimura. Nihon Hyoronsha, Tokyo, Japan.

The Descendant of Cain. By Takeo Arishima. Ri Bun Kaku, Kobe, Japan.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

In the eight years since this veracious chronicle was begun no single book has gained such popularity among library readers, or gained it so rapidly, as Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy". Out of all the libraries reporting this month, only six fail to list this title as among the first three called for; seven out of ten report it as first in demand, almost twenty per cent list it second and nearly ten per cent give it third place. Numerically, under the method of scoring, no work, either of fiction or general literature, has ever run up such a total. The only other outstanding news to be garnered from these reports seems to be the surprising leap of Anne Parrish's newest novel from nowhere to second place in the score. All of which may signify much or nothing. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Galahad	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
2.	Tomorrow Morning	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
3.	The Plutocrat*	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
5.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
6.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
7.	Doomsday*	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
8.	Revelry	*Samuel Hopkins Adams*	LIVERIGHT
9.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
10.	Elmer Gantry*	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
11.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
12.	Under the Tonto Rim*	*Zane Grey*	HARPER

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
3.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
4.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
6.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
7.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
8.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
9.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
10.	The Book of Marriage	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
11.	George Washington*	*Rupert Hughes*	MORROW
12.	The Doctor Looks at Love and Life	*Joseph Collins*	DORAN

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

Fascism Explained by Its Leaders — "The Pedigree of Fascism" — Paul Bourget's New Book — Franco-American Literature — A Biography of Alfred Nobel — Translations from Germany and Russia

THE S. T. E. T. of Turin (Societa Tipografico Editrice Torinese), one of the oldest and most distinguished Italian publishing houses, plans to issue in September of this year, under the auspices of the Italian government, a volume in small 8vo. of about 800 pages entitled "La Civilta Fascista — La Teoria, la Prassi e la Storia del Fascismo". The book is a collection of some thirty articles each written by a prominent man who is an authority on his subject. Professor Giovanni Gentile, late Minister of Public Education in Mussolini's cabinet, will write on "The Essence of Fascism"; Professor Vittorio Cian of the Turin University, on "The Precursors of Fascism"; Professor Alfredo Rocco, Minister of Justice in the present cabinet, on "The Fascist Legislation"; Signor Arnoldo Mussolini, Benito's brother, on "The Fascist Press"; Professor Saitta on "Religion and Fascism"; Signor Rossoni on "The Fascist Corporations"; Signor Panunzio on "Fascist Syndicalism"; Avvocato Gino Olivetti on "Industrialism and Fascism"; Signor Suvich on "The Fascist Finance"; Professor Marescalchi on "Agriculture and Fascism"; Professor Luigi Pirandello (the playwright) on "Literature and Fascism"; and Signor Sarfatti, author of "Dux", a biography of Mussolini which has been translated into many languages and published in several countries, on "Woman and Fascism".

The book, which has "absolutely no propaganda object", is said to be unique, in that it presents the most complete and up-to-date statement of facts about the sources, results, and aims of Fascism. Its success in Italy will no doubt be enormous and it should arouse considerable interest abroad.

I hear that Mussolini has promised to contribute a preface to another important new book on Fascism, this time dealing with its historical background. Under the title of "The Pedigree of Fascism", Mademoiselle Aline Lion, a young Frenchwoman who has been a pupil of Gentile, has tried to deal impartially with the form of government which has found so many imitators in other countries since the war.

She has written the book in English, with the assistance of several professors at Oxford. I am assured that the volume will be one of real value, very different from some that have appeared in recent years purporting to explain Fascism to the world.

* * * *

The interest of French authors in America has recently found notable expression in a flood of Franco-American literature. To this the novel and the critical essay have contributed as well as the political or economic monograph. Most attractive of these various manifestations of sympathy is the latest book by that doyen of French letters, Paul Bourget. It was in 1925, at the age of seventy three, that he

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set to work on the first volume of "Nos Actes Nous Suivent" (Plon). The second and final volume was finished in January this year. It brings into the unsettled mêlée of French schools and cults that atmosphere of calm authority which always seems to surround the author of "L'Etape" and "Le Disciple". For over thirty years M. Bourget has been expounding his firm philosophical beliefs and religious opinions in novels which never fail to point their moral. At one time Bourget was a victim of that *inquiétude* which marks so many young Frenchmen, but that was long ago, while the realists and the symbolists still disputed the terrain, and a débutant in letters, lacking any firm moral faith, accepted the doctrine of "Art for Art" as the first and only credo. Across a series of experiences less black than the trials of Huysmans, yet equally good material for fiction, the young Paul Bourget at last revolted against art as sole master, and reached a state of religious conviction which has been the source of almost yearly novels of great respectability, some originality, and real documentary value. The phrase which gives his latest work its title comes from William James's lectures, and it is at Harvard that his hero is educated, to come to France in his early twenties as a representative of agnosticism tempered with what James called "the will to believe".

Although philosophies of church and state form a large part of the text in "Nos Actes Nous Suivent", they have been subordinated to interesting observations on the United States and France, and woven into a story which resembles, both in its theme and its vitality, Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities". Patrick Muller, one of James's favorite students, discovers that his father has died leaving him to right a terrible wrong. During the mad days of the Commune the elder Muller had discovered a deadly explosive which brought upon him all the opprobrium of the forces of reaction once they were reestablished. Disguised by a priest in one of his own gowns, he was able to escape to America, yet not before he had witnessed, without any protest, the lynching of an innocent man who, accidentally resembling him, was put to death in his stead by an infuriated mob. This "case of conscience" has pursued Patrick's father till his death, and will pursue Patrick himself until he goes to Paris and discovers the murdered man's descendants, attempting, as best he can, to retrieve the cowardly injustice of his father by restoring them to their old position and social security. In the testamentary confession which supplies Patrick with the facts, and later in the story of the young man's arrival in prewar Paris in his search across France, the author has developed richly every opportunity to throw into relief the habitual misconceptions under which Americans in France or Frenchmen in America must suffer. Amusing incidents, such as creep into Sisley Huddleston's "Mr. Paname" and Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises", find place in M. Bourget's narrative side by side with observations of profound truth. Patrick, American in education but French in blood, finds himself drawn toward the faith of his father's rescuer and charmed by a little French girl who is none other than the grandchild of his father's "victim". A murder which she commits, the proposal of marriage which she rejects, and Patrick's final return to America constitute the essential elements of a novel dominated by an almost mystical desire for expiation that Paul Bourget,

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in his rigorous insistence upon scientific accuracy in fiction, brings back time and again to its explanation in James's phrase, "Our acts pursue us." In spite of this attempt to build into his work elements taken only from the new world or from his own country, M. Bourget leans southward toward Rome and eastward toward Dostoyevsky. It is not without significance that another great modern Frenchman, André Gide, has sought to express a national debt to the Russian author in that masterly series of essays, "Dostoyevsky", first published in France by Plon, but recently obtainable in an edition by Knopf, to which Arnold Bennett has written an introduction.

The French man of letters is not so insular, as is sometimes argued, that he forgets the existence of other literatures. Not only should Gide's book dissipate American doubts about the French author's breadth of horizon, but also Remy de Gourmont's essays on American literature, which have just appeared posthumously as the sixth volume in his series of "Promenades Littéraires" (Mercure de France), should be taken up with delight as one of the first indications of continental interest in American authors. Poe has long been known and admired in France, as witness Baudelaire's translations and Paul Valéry's recent tribute in the Payot edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal". Whitman, also, is a significant figure in the history of French symbolism and later movements toward a freer form. What Gourmont has to say about Bret Harte, Bryant, Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes is, however, original in Latin literature and not undistinguished as pure criticism. It has long been apparent that Gourmont played the gadfly to France much as Mencken, with a larger popularity, is now inflicting his salutary punishment upon America. To contrast Gourmont with Mencken, nevertheless, would be unfair to both. Perhaps American readers can get a better idea of the man Remy de Gourmont by visualizing a combination — difficult task! — of the figures of Holmes and Mencken and by adding to the composite literary and social critic, poet, doctor, scholar, etymologist, grammarian, skeptic, and narrator thus produced the peculiar characteristics of that symbolic school which drew its inspiration from Baudelaire and the Parnassians. What such a personality could have in common with Bret Harte it is a little difficult to see, yet Gourmont's essay on the Californian author is most sympathetic, even generous. Surely Professor Regis Michaud, author of the recent "Roman Américain d'Aujourd'hui" (Boivin), and his colleagues Cestre and Gagnot who compile the Delagrave "Anthologie de la Littérature Américaine", would be more severe, yet Gourmont's interest in the "Heathen Chinee" and his affection for Bryant as a *poète de la nature* must go unchallenged as a rare tribute from a critic so cosmopolitan and, after all, so civilized.

The tribute of intelligent interest and accurate documentation is the latest of France's graceful gestures toward her "sister republic". It has been some months since the appearance of M. Reau's "L'Art Français aux Etats-Unis" (Laurens) but the book, with its history of long sustained relations and its list of American artists in the Jeu de Paume Museum, has not failed to make a deep impression on French critics and on that esoteric public which follows such studies. The title of M. Reau's book should be recalled because of the appearance of two new treatments of allied subjects, James Brown Scott's "Les Etats-Unis

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et la France" (Hachette) and André Siegfried's "Les Etats-Unis d'Aujourd'hui" (Armand Colin). The former is a collection of treaties, declarations, and historical articles bearing upon America's relations with France during and directly after the Revolutionary War. It serves to put into the foreground one of the happiest periods in Franco-American relations. As M. Siegfried wittily remarks in his more general treatment of these relations, they have been stamped with passion from the start, until today they are characterized by sentimentality, but not at all by the security which marks Anglo-American understanding.

In order to bring about a surer appreciation of America's peculiar situation, M. Siegfried divides his study of "Les Etats-Unis d'Aujourd'hui" into three divisions, which faithfully cover the religious, financial, and political aspects of the question. Because he has left aside literary and artistic considerations it is possible that he exaggerates his condemnation of the new civilization as a machine where production rather than the individual is the chief object of social interest. A society, even a theocracy, of exploitation is his final judgment on the United States, where the Taylor system of machine regimentation has ousted the personal element in labor and sacrificed art and individuality to the "primordial virtue of conformity". Europe is nearer Asia than America, with whom her relations can be summarized as "a dialogue between Gandhi and Henry Ford". Nowhere in Europe can one find the "mortarians" holding a general convention to boom their trade and combat the decrease in mortality. Such bustling business methods and such amazing religious excesses as the Dayton "Monkey Trial" furnish M. Siegfried with an amusing text even while his general discussion is serious and based on fundamental truths. His conclusion is not encouraging to advocates of closer European union with America, since his conviction is that only a superficial resemblance now relates the old world and the new. Had he entered into the literature of the question he might have found such works as Lewisohn's "Up Stream", Stearns's "Civilization in the United States", Gruening's "These United States", Sinclair's "The Goose-Step", and Lewis's "Babbitt" to make him hesitate before writing the obituary of individual consciousness. Nevertheless, as a whole his picture is correct, stimulating, and, without any doubt, ominous.

* * * *

In commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Alfred Nobel, the Board of Trustees of the Nobel Foundation recently published in Stockholm a biography of the well known inventor of dynamite and originator of the Foundation. It contains a fairly comprehensive account of the life and work of Alfred Nobel, of his personality, literary interests and essays, and of his connection with the world peace movement and his early ideas in the direction of an international organization, which has now been realized as the League of Nations. It includes, too, an outline of the life of Immanuel Nobel, the father of Alfred, who was also a well known inventor, and of his two brothers, the founders of the modern petroleum industry in Russia. The authors of the biography are Professor Henrik Schück, formerly director of the University in Upsala and a noted Swedish author, and Ragnar Sohlman, who is director of the division for industry in the Swedish Board of Trade. Sohlman was Nobel's assistant.

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The name of Alfred Nobel is known internationally because of the Nobel Prize, and to a lesser extent (and ironically enough) through his work in America and Great Britain in the creation of an explosive industry. The introductory chapters which contain the early history of the Nobel family from the seventeenth century are of interest principally to Swedish readers, but, skilfully abridged, the work might well attract American and English publishers. The Swedish edition is a handsome volume with colored plates and many interesting photographs.

* * * *

Mr. S. S. Koteliansky has translated the "Solitaria" of the famous Russian, Rozanov, who died in 1919. It will be published in England by a new firm of publishers, Messrs. Wishart, with an abridged Life by Rozanov's friend, Gollerbach, some letters, and his last work, "The Apocalypse of Our Time". In one of his letters Rozanov describes his encounters with Rasputin, who seems to have been fascinated by him. Prince Mirsky quite recently described Rozanov as "the greatest revelation of the Russian mind yet to be shown to the West".

The posthumous memoirs of M. Rodzianko, who was President of the Russian Duma for some years, both before and during the war, are announced in London by Philpot. Rodzianko was in close personal contact with the Tsar Nicholas, and his book, for which Sir Bernard Pares writes an introduction, has a great deal of first hand material of historical interest.

* * * *

A memoir of Robert and Clara Schumann has been compiled from family letters and diaries by their daughter, Madame Eugénie Schumann, and is announced by Heinemann's for early publication in England. It has been translated from the German by Marie Busch. There are entertaining epistles from Clara Schumann to her children describing her journeys to England, laying down laws of conduct and character, discussing the musical and unmusical people she met on her travels. The Schumanns were the centre of the musical circle of their day and Brahms, Joachim, and Viardot-Garcia were among their many friends. The book gives an intimate picture of the musical life of the time and ends with a short diary kept by Schumann himself.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

IF I LIVED IN SPACE

By Elizabeth Frost Reed

I'D snap my fingers at the blasé sun,
I'd spank the giddy egocentric moon;
But I would catch the little flapper earth
And cuddle her up to my heart and croon.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

THE burning tower of the Sherry-Netherland was the biggest event of the spring season hereabouts. Stephen Graham has put it all in a chapter of "New York Nights" and feels himself peculiarly blessed at having arrived in America in time for a spectacle which could take place only at the top of one of our skyscrapers. We watched it in the distance and were gradually drawn toward it, going slowly up Fifth Avenue, our eyes fixed on the topaz and diamond palace hanging above the city as if Aladdin had rubbed his lamp for us. All of fashionable New York appeared by miracle, until the mass of spectators took on the aspect of a first night audience. The author of "Midsummer Music" and the author of "Dry Martini" met that night, and of the two I do not know who is better informed as to what goes on after midnight in the great cities of the world. John Thomas is writing a fantasy, whispered to be like "Jurgen", and in between times he works on the dramatization of his first novel. Robert Milton will open his new season with this play of a gentleman who turned to love. The Robert Milton-John Murray Anderson School is being enlarged and Mr. Milton, who has been rather quiet this season, has many plans for next autumn. Mr. Graham has been backstage as part of the scenery in "Broadway" and as a guest of Jed Harris at "Spread Eagle". Of the new playwrights, George Jean Nathan predicts a great future for Maurine Watkins, because "she is entirely feminine with a masculine mind and there is no foolishness about her. Also, she is talented, as 'Chicago' proves."

Mr. Nathan's next book will be a study of the American emotions. He was at first most concerned with sex and marriage, but after he had begun his research into the temperament of the American people he was so amazed at the changes which have taken place during the past ten years that he decided to enlarge his scope. "Marriage should be based on romance alone. It is too much to face reality without the haze of love, and I am old fashioned enough to believe that people should behave themselves after they are married — if not before. The American business office is the most moral institution in the world. Important women cannot take the chance of having their reputations questioned. They would soon lose their jobs. New York is the most moral place in America, and although life is freer and standards of moral conduct have changed you will find that the cities are rather straightlaced while the small towns are full of vice." . . . At least that is my impression of Mr. Nathan's views. I have never won a Pulitzer Prize for reporting. We discussed American marriages, because they seem to Mr. Nathan to be drab and he wants something done about the scope of marriage. He has consulted over two hundred family physicians and he has been told the reasons for the emotional change in American family life. The American emotions have not, it is true, been analyzed in print. Now it can be told — and you tell 'em, George Jean Nathan. As to censorship, Mr. Nathan predicts it will all be over in a few years — and the more blue laws there are, the more fun it will be to break them.

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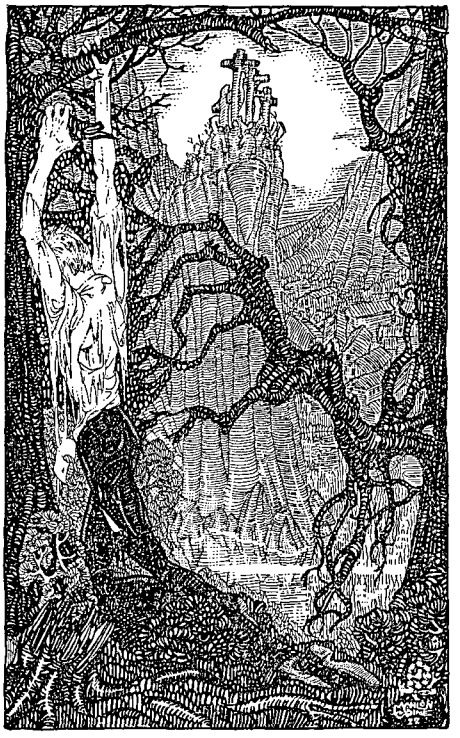
From Nathan to Nancy Hoyt in the space of an hour was like riding on a roller coaster. While Nancy Hoyt, the young though not youthful author of "Roundabout", spilled into the eager ears of her publishers ideas for the advertising of "Unkind Star", her next novel, I stood by and admired. "Unkind Star" is filled with characters from real life — literary people from Paris, Washington society, English royalty — so Miss Hoyt is going to hide in Europe until she feels safe again. She is a young rebel. She is ablaze with youth, although she says she feels old, and she is restless to write as beautifully as her poetess sister Elinor Wylie. Her sentence for the next five years is a sob story a week for a newspaper syndicate. Since it is the same syndicate that runs articles by Rebecca West and H. G. Wells, she feels a bit flattered. But there will be no time for another novel right away and she can't stand short story writing. Off she went to lunch — but not at "that vile place, the Algonquin" — with a French soldier's cape over her arm and a grey visor on her lively head. If you have seen Beatrice Lillie, you have seen Nancy Hoyt. She is older than the younger generation and younger than the older generation. Her tongue is sharp and yet not cruel. She works hard and loves it. And she is the freest young person I have met. She gives the impression of being accompanied by a band. She is a little awkward and very chic. She is not beautiful nor even pretty; her face is like a wicked little boy's. And what has this to do with her writing? Just wait and you'll see. Everything.

Upton Close, I understand, is running about the streets of New York these days dressed in Chinese costume, to advertise his new book "The Revolt of Asia". That feat should be inspiring to other writers who are identified with definite backgrounds. Will Beebe might take to cavorting in the likeness of the jungle. Julia Peterkin might disguise herself as a plantation belle. Sarah Gertrude Millin and Pauline Smith could represent the Gold Dust Twins of the African veldt. Why stop at locale? Let authors play the good old game of going to parties dressed as book titles. Lorine Pruette as a "Saint in Ivory" will of course be paired with Frank Packard as "Two Stolen Idols". Ford Madox Ford can easily parade as "The Good Soldier" but Jim Tully will have a bit more difficulty doubling in brass as "The Circus Parade". A. B. Cox will have to creep on all fours, I suspect, to represent "The Professor



From "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"

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on Paws". And picture to yourself Collinson Owen as "Zero", Kathleen Norris as "The Sea Gull", and P. G. Wodehouse as "Divots" (I am indebted to Ring Lardner for my acquaintance with that delectable word, as well as "halma"). With a little manœuvring Charles Fielding Marsh might assume the semblance of "The Four Post Bed". And Hanns Heinz Ewers will have as guidance the entrancing drawings of Mahlon Blaine which add distinction to "The Sorcerer's Apprentice". But what is Frank Heller to do by way of "Lead Me into Temptation", or Pierre La Mazière with "I'll Have a Fine Funeral"? . . . I give it up.

From the title, "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts", by William B. McCourtie, I judged that another burlesque had come to my attention. And there is, by the way, a good job here for Hi Phillips or some equally clever compatriot. The only impediment is that most of these books come so close to the ridiculous that the public probably wouldn't appreciate the man who went a little further. I must confess, however, that this book, coming from the Home Correspondence School, has about all the information any young man ought to have. I estimate that there must be as many magazines listed between its covers as there are stars in the Milky Way. Every conceivable outlet is recorded; even those of a most practical sort (the trade journals for the gas companies, for example) have not been overlooked. Most of those who buy the book will not be content with the lowly markets suggested for their wares. But by using the book aright they will get further than they will by pining for appreciation and assuming that editors are dubs because they will not print every wheeze that comes to their desks. I nominate Don Marquis as the author of a lampoon on the marketing of manuscripts. I believe we have no brighter humorist in our day; I deeply resent that his "Hermione and Her Little Group of Serious Thinkers" was passed casually by a public which later gobbled up "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". I can only say that our sense of humor is fast fading away. Now Don Marquis has piled more of his stuff into "The Almost Perfect State". He begins with the maxim, "Man cannot be uplifted; he must be seduced into virtue." His collection of views are issued in book form precisely as they came hot from the typewriter and appeared in the daily press. What more could we wish? If Marquis declines, Frank Sullivan would be my next choice, for I have just been greatly moved by the text he has supplied for Herb Roth's pictorial "The Adventures of an Oaf". This is another splendid sample of luxurious publishing. The publishers are almost correct in estimating Roth to be the funniest cartoonist in New York and Sullivan to be the funniest writer in the City. The two make excellent running mates. What a shame they cannot be nominated for the presidency! I think I shall address an open letter to Sullivan, asking him if he could be serious for a moment in the event of his election to our chief place of honor.

New novels are being finished preparatory to vacations in Europe. Larry Barretto is casting about for a title for his novel of society and its downfall. "Walls of Glass" cannot be followed by our favorite title, which is something like "Ground Glass" and yet really isn't that. We wouldn't give it away for the world. You know how titles are. The travel editor had a good suggestion, something like

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"Labels", and says she would be prouder than an Easter bunny if Mr. Barretto were to use it. Mr. Barretto may go abroad, but the probable return of Louis Bromfield in the autumn makes him hesitate. The Gossip Shop is at the moment turning handsprings at the news of Mr. Bromfield's capturing the Pulitzer Prize for "Early Autumn". Dorothy Scarborough is putting the last stroke on her new Texas novel, which she may dramatize. Lillian Gish is starting work on "Wind" and wants the author in Hollywood for the summer, but Dr. Scarborough has been in California once or twice and is not too anxious to repeat the experience in hot weather. She came in the office one day, looking here and there for someone to speak to the Writers' Club at Columbia. Milt Gross was found peeking out from the vastnesses of Alan Rinehart's desk. He was rescuing Nize Baby from Rufus King's majestic black dog while Rufus looked on with tolerant amusement. Gross said he would speak on humor, being in such a playful frame of mind. Having gone to the ball game, Milt was forty five minutes late for his talk, arriving in the middle of Stephen Graham's discussion of "Seriousness"; but his sketch of a pickled herring surmounted by a shower bath, to illustrate the humor of the incongruous, proved to be the high moment of the evening and won him the forgiveness even of Dr. Scarborough, who had become well nigh exhausted with waiting for the truant alongside the statue of Alma Mater.

What could be happier than winning a prize novel competition in the spring of the year, just when one's vacation plans begin to take doubtful shape? Mrs. Mateel Howe Farnham's "Rebellion" was chosen by "Pictorial Review" and Dodd, Mead as their prize winning novel, and two of the other books submitted will be published also. "College Humor" and First National Pictures have awarded their $10,000 to young Cornell Woolrich, whose first novel "Cover Charge" was published last year. The "Atlantic Monthly" prize went to Mazo de la Roche for "Jalna". This award seems the most generous of all, for there were no strings as to the film rights, foreign rights, etc. Martha Ostenso of prize novel fame is working on a story much gentler than "Wild Geese". Its title is "The Land on the Mountain". Arthur Garfield Hays, Bishop William Montgomery Brown, and Heywood Broun were the judges in a contest for the best legal essay on "An American Tragedy", "Was Clyde Griffiths Guilty of Murder in the First Degree?" They made the award to Dr. Albert H. Levitt of Lexington, Virginia. The contest was an interesting experiment in view of the current reporting of murder cases by W. E. Woodward, Will Durant, and Maurine Watkins.

When H3d and other famous children found their way into the colyums of various papers, I swore that no child of mine should ever be so publicized. However, it's different now, and I can't resist the temptation to talk a bit about the winsome ways of my son. As nearly as I can tell now, he has no aptitude for the typewriter, although he sleeps soundly while it is pounding in the next room — which may mean that he is going to be a newspaper man. My only ambition for him is that he be captain of the Yale football team. However, if omens are omens, be it noted here that his nurse, Miss Wade, was born and lived much of her life in Stratford-on-Avon.

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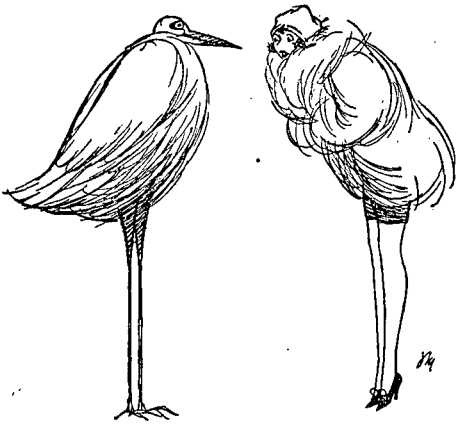
Heywood Broun is a versatile critic, if nothing more. I find his name, together with Neysa McMein's and Richardson Wright's, on the committee of the Salad Exhibition held at the Art Centre. "A distinguished committee, realizing the reciprocal relation and appreciation existing between the palate and the palette, stands sponsor for the exhibition. . . . This exhibition will bring together these harmonies in oil; the art of the canvas and the art of the platter will offer a rare satisfaction to you as a connoisseur of life." Rather too many puns for one paragraph, I should like to remark. It is true, though, that the time has come to revive a taste for salad. Too many restaurants and too many cooks are satisfied with a head of lettuce, a dab of cream cheese, and a bottle of ready-made salad dressing. At the Divan Parisien, Charles will mix you a beet and cucumber salad to make you weep with pleasure. He slashes it and stirs it, a bit of oil here, a drop of vinegar there — a salad toward which you cannot be indifferent. The flower exhibition at the Grand Central Palace had the Amaryllis flower. Eyebrow-pencil, who had never seen one, threw herself upon its flaming face and shrieked until I blushed: "So this is the flower you have written all your poems to. Well, I don't think much of it." I could not pry her from the stately tulips in the prize garden. I thought of Amy Lowell as I looked on the mauve and yellow and burnished copper of their cups.

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my daughter pretty.
Get a one-piece suit, show a lot of limb,
And parade to Atlantic City.

This I pick from beneath an intriguing illustration of Jefferson Machamer's in "Young Enough to Know Better", which Fairfax Downey has written to perpetuate the reputation made with "When We Were Rather Older". I have not been able to decide, on casual examination, whether the above is any better or any worse than the average



From "Young Enough to Know Better"

poetical observation which Mr. Downey makes on the gewgaws of our younger folk. His stuff is mildly good, however, and I think he is sure of a market. Most of us who still regard ourselves as young and wild will delight in reading about ourselves. Certainly the older generation will enjoy reading about us. It still makes a good joke that women wear no clothes; we still are able to laugh at the absence of petticoats and the putative immorality of unleashed daughters. 'Tis of flappers and international events that the author has woven the stuff of "Young Enough to Know Better", and I know a whole scad of readers who will find him entertaining and even penetrating. For the first time, as far as I know, the collected works of Abe Martin have been assembled in book form. They bear the characteristically bucolic title, "Hoss Sense and Nonsense". I hazard the guess that a good many readers will

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think the latter part of the title sufficient, yet I believe they will be mistaken. Kin Hubbard, the originator of Abe's barnyard philosophy, has the honor of writing the oldest syndicated feature of the day. In the newspapers of one hundred and thirty cities, Abe makes his appearance with two observations a day. Now, no man can face the task of making two observations a day without incurring the serious risk of saying many things he wouldn't say otherwise. On the whole, Abe stands the gaff and the ravages of time nobly. He runs a high average, according to my notion, and Hubbard has undoubtedly selected the best for his opus. I hesitate to quote, lest I reveal my political opinions or my sense of humor. None the less, try this one on your own sense:

If a motorist could see a pedestrian as easy as he kin see a horseshoe full of nails, it would put a crimp in undertakers.

Alec Waugh is off to Tahiti, where he is going to stay a long time. At least it seems a long time, for he writes that on his way back to England he'll stop off in New York to see his publishers "at the end of the year". "Love in These Days", his new novel of smart London, will be out before then. Mr. Waugh skipped in here for a moment several months ago as he was passing through New York and charmed the Gossip Shop with his gay manner. In these days when one is on the lookout for devilish cleverness in young people — more especially writers — one breathes a contented sigh of relief after coming in contact with simplicity and agreeableness. This is a chip on the shoulder age, and an author is only too happy when a literary phrase can be thrust like a rapier through another writer. Authors cannot talk dispassionately about one another, as can oil men or stock brokers or bankers. Name an author in the presence of another, and the porcupine quills fly. E. Barrington is in Lahore, India, writing an oriental book. She is, of course, a Buddhist. By the time she has sailed for the United States, which I believe she has never before seen, one of her two finished books, now locked in the safe of her publisher, will be out. George Weston is going around the world, with three serials contracted for and not written. Brave man. "Horse Shoe Nails", his latest novel, concerning big business and four young men in Wall Street, appeared first in "Collier's". Grant Overton, "Collier's" fiction editor, has gone west for a year. All editors are indefatigable, but he seems to me to be the most consistently productive. Publishers cannot get along without him. He must always be writing this or that of one author or another, since he alone knows more about contemporary fiction than almost any man in the magazine world today.

Texas Guinan follows the fashion by having facial surgery and importing the Prince and Princess into her night club show to read the futures of her patrons. At three — or was it four? — in the morning one wrote questions on a slip of paper and the success of a new profession or a romance was predicted by the blindfolded lady. R. T. Bond down at Dodd, Mead's told me excitedly of Evangeline Adams, whose "The New Astrology" has sold something like 400,000 copies. Miss Adams has her studio at Carnegie Hall, and thither every celebrity in the professional and business world comes some time in his life before starting on a journey, investing money, or staking his future on something. Evangeline Adams warns you when you are in

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danger, advises and directs, but never of course ruins your hope if she sees nothing but helpless devastation ahead. Mr. Bond has partially promised Eyebrowpencil an interview, and the prospect so thrills her that she is impatiently biting her pencil in anticipation. Lipstick of "The New Yorker" has been rather catty about Eyebrowpencil's name, but since in the interests of art it is more burlesque than plagiarism, she will not change it. She dares the Lorraine Grill, moreover, to name a *thé dansant* after her. If Lipstick should sue her for stealing the copyright it would only give them both the publicity they so crave and thrive on. Personally I intend to encourage Eyebrowpencil and "give the little girl a great big hand" whenever her spirits droop. She has, as a matter of fact, had more encouragement than she can live up to. Helen Hull was remarking only the other evening that Eyebrowpencil's short stories written in class long ago were excellent; Miss Hull has never understood why the young authoress ceased producing them. I daily tell her to go home and write her novel; but having been a manuscript reader on THE BOOKMAN, she cannot face a future of fiction editors rejecting her wretched efforts. She'd rather starve — or so she dramatically avers. Miss Hull, of course, is only encouraged by the mass of raw material which pours through her fingers every term at Columbia. When she isn't reading hopeless amateur stuff, she is at home writing her own beautiful prose.

The death of Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, the English publisher, comes as a great shock to a junior publisher who remembers him as a courtly and kindly gentleman who always had a word for his younger friends, who was a tireless worker on his trips to America, when he sat at the desk opposite his lifelong friend George H. Doran. He was a genius as a publisher and a warm hearted friend. His going takes from the profession one whose life and manner must always be an inspiration and a memory to anyone who looks on the production of books as the occupation and the privilege of the gentle. He was the publisher of the English "Bookman", and a rare combination of wise critic in literature and keen business man.

On February second Mary Roberts Rinehart finished "Lost Ecstasy" and vowed she would not do another bit of writing until a year from that date. We shall see. It is suspected that she wanted secretly to go to China and that her recent Honolulu visit was simply a preliminary, but circumstances and a broken rib forced her to return to Washington. Her great friend Smedley Butler would have been happy enough, I presume, to present her with a machine gun and give her the keys of the city. A broken rib isn't much fun, but Mrs. Rinehart's account of it had an hilarious note. The facts are that she had been swimming and slipped on the wet floor as she was dressing. She is going to take a long rest while her new story makes its appearance in "The Saturday Evening Post". Mrs. Rinehart comes back and Rebecca West leaves us, after finishing a novel about the war. She has been at the Hotel Majestic in New York, where she has many friends. She is to be seen most often with Fannie Hurst, but no literary assemblage is complete without the terrifying wit of this darkly beautiful Englishwoman. Hugh Walpole left, too, during the middle of April. He had an enjoyable lecture tour, made friends through-

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out America, and although he had the croup when I last spoke to him, the rigors of cross country sprinting had left no mark on his sprightly step. He returned just at a time when New York was beginning to be soft, "but England is becoming lovely now, too, and I am eager to go back." George Agnew Chamberlain fled to Paris to recover from an arduous six weeks rewriting a play of his which seemed doomed to fail before it began. He had never wanted it produced, and he was rather filled with resentment that so much work had gone under the bridge. He has been gathering material for a grand-circuit story — by gathering material he explained that he meant buying two race track ponies. He lives in New Jersey with his mother, and it is here that the horses are being trained for next summer's stakes. Mr. Chamberlain is a sort of lean horse himself. His first book was titled "All the King's Horses", as a matter of fact. In order to write he gave up the diplomatic service, after seventeen years of it, for publishing the volume meant a certain ostracism in governmental circles. It was this book which caused such a row with Hildegarde Hawthorne. She bluntly said she hoped he'd never write another novel, and this sentiment was broadcast through a newspaper syndicate. Mr. Chamberlain felt it was unfair to damn him forever, and the editors of the literary supplement which carried the criticism agreed. A second review was printed in justice to the author. Chamberlain's bags piled in the corner made me uneasy to be off, but your conscientious gossip will no doubt be bending over the typewriter when he returns in June. Enjoying as I do the rôle of husband and father, I inquisitively asked, "Why be a bachelor?" The answer seemed to be in my favor. The author of "The Silver Cord" is a bachelor because a bachelor can live so many lives while a married man has only one. He admits, however, that all his married acquaintances

Francis Brett Young Autographing His New Novel at Macy's

seem to be prosperous, which leads him to conclude that it's more expensive being single. That's contradictory but true. Langston Hughes was autographing a copy of "Fine Clothes to the Jew" when I first met him. (Quite a pastime, this, among authors, as you see by the illustration.) He confessed to being engaged in the business of short story writing. Being a superstitious person, he has tried his stories only on the Negro magazines. "My poetry appeared for two years in the Negro magazines before it was published elsewhere and I feel that my success with short stories will depend on the reception they get from my own people." Langston Hughes is a youthful and gentle person. His Cook's

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Tour this summer will consist of a boat trip south on the Mississippi, where he will collect material for these stories and for his poems.

What did I tell you last month? Question books are raining on us from all sides. In fact, one publishing house now boasts that it will be distinguished this spring by the simple expedient of publishing no quiz books of any variety. My dizzied glance falls upon "What's the Answer", "What's Your Average?", "The Quiz Book", "Guess Again", etc., etc. The publishers of the progenitor of them all announce the second "Ask Me Another" book. Charlotte Moody, gayest member of our own staff, is guilty of assisting in one of several volumes designed for the defenseless young. Yet there are some persons, it is apparent, who are able to take time off from such intellectual pursuits for other diversions — bridge for instance. For them an avalanche of first aids is descending with rapidity. Geoffrey Mott-Smith discourses on "Contract Bridge and Advanced Auction Bidding" and his book is introduced by no less an authority than Wilbur C. Whitehead. "Contract Bridge" is the title of new books by those veterans Florence Irwin, R. F. Foster, Sidney S. Lenz, Milton Work, and Mrs. T. Charles Farrelly in collaboration with Milton Leonard Coleman. Or you can order "Lenz on Bridge" with the "Contract" rules served on the side. You perhaps have never dreamed that bridge might be closely related to literature. But you may read Mrs. Prescott Warren's "Auction and Contract Bridge Condensed" as either guidebook or eddie-guest verse. Witness these choice sample bits:

With Ace-King-Queen in suit of six,
Bid two at once. It shows six tricks.

Show four-card suits on Op'ning round,
To bid them later isn't sound.

Be sure to raise your Partner once,
With two sure tricks and three small trumps.

I can hear beginners feverishly murmuring this litany. And I have no doubt that future equivalents of "Merrill's Speller", that friend of my primary days, will substitute for "First William the Norman, then William his son . . . " these enlightening and eminently more useful couplets.

"The Foolish Question Book" is another publishing gesture to be admired abstractly as an idea more than specifically for content. Yet much of its inner stuff is highly amusing. This book, like the "Ask Me Another" that fired the shot heard round the world, was quite inevitable. The other question books have resulted from the popularization of intelligence tests, this one results from the further popularization of popularization. Where, then, shall we end? I know of none who cares, as long as we have such inexpensive pleasure as the present craze has afforded us. Well, "The Foolish Question Book" gives the scores of prominent "parties" who were tested by the various sets of questions. Test No. 9 was applied to General Smedley D. Butler, "President of Vassar College and Editor of 'The Christian Science Monitor'", and to Benny Leonard, "the man who built the McAdoo tunnels". It has to do with painting. Butler made 64 and Leonard 99. It runs somewhat as follows:

Q. What is a tenure of office?
A. A man who sings in a place of business.
Q. What is an emir? A doe? An elan?
A. Animals bred exclusively for cross word puzzles.
Q. What is a mosque?
A. Harvard for "mask".

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H. I. (Hi) Phillips is responsible for this hoax and I for one hope he makes enough off it to retire. Winston Churchill's "The World Crisis" gets more attention and praise, but I prefer to take my view of the world crisis from Bruce Bairnsfather. In "Carry on Sergeant!" he rises above the previous high water mark set by "The Better 'Ole". His own illustrations have of course become famous by now and they appear in the book as merely new pictures of old friends. He has what Spencer would call a nasty sense of humor. It jibes at the same time it amuses. I don't know but that, by making the war a farce in a thousand acts, he does more for the League of Nations and the forces of pacifism than the Church Peace Union and all highly organized agencies for spreading the brotherhood of man. Whether I am right or not is open to dispute, but, as the critics say of Ring Lardner, there is more to Bairnsfather than his raucous humor. At any rate, the publishers need hardly fear that the book will be suppressed by the super-patriots.

Did you ever attend a thousand dollar dinner (i.e., a repast at which each table of eight cost a thousand dollars)? It's not so terrifying as it sounds, for only an infinitesimal portion of the sum is represented in the food which one must consume. The remainder, in this case, went to the newly built Casa Italiana at Columbia University. That magnificent building has been erected by Italian-Americans and other friends of Italy for the purposing of bringing Italian arts, sciences, and history closer to America. Those of us laymen who attended the dinner were completely swamped by a profusion of counts, princes, and other royal personages. The Italian Ambassador presented Columbia with an

From "The Half-Breed"

autographed photograph from His Majesty the King of Italy; there were cabled felicitations from Mussolini; and on this side of the water everyone from Secretary Kellogg to Mayor Walker either appeared in person or sent cordial greetings. Nicholas Murray Butler made the interesting observation that whereas the Scotch, for instance, give rise to numerous anecdotes which lighten the burden of the afterdinner speaker, the Italians do not similarly add to the world's fund of humor. Thus it is, he opined, that they are forced to content themselves with leaving as their heritage to others such serious matters as those to which the Casa Italiana is dedicated. The Columbia University Press has made a handsome contribution to letters in "The Half-Breed and Other Stories by Walt Whitman", collected by Thomas Ollive Mabbott and adorned with woodcuts by Allen Lewis. Herein are a novelette and four short sketches

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of Whitman's early years, rescued from the files of rare periodicals. The volume is interesting not only as a literary curiosity but as a fine example of bookmaking.

To those who remember Robert Haven Schauffler's "Poetry Cure" anthology — and it was very popular among people who like to be cheered up when they are sad, or vice versa — the announcement of a "medicine chest of the arts" by the same author will come as a pleasant surprise. This is a more ambitious cure for the ailments of humanity: a bit of prose, a page of music, a picture — all to be arranged under such headings as "Disappointment", "Bad Temper", "Sensitiveness", "Hopelessness", etc. Recommended to the temperamental ones, unless they prefer suffering to a pleasant outlook on life. Wallace Nutting, the author of "New York Beautiful", is completing his book on American furniture. He has more authentic American furniture than anyone in the world, and as a collector and artist takes his place among the authorities on native craftsmanship. There has been a play at the Greenwich Village Theatre whose sole claim to fame was its authenticity. The author of it, Harry L. Foster, just back from the Fiji Islands, is now living on Long Island writing a book which shall debunk the South Seas. Its title, milord — "A Vagabond in the Fijis". William McFee, that champion writer of introductions, has contributed the foreword to Mead Schaeffer's "Tom Cringle's Log". Mead Schaeffer, i. e., has done the illustrations. This is an old sea book — 1812–1820 — written by Michael Scott, which has long been McFee's favorite book. What more natural than that he should be the literary toastmaster? Archibald Marshall is writing a new novel, (as who is not, you may remark). Faith Baldwin, too; the title of her naval aviation story of Pensacola, where she has lived for some time, is to be "Departing Wings". Frances Winwar, the author of that pre-Raphaelite novel, "The Ardent Flame", is the wife of a musician. She is now writing a novel of the twelfth century and nothing could induce her to turn to realism. Jan and Cora Gordon will be in America by June, singing their way across the land. They will travel in a little car and earn their living playing lutes, guitars, and gusliars, appealing to the love of folk songs which many Americans have learned to feel. This is frankly an advertisement for them; anyone who wishes to engage them for an evening's amusement may write to them in care of THE BOOKMAN. They are artists as well and illustrate their own books. "Two Vagabonds in Albania" is the most recent of their "Two Vagabonds" series.

An alert and spirited group directs the policies of the Workers Education Bureau of America. What's more, the Bureau has become one of the most influential adult education agencies in the east, and its work finds an outlet in widely distributed parts of the country. I suspect that most folk think of the Bureau as a school for teaching steeplejacks the tricks of the trade or, at best, as an organization for promoting literacy among the children of Slovak miners in Pennsylvania. The truth of the business is that the courses of study which the Bureau offers are surprisingly stiff in many instances, and the organization has abundant talent on its teaching staff. If you would know its program, read "Workers Education", a dignified quarterly published by the Bureau.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB early took to the water. He was born in East Orange, New Jersey; he attended St. Paul's School at Concord and was graduated from Yale in 1922. Meanwhile he had made the trip to Europe on a freighter and had traveled in various European countries. He is the author of one book and one pamphlet of verse. At present he is in charge of the Ship News Department of the New York "Times". WINIFRED WELLS may desire to remain hidden behind her pen name, but it can be asserted without fear of successful contradiction that she is Mrs. Thomas Burke. This we say purely for the information of our readers. Her story stands sufficiently on its own merits to give her distinction apart from her relation to the famous author. ANONYMOUS is hard to describe without violating his or her anonymity. It may be said, however, that he is not entirely accurate when he speaks of himself as an average minded citizen. He has made for himself, largely by keen intellect, a name which would be immediately recognized anywhere in America.

ARTHUR MCKEOGH has recently resigned from the staff of "McClure's" to undertake the associate editorship of "The Red Book" in New York. He has served a number of distinguished editorships since he began reporting for the New York "Sun" in 1912. He was on the editorial staff of the New York "Sunday World" for three years and was associate editor and art editor of "The Saturday Evening Post" from 1919 to 1924. He was awarded the D. S. C. for work during the war. JAMES L. FORD was first employed on "The Railway Gazette", a magazine still in existence under a slightly different name. After leaving this paper, he wrote for various magazines, devoting himself to humorous work and dramatic criticism. He was for many years a regular contributor to "Puck", and his first published book, "Hypnotic Tales", was composed of stories reprinted from that estimable journal. Since then he has published many books, among them a novel, "Hot Corn Ike". The scene of this novel is laid among the lower wards of New York and on Coney Island. Mr. Ford has spent the most of his life in New York City; now he lives in Brookhaven, Long Island. ELOISE GARD has studied at the Summer School of English at Bread Loaf, Vermont.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, novelist and translator, has most recently written "Her Son's Wife" (Harcourt, Brace). WITTER BYNNER, poet and patron of poets, lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico — or is it in Taos? STARK YOUNG is on the staff of "The New Republic" and lecturer in the New School for Social Research. He was formerly dramatic critic of the New York "Times". He has written a number of books on the theatre, the latest of which is to be published this autumn by George H. Doran Company. EMILY POST is the arbiter of American etiquette. JOHN H. MCGINNIS edits the most distinguished literary supplement of the south — the book page of the Dallas "News". He is a member of the English department of the Southern Methodist University and associate editor of "The Southwest Review". BRUCE BLIVEN is directing editor of "The New Republic". FRANCES NEWMAN has gained distinction both for "The Short Story and Its Mutations" and for "The Hard-Boiled Virgin". R. L. DUFFUS is a newspaper man now engaged in free lance writing. He will be known to posterity for "The Hound of Heaven", a study of Dwight L. Moody, which appeared in "The American Mercury" a year or so ago. HELEN WOODWARD is the successful writer of advertising whose "Through Many Windows" (Harper) is a fascinating study of a woman's reaction to Big Business.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM is a lecturer of parts and renown. Shortly after the opening of this century, he took up lyceum and chautauqua lecturing. Before that he had

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been an assayer and mine superintendent in Colorado and an editorial writer on the Minneapolis "Journal". He is the author of "The New Decalogue of Science" and "The Fruit of the Family Tree" (Bobbs-Merrill). ELINOR WYLIE, author of "The Orphan Angel" (Knopf), not to mention several other noted books, recently left these shores for an indefinite sojourn in foreign ports. FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER, author and playwright, had a commercial career, chiefly as engineer with the United States Wood Preserving Company, before he took up literary work in 1907. He is the author of innumerable books, plays, and scenarios. Among his motion pictures is "The Slave Market". At least one of his plays has appeared on Broadway each year since 1910.

MILDRED ADAMS lives in the Long Island town which was for many years the home of Frances Hodgson Burnett. HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS is hitting only the high spots on a tour of Germany. He studied for two years in the General Theological Seminary of New York; later he became associate editor of "Metropolitan Magazine" and of "Motion Picture Magazine". He was for two years a lecturer in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. He is the author of a number of books on the short story and the photo-play. "Other People's Lives" (Boni, Liveright), a novel, was published in 1924. FREDERICK H. MARTENS, when not writing serious books or translating them, does occasional articles and book reviews on historical and allied subjects for various newspapers and magazines. His post as literary editor of G. Schirmer and review editor of "Singing" should guarantee breadth of outlook and balanced judgment where the neo-literary trends in modern music are concerned.

EDWARD LUCAS WHITE, easily confused in name with Stewart Edward White, contributes frequently to the leading magazines and has a host of books to his credit. He was born in Bergen, New Jersey, was graduated from Johns Hopkins in 1888, and taught for a number of years in the schools of New York City. The piece in this issue of THE BOOKMAN is part of a chapter in a projected romance dealing with the future of the world. Mr. White has been working on this romance for years and it is yet far from complete. ALICE CLEAR fosters the shooting of the young ideas of Albany, New York. MARGARET WIDDEMER is that amphibious literary personage, a poet and novelist. Her latest published work is the novel "Gallant Lady" (Harcourt, Brace). HUGH WALPOLE, after a long and strenuous lecture tour of America, has returned to his summer home in Scotland, where he will begin work on another novel. He is much encouraged by the widespread success with which "Harmer John" (Doran) has met.

DAVID MORTON is at present professor of English at Amherst College. He is the author of two books of verse, "Ships in Harbour" and "Harvest", and of one book of prose, "The Sonnet Today — And Yesterday" (Putnam). ANONYMOUS in this instance is a middle aged pastor of a large church who holds an important place in his denomination. Since the preparation of this article he has published another book which gives promise of being a success. CHARLOTTE HALDANE is the wife of J. B. S. Haldane, reader in biochemistry at Cambridge and noted for his popular articles on science. Her novel, "Man's World", has recently been published in England and appears in America under the Doran imprint. It is also to be published in Spain and South America.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, editor of "The Saturday Review of Literature", is prominently identified with literary criticism in New York. CARL VAN DOREN is literary editor of "The Century". LAWRENCE LEE, formerly of Virginia, seems to find the atmosphere of New York conducive to the evocation of his muse. LARRY BARRETTO, the Old Faithful of THE BOOKMAN, is just finishing his new novel. MARIE ALDRICH (Mrs. Cravner) no doubt derives inspiration from the fact that her home town is named after THE BOOKMAN'S own Murray Hill. MAY WILLIAMS WARD is soon to issue a book of verse — verse collected from every sort of magazine in which she has appeared. She has contributed to "The Nation", "The Forum", "Good Housekeeping", "Life", and so on. Her versatility carries over into her private life. During March she sponsored an art exhibit and puppet show at the

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MacDowell Colony, had the flu, drove forty miles to a Little Symphony Concert, learned the Charleston, and turned the cuffs on seven of her husband's shirts. MAXWELL BODENHEIM was born in Hermanville, Mississippi, and is self educated. He is the author of poetry, essays, poetic plays, and novels. CHARLES W. FERGUSON is editor in charge of religious books for George H. Doran Company and general assistant to John Farrar.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL has returned from a year's rambling up and down the face of Europe, mostly Spain, to his post on the New York "Evening Post". He contributes a column "Books on Our Table" to the paper during the week and a department called "The Wandering Bibliophile" to the literary supplement on Saturday. MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD writes for a number of magazines. Her "Women in Business" was featured recently by "The North American Review". BABETTE DEUTSCH rejoices these days in the praise which her new novel, "In Such a Night", has received from the critics whose judgment she cherishes. The book is published by the John Day Company. GERALD CARSON, recently with Calkins and Holden, has taken a position as copy writer for the J. Walter Thompson Company, wholesale advertisers. He writes the ads you see in the magazines. DESMOND POWELL spends his evenings driving a taxi about the environs of Broadway. Thus it is that he gathers material for short stories and poems.

JAMES MELVIN LEE is director of the Department of Journalism at New York University. He is the author of a "History of American Journalism" and contributor of "Newspapers in the United States and South America" to the new supplementary volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica. He is well known among newspaper men for his weekly column, "Our World of Letters", in "The Editor and Publisher". ELIZABETH FROST REED admits unblushingly that she comes from Tennessee — the state of "flop-eared yokels", according to Mencken. She is at present instructor of English in West Virginia University. Her husband, Perley Isaac Reed, is professor of journalism in the same institution.

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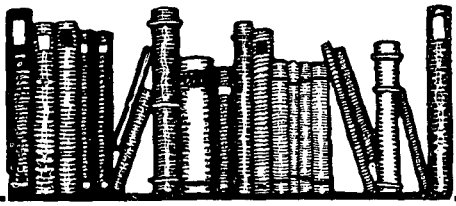

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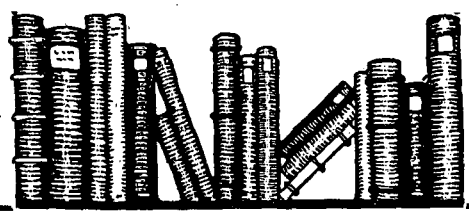

(*Continued from page XII*)

The subtitle of this work is, in fact, "the degeneration of a great artist", and seldom has a case been so clearly proved. But criticism, alas, has fewer powers of persuasion than invention, and one feels that, important though this study may be, it has little chance against the bulk of France's work. For the reader of France, without the academic compulsion of a critical ax to grind, will continue to enjoy for the sake of sheer enjoyment, and warnings such as this against the writer who was "bleakly skeptical" and increasingly sensual in his attitude toward all life are, like much critical writing today, intellectual ripples.

The letters of the late Sir Walter Raleigh would seem to indicate that he considered his lectures to students at least as important as his works which appeared in print. Some of the material that delighted his auditors has been gathered from Raleigh's notebooks by George Gordon and published as "On Writing and Writers" (Longmans, Green). The collection is as fragmentary and delightful and unsatisfying as tastes of a banquet granted by a grudging cook to a hungry boy in the kitchen. Raleigh did not write out his lectures but he put down his pet aphorisms, his apt illustrations and clever passages. What has been chosen for the public view consists mostly of bits on nineteenth century English literature, together with a chapter on Chaucer and another on "English Letter Writers". They make up what Raleigh said of De Quincey's essays, "a Paradise of odds and ends".

In the preface of his new volume, "A Book for Bookmen: Being Edited Manuscripts and Marginalia with Essays on Several Occasions" (Doran), John Drinkwater suggests that portions of the work "may look for attention rather from the curious than the general reader" — an estimate whose applicability may fairly be extended to include virtually the entire contents of the book. The author conducts us on a browsing tour among bibliographic rarities, most of which relate to the lives, works, and correspondence — the latter in large part hitherto unpublished — of such

(*Continued on page XXVIII*)

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THE MONTH ON MURRAY HILL

The purpose of this section of THE BOOKMAN *is to acquaint readers with the publishing activities of George H. Doran Company and their authors.*

SUMMER months usually find me wishing for a long shelf of books — a shelf that has as its most particular attraction a variety ranging from light humor to something of biographical or scientific soundness. My secret ambition has been to wait until summer and retire to a garden, where I could have a flunky to hand me various books as I should call for them. My ambition will never be realized, but if it were I should first call for "Young Men in Love". I know that I should call for it first because I've read the book — and most of the others on the Doran list — a list that fulfills every requirement for the long shelf of variety.

Michael Arlen has made his publishers and readers wait more than two years for "Young Men in Love". That in itself is a significant factor, for if ever a novelist had the opportunity to capitalize immediately upon a successful effort, Arlen was the man. "The Green Hat" had an enormous sale. Arlen's name jumped to a prominence of the first rank. He could have dashed off another novel, had it published, and made some odd thousands of dollars. But Arlen waited, pondered, wrote one novel which didn't satisfy him, destroyed it, and then set himself to writing "Young Men in Love".

I am glad Arlen waited. "Young Men in Love" is a greater novel than "The Green Hat". That is a sweeping statement, but the maturity of Arlen's thoughts and the poise of his style have been combined in a theme of greater power than any of his earlier efforts. No words are wasted. He lets you know the characters intimately not by detailed descriptions, but by painting a single characteristic that is typical. Here's an example:

"Serle was the rarest of English politicians — neither a Welshman, an Irishman, a Scotsman, an American, Canadian or a Jew, but an Englishman. He knew the English people. Now the English, as opposed to other races, are commonly supposed — by the English — to mistrust words, phrases. What an Englishman is supposed to do with a word or a phrase, what the exact procedure of 'mistrusting' is, has never been clearly defined. But whatever it is, the English way of behaving towards words and phrases is held to be highly creditable to Englishmen. Serle, however, like some great English politicians of the past and unlike the consciously 'England my England' politicians of the present, had an impolite national intelligence. He knew, for instance, that his countrymen would follow a phrase as loafers will follow a procession, that their loyalty to a word, if repeated often enough, would surpass the dreams of demagogues. But the phrase must be familiar, the word must not glitter. It must be sound, serious, homely. It must be good. The English people are a good people. Serle gave them a good word. It was 'sanity'.

"Other men, lesser men, are apt, now and then, to talk in a querulous way about 'sanity'. Serle had talked about it incessantly and magnificently for twenty years. And through him the Conservative Party had become, in the idiotically pretentious American phrase, 'identified with' sanity."

Michael Arlen is an important figure in the literary realm of this age. He has, as every novelist has, a certain group of readers and critics who say that Arlen is merely a stylist. Without arguing the point, I repeat that Arlen is an important figure. His position is such that he will remain important either for his style or in spite of his style. Arlen's name will be well known in the future, for he is the innovator of an entirely new mode of prose expression. And "Young Men in Love" is an important addition.

* * * *

ALTHOUGH the book is not to be published until June 18, I cannot resist the desire to make brief mention of "Lost Ecstasy", Mary Roberts Rinehart's newest novel — and her best. I never have been able to understand how Mrs. Rinehart could acquire the amazing capacity to thoroughly understand any group, type or background

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appealing to her as material for a story — particularly in view of the great range of her literary work.

"Lost Ecstasy" is a story of the west — but more than that it is a story of life; not life as viewed through the microscopic eyes of the diagnostician, but life through the eyes of a broad understanding. There is humor and adventure and love: all of the principal emotions that are life. "Lost Ecstasy" is her greatest novel. It is new kindling for the already blazing fire of literary success.

* * * *

THREE biographies on the Doran list are "Anton Tchekhov", by S. S. Koteliansky; "Life of Hawthorne", by Herbert Gorman, and "Life of Upton Sinclair", by Floyd Dell. The first is in the form of reminiscences. The author obviously has not attempted to write a concise biography in the pedantic manner. Tchekhov, the literateur, is shown in the light of his art. His emotions, his ideals, rather than the outline of his life, comprise the text of this most fascinating book. One does not need to have a concise interest in Tchekhov to find this book of interest, for the period of Russia during which the great author lived, is painted in a new way. The book might easily have been called "Tchekhov — and the Russia of his Period".

Floyd Dell's "Upton Sinclair" and Herbert Gorman's "Life of Hawthorne" are the first two of a series of exceptional biographies to be known as the Murray Hill Biographies. These are to be written by America's foremost critics, and they will be handled in the modern manner of biographical writing: that is, a presentation of the man as he was, shorn of the falsities and misrepresentations of both blinded admirers and prejudiced enemies. In his "Life of Hawthorne" Mr. Gorman does just this; and he has written probably the fairest, most honest, and authentic life of the famous novelist that has yet been recorded.

Upton Sinclair has long been credited in Europe as America's foremost novelist, while he has been under-rated and even condemned in this country. Floyd Dell in his biographical study tries to account for this by a psychological analysis of the man himself, showing the various forces in his personality that contributed to both his contact with and prejudices for the American social organization.

I have already, in the May BOOKMAN, spoken of the second volume of "The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen", but a bit of repetition isn't amiss. The whole affair is staggering. The discovery of the tomb marked an epoch in archeological endeavor: so much for history. But to find, in one volume, the entire story of the opening of the tomb and the complete chronicle of the discoveries made therein — told by the man who actually discovered the tomb — is almost more than one could ask of any volume. In addition it is illustrated with 153 reproductions from the official photographs made by Harry Burton of the Metropolitan Museum.

* * * *

THE transition is rather abrupt, but the next thing to consider is "Nocturne Militaire", by Elliot White Springs, one of the heroes of the famous diary of an unknown aviator — "War Birds". Springs can write. Of that there is no question. Any number of writers have been able to "paint vivid pictures". Springs does that, but he goes beyond the point of accurate reporting. With the war as a background, the fiction twists and turns and dances on humor and pathos. These short stories of the war are good — really good!

P. G. Wodehouse — again. That's not said with a sigh — except for the one I gave vent to when I found that I had missed the last of the first galleys by about five minutes. I have never been so despondent that Wodehouse couldn't make me laugh — not chuckle, laugh! "The Small Bachelor" is one of those rare books which makes you smile from the first page to the last, with frequent interruptions when you have to put the book down to give yourself over to whatever method of violent mirth expression you may have. Wodehouse, in an entirely different manner, is as completely a humorist as Milt Gross.

Which brings me, quite logically to "Dunt Esk". I tried, some time ago, to read Gross' dialect writings, and failed. Then some one

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suggested that I try reading aloud. I did. The result was instantaneous, and since then nothing that Milt Gross has written has escaped me. More than anyone else of whom I know, Gross is a stylist. There never was and there probably never will be another like him. Below the humor there is the basis of a type of literature that will live, because the exaggerated dialect in which his books are written probably will not live. "Dunt Esk" is the best thing Milt Gross has done thus far — which has been true of each successive book.

* * * *

"MAN'S WORLD" is one of the most startling novels on the Doran list. Briefly, it is the story of a scientific world of the future into which is placed a young man of pronounced emotional qualities. The conflict is obvious. Charlotte Haldane, the author, is the wife of J. B. S. Haldane, don in bio-chemistry at Cambridge — a man who has become well known for his pictures of the world of the future. Mrs. Haldane, in "Man's World" has not attempted another "Utopia". She has made the world appear as she believes it will appear — still with imperfections, but infinitely, and scientifically better than it is at present.

Leaping from the world of the future to the world of the present — consider John Bernard Kelly's "Son of Man", a collection of verses and essays that do *not* "view with alarm". Father Kelly dispenses optimism without dispensing platitudes. There is a foreword by Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press, and the jacket carries glowing endorsements of the book by Irvin S. Cobb and Kathleen Norris — endorsements well merited.

* * * *

"PILGRIMS", by Ethel Mannin, is a novel of glittering emotional qualities. I say glittering because the author, unlike many of the sophisticated authors of the day, has made no effort to conceal the emotional basis of her story. There is about "Pilgrims" a feeling of certainty that the author can handle her material straight through without dropping to sigh-inciting melodrama. In this book is the story of a young artist struggling to evaluate his own thoughts. He does not act impulsively, but each matured thought becomes almost childlike when placed in the light of resultant action. "Sounding Brass" was a splendid novel — so good, in fact, that it left one wondering whether Ethel Mannin could write another as good. On the contrary, she has written one vastly better — a novel that will stand on its own merits for years.

* * * *

AND Abe Mitchell tells how to play golf. "Essentials of Golf" is the title of the book, and the text not only describes each separate stroke, but it is supplemented by 119 reproductions from photographs and 31 diagrams. Abe Mitchell might well have written his reminiscences. He is a former British open champion and is captain of the British team which is invading America this year. The book is complete. He describes every stroke from "the first long drive to the last short putt".

If you are planning on golf as a career it's about the only one you won't find listed in "An Outline of Careers", edited by Edward L. Bernays, well known counsel on public relations. Thirty-eight of the country's leading business and professional men have contributed articles in which are pointed out the salient features of the work in which they are engaged. Here is a book which every young man or woman looking to life should seriously contemplate.

John Drinkwater has written "A Book for Bookmen". John Drinkwater's name was enough to intrigue me, and the title carried the feeling even farther. If you are interested in brilliant commentaries on men of literature of whom you have never known enough to satisfy yourself — read "A Book for Bookmen". It's Drinkwater in a mood of retrospect.

This page is no larger than usual — and, as usual, I have not said all that should have been said. The thought occurs to me that Doran will publish only two more issues of THE BOOKMAN. How much I must say — and only six more pages!

MURRAY HILL.

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RELIGIOUS BOOKS ON MURRAY HILL

THOSE acquainted with the work of the Institute of Social and Religious Research know what to expect from a book on VILLAGE COMMUNITIES by Edmund deS. Brunner. The Institute is perhaps the most interesting and aggressive of present social research agencies; it is building under the eyes of this generation an imposing body of factual, documentary, and interpretative literature. It has made available the results of scientifically conducted surveys and offers to college students and social workers a wealth of data which a few years ago was not to be had for love nor energy. In VILLAGE COMMUNITIES the outstanding results of the Institute's extensive investigations of Sauk Center and intermediate points are summarized for the non-technical reader. Students and professors in rural sociology courses will be made glad by the book. There has grown up in urban America a monstrous contempt for the small town — largely because most urban Americans have had to live at one time or another in the little places. But, says the author, "Main Street has an importance beyond its size. To the city, it is the representative of rural America; to the farmer, it is the interpreter of the city. Both need it; neither fully understands it." So it is for this purpose of aiding in the understanding of the village community and its sociological importance that the book has been written. Eight case studies of individual agricultural villages are included. Even beyond those whose interest in the village is compelled by circumstance, there will be many who will enjoy the book because of its significance to American life and the American scene.

* * * *

WALTER ALBION SQUIRES, director of Week Day instruction in the Presbyterian Church (U. S. A.), has supplemented his critique of behavioristic psychology which appeared under the title, "The Psychological Foundations of Religious Education", with a constructive study of Jesus' teaching method and its effectiveness for today. This new book appears under the title, THE PEDAGOGY OF JESUS IN THE TWILIGHT OF TODAY. Dr. Squires recognizes the dangers of a religious education program based upon a psychology that does not appreciate human life. He believes that the approach to education suggested by the newer psychology is not calculated to nurture life for the fullest appreciation of religious experience and work. He therefore analyzes the teaching approach of Jesus, finds the principles which underlie it, shows that it is scientifically sound and can be made highly effective in modern life. His work is a fine piece of constructive craftsmanship, and it will be welcomed by all who stand for the conservative point of view in psychology and religious education.

* * * *

READERS who recall "The Upper Road of Vision" and "The Call of the Upper Road" will be glad to learn that Katherine R. Logan has prepared another book, YOUR THOUGHTS AND YOU. In this book, Miss Logan writes directly to her reader; she emphasizes the salutary influence of able thinking, and supplies the reader with some of the best thoughts of literature. Her book is intended for intelligent use and will prove very provocative to the person who cooperates with the author to get the utmost good from it.

* * * *

FATHER C. C. MARTINDALE has written THE FAITH OF THE ROMAN CHURCH for the Varieties of Christian Expression which are now appearing under the general editorship of Dr. L. P. Jacks. Father Martindale's statement of the psychological foundations of Catholic belief is especially good. His whole utterance is singularly forthright and therefore informing. The reader who has built his conception of Catholicism upon hearsay and propaganda can do no better than read this illuminating account of the Roman faith. No more important or opportune contribution could be made to this admirable series at the present time.

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GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

"RIVER THAMES" (Harper), by F. V. Morley, gives its readers the agreeable impression that most of the past that matters happened along the banks of the father of English rivers. This is a sign and token of good travel writing. Mr. Morley and two companions pottered along the famous stream from Thames Head to the Nore in the "Wife of Bath", a craft as battered and serviceable as the immortal lady herself. They were gay upon occasion and properly downcast when visiting the Dorchester tomb of Mrs. Sarah Fletcher, who "died a Martyr to Excessive Sensibility". The volume should prove a treasure for those who are minded to go and do likewise. It is illustrated in color and with solemnly amusing maps by Laurence Irving.

C. P. Skrine must have dwelt in Chinese Turkestan in some former incarnation, he found that outlandish place so near the ideal of his dreams. Still, the gifts of enthusiasm and sympathy may sufficiently explain his love for a land so backward that it has no railroads and no cinemas, and so morally and intellectually timid that "the dissemination in writing of news or of any ideas whatever among the inhabitants is effectually prevented". His "Chinese Central Asia" (Houghton Mifflin), an account of his two and a half years as British Consul-General at Kashgar, is so stuffed with fascinating facts about the country and people that the peruser is likely to feel an urge to start immediately for the Happy Valley and Heavenly Mountains of those parts. One Murad Qari of Yarkand helped with the translation of many Turki proverbs and songs, among which must be mentioned a pathetic parlor ballad entitled "The Sad Story of Mulla Tokhta and the Farthing's Worth of Tripe". Sir Francis Younghusband calls the book "a valuable and welcome addition to Central Asian literature". It is handsomely illustrated with photographs and maps.

From time to time we have a new study of what is "now only a geographic expression", that entity within Paris known as the *Quartier Latin*. "The Latin Quarter" (Brentano), by Jean Emile-Bayard, is more history than guidebook; more an effort to gather fragrance, odor, meaning in a bouquet of reminiscence. A first part deals with the Quarter (cafés, haunts, literary and artistic schools) in various epochs; a second part comprises interviews with men now famous in the arts (forty two of them) who once were *Quartier Latin* students. An enjoyable book wittily anecdotic and well translated by Percy Mitchell.

Arnold Genthe, famous photographer, heard the cry of those who love the Vieux Carré, the old French quarter of New Orleans, and packed up the little hand camera with which he does such beautiful photography to go down and rescue for posterity some of the uniqueness and charm there before it is entirely desecrated to the exigencies of modern living. The pictures he made are lovely beyond description: soft vistas of light and shadow, curves and columns seen through the lace of iron grillwork, unexpected spots of beauty almost hidden by the ugliness of neglect. They are collected in a handsome volume, "Impressions of Old New Orleans" (Doran), and set off with a foreword by Grace King, historian of the city of charm and mystery, and a few explanatory words of Genthe's own.

Neither at a snail's pace nor scorching through but at a wise jog trot goes Isabel Anderson, Litt.D., in her latest motorings, "Under the Black Horse Flag", and now, "From Corsair to Riffian" (Houghton Mifflin). Herein Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, legendry, and mere matter-of-fact information vicariously entertain us stay-at-homes and still more vicariously instruct us! But even after this fairly businesslike job of

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ballyhooing ancient cemeteries, twelfth century customs still extant in Oriental-Afric hinterlands, electric lights framing a black madonna, and so on, we still prefer travel.

"The Valley of Arno", subtitled "A Study of Its Geography, History and Works of Art", by Edward Hutton (Houghton Mifflin), is the author's twelfth volume descriptive of Italy. He here dwells engagingly upon Tuscany, or those regions of it through which the River Arno passes, tarrying in Siena, Arezzo, Pisa, Florence, and their adjacent villages to share with the reader his inexhaustible knowledge and admiration of these mediæval shrines and their venerable treasures. Strictly defined, the work cannot be termed a "travel" book, for it is too richly erudite to come within that casual classification, and its appeal is clearly aimed at readers in whom the author presupposes a liberal familiarity with the subjects of which he writes. The book is illustrated with thirty two reproductions of old prints owned by Mr. Hutton.

When people go to China they come back and write a book about it. But when anybody journeys into the wilds of Africa he returns and writes an enthusiastic book about it. Mary Hastings Bradley in her "Caravans and Cannibals" (Appleton) has contrived to find a new point of view. She has discovered that a cannibal is not so black as he has always been painted. To be a cannibal is just to indulge a little whim for nice, clean, human flesh. A little anecdote demonstrates how ineradicable is a habit once acquired. An old savage, apparently converted to Christianity, showed dreadful uneasiness upon his deathbed. Finally he was heard to murmur, "How I want a nice, tender baby!" Mrs. Bradley writes intrepidly; without any of that sentimentality which Flaubert said "was the devil". And yet, after reading this very entertaining but somewhat bloodcurdling book, most persons may have their longing to go into the wilds of the Lake Edward region diminished. They will probably content themselves with looking at the copious pictures that adorn the volume.

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(*Continued from page XX*)
minor nineteenth century English men of letters as William Cory, Patrick Branwell Brontë, William Barnes, and Robert Stephen Hawker. There are also chapters which deal with figures of greater stature, Coleridge, Landor, Browning, Matthew Arnold, but on the whole the book is for those who would explore the bypaths of literature.

William Stanley Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926" (Brimmer) appears in the sesquicentennial edition. It is very much enlarged, with a section of essays dealing with poetry in the United States. Merrill Root writes brilliantly about poets in the middle west and his two essays are by far the most distinguished in the group. Unlike George Sterling, whose enthusiasm leads him to mention many unimportant poets on the Pacific coast, Mr. Root neglects one of the best of the younger poets, Kenneth Fearing. As usual, only a few good poets are represented in this collection — Robinson Jeffers, Genevieve Taggard, Joseph Auslander, Hart Crane, and one or two others. There is a valuable index of poets and poems, articles and reviews, and a biographical dictionary. This is the fourteenth annual issue.

John James Audubon as a student and depicter of early nineteenth century American manners and scenery will seem a stranger to many who know by reputation only his "Birds of America", which Cuvier in 1838 called "the most magnificent monument art has yet erected to nature". But Audubon was a naturalist of the von Humboldt type, alive to the social life of man as well as to that of the birds. In his "Delineations of American Scenery and Character" (G. A. Baker), with an introduction by F. H. Herrick, a vivid, enjoyable book dealing with a picturesque period of America's past has resulted from collating the "Episodes" with which he varied the tedium of descriptive ornithology in his famous work, and reissuing them as a separate volume. The colorful sketches — among them "The Prairie", "The Regulators", "Colonel Boone", "The Squatters of the Mississippi" — cast sidelights on pioneer life in Kentucky, and in the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio, and their keenness of observation is matched by the simple and intimately human manner of their narration.

A series of essays dealing with the "Rewards of Reading" (Holt), when books are carefully selected, has been compiled by Frank Luther Mott. A good workable list of the type of literature under discussion follows the criticism in each chapter. The book is an attempt to improve the average taste, and so help eliminate the popular demand for trash. Though the information is worth having, the style of presenting it and the general handling of the material is uninteresting.

Two volumes of more than passing interest have been lately issued in "Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf", "Queen Elizabeth" by Sidney Dark, a brief analytical history of the last Tudor sovereign, and "Ways of Living: Nature and Man", edited by J. Arthur Thomson, professor of natural history in the University of Aberdeen. The latter work was prepared at the request of the Workers' Educational Association for a simplified general outline of the processes of plant and animal life. Four of Professor Thomson's university colleagues, Drs. MacGregor Skene, John Rennie, A. S. Watt, Robert D. Lockhart, each a scientist and educator of high standing, contribute chapters to which, in conclusion, is added a "synthetic envoy" by Professor Patrick Geddes.

Popular interest in home building and decoration grows apace, if the new books are any index. One month brought forth almost a complete home library on the subject. There is "The Domestic Architecture of the Early American Republic" by Howard Major (Lippincott), which contains a wealth of material for the professional or amateur home builder on the Greek revival, the one style of architecture America has developed. Or, if you prefer something newer to America, Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Roger Wearne Ramsdell introduce you, by means of over two hundred good halftone illustrations, to "Small Manor Houses and Farmsteads in France" (Lippincott). After

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the outside of your house is settled, you will be ready for "The Practical Book of Decorative Wall-Treatments" by Nancy McClelland (Lippincott), lavishly illustrated with examples of fine period rooms the world over. Following that, comes "The Practical Book of Learning Decoration and Furniture" by Edward Stratton Holloway (Lippincott), good solid material for serious beginners. Or Esther Singleton's "The Collecting of Antiques" (Macmillan), for those who like their antiqueing dished up more gossipy. Several chapters from this last book are reprinted from the author's articles in "The Saturday Evening Post", but this collector found them full of interesting bits even at second reading.

In a magnificent volume whose appendices, notes, and index in themselves cover more than a hundred pages, Henry R. Wagner has told in detail the romance of "Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World" (Howell). As a sober historical study it is one of the most glorious adventure tales ever told. Frequent citation of original documents gives us the flavor of the time. Yet the dazzle of gold and the fragrance of Molucca spices do not obscure the more serious value of the volume as a final authoritative account of the first expedition of English adventurers to discover the fabled Spice Islands of the East. And aside from being a history of one of the second most important voyages around the world, it has a specific new world interest which should recommend it to every collector of Americana.

A diverting book to commence is "Stories and Dramas" (never before published in English) by Leo N. Tolstoy (Dutton). It is not so diverting a book to finish, for the selections are arranged in chronological order, and alas! — the boy grew up, the young blade turned a saint. But oh, the lively mind of Tolstoy at twenty! — starting to detail the thoughts of a single day but getting no further than the night before; chattering about coachmen and dreams and cards, which are excellent because "I sat to the right of a certain woman, and to her left, and to her front, and admired her from every point of view!" He paints Russian society in hard bright colors and ends one story with a terrific arraignment of society for permitting an innocent young man to be introduced into Moscow night life — because it spoils the beauty of his love affair with a charming married woman!

That somewhat sentimental ballad, "the good old days", has gained a new verse in Herbert and Edward Quick's "Mississippi Steamboatin'" (Holt). It concerns the work, life, and death which occurred on the Mississippi during that raw period before civilization there, and a bit later when the flamboyant side wheelers steamed up and down at an ever increasing speed. How thrilling it all sounds! There was music, there was good food, there were gallant gentlemen and beautiful lady passengers, there was that most attractive fellow, the professional gambler, there was a bar, and there was danger. This last feature came not alone from snags and the river's tricky way of shifting its course at odd moments but also from that wildly exciting pastime in which every good river captain indulged — racing. Danger gave an even keener edge to those tawny days on the river, and naturally tragedy stalked, but not too often to make them seem wholly worth recapturing, at least in narrative.

It is unfortunate that so excellent a history of England, one written with the most intelligent appreciation of cultural, economic, and sociological factors, as William Thomas Laprade's "British History for American

(*Continued on page XXX*)

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(*Continued from page XXIX*)

Students" (Macmillan), should in its title imply a bias. It is humanly impossible to write history at all without some bias, no matter how honest or unconscious, but — even in textbooks — it would seem that history for students of any race should be written as history, *per se*, and not along nationalistic group lines. Is it possible that "British History for American Students" will be the forerunner of "Turkish History for Greek Students", "Roumanian History for Magyar Prep Schools", and "Spanish History for Riffian Freshmen"?

There seems to have been a deluge of Catholic anthologies of late, if one may judge from volumes such as "The Book of Modern Catholic Verse" compiled by Theodore Maynard (Holt) and "An Anthology of Catholic Poets" compiled by Shane Leslie (Macmillan). Mr. Leslie's volume is the more comprehensive of the two, since it attempts to cover all the Catholic poets from the time of Chaucer to the present; and, for the same reason, it probably contains a larger amount of actual poetry. Both the collections are restricted in their appeal, through being offered first to a religious and secondly to a poetic audience; a large percentage of the selections in both books strike a devout and consequently a limited note; and while both compilers seem to have sifted their material with discretion and care, yet neither has a great deal to offer to the strictly nonsectarian admirer of poetry.

No lover of Italian primitives or Renaissance history should pass over too lightly "Celebrities of the Italian Renaissance in Florence and in the Louvre" by Robert De La Sizeranne (Brentano), for here is a subtle and delicate blending of art and history. The author selects sixteen significant paintings and surrounds them with more than the elaborate gilt frames in which they hang. Isabella d'Este steps from the canvases of Titian, Perugino, Costa, da Vinci, and Mantegna, and the sumptuous life of her court, studied both in actuality and implication, lends new meaning to the impetus she gave to art. Giovanni Tornabuoni, La Bella Simonetta, and Baldassare Castiglione come before the reader in all the glory conceived by Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Pollajuolo, and Raphael, and walk again as living personages. The pictorial reproductions are excellent, and the author, although essentially an historian, brings to his study a refreshing conception of the function of art criticism.

What *is* "The Meaning of a Liberal Education"? Many of us want to know. Everett Dean Martin — director of the People's Institute and therefore in a position to tell us through "The People's Institute 'Lectures-in-Print' Series" (Norton) — is just the man to tell us. It isn't "animal training", he says; nor "propaganda"; nor "book learning"; nor "experience (work) is the best schoolmaster"; nor cut and dried moral conclusions — and we believe with him that he is correct in all these truisms. But in his crusade to "set the mind free from the servitude of the crowd and from vulgar self-interests", to place man "above and not within the system of his beliefs and ideals" — in effect he counsels slow suicide! All he says, nearly, goes back, excusably back, to Aristotle himself in his oldtime notion to train youth to deal masterfully with existing conditions.

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AMONG THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

THE anxious parent on the trail of books that commend Christianity to young folk will profit more or less by examining four books which have made their appearance this month. The titles of all, however, promise more than they give and incite hopes which are not quite realized. Each of them has some desiderata which prevent its being just the thing. "What is the Christian Religion?" (Morehouse) by Bishop Edward L. Parsons of California would seem just the item for an adult seeking to reduce Christianity to a comprehensible formula. But the Bishop wades off into a pond of theology before he gets fully started. While his book, comprising a series of addresses delivered at vesper services, will please the casual adult, it certainly does not encroach upon the field of one who intends to write a simple account of Jesus and his religion for young people. Two books by Dr. Sidney A. Weston, both issued by the Pilgrim Press, are provocative and quite good for the sort of thing they are. Both are intended for discussion group use. They raise more questions than the Pharisees propounded to Jesus and I think they can be quite profitably employed by those charged with the direction of adolescent life. Of course Dr. Weston makes a plenteous use of scripture and his studies are, on the whole, safe and sane. They present just enough questions of a thought provoking nature to keep the interest alive, yet not enough to let the study class descend into the bootless arguments of college dormitories or legislative bodies. "Jesus' Teaching for Young People" is an inquiry into the attitude and principles of Jesus, while the other book "Jesus and the Problems of Life" is more contemporaneous. The two are companions, however; in point of fact, they do not fall far short of being twins. "Elementary Christianity" (Longmans, Green) by Dr Cyril Alington seems to me the clearest of the lot in intent and purpose. It is designed for those "who regard Christianity with respect but perplexity". It is difficult to keep from a patronizing air when speaking to this class of unwashed, but the Doctor maintains an urbane and winsome attitude. Most of those who have attended Sunday School or Mass since childhood will find his book a little trite and platitudinous, but I should not be surprised to see the uninitiated declare it extremely helpful and illuminating.

There are authors that tempt a reader to get familiar. Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale is such a man. After a few books from his machine, I find myself tempted to call him Charlie — out of sheer affection and out of regard for the fulness and detail with which he sees life in this sordid epoch. In the pulpit he is a performer of rare ability; in his books he appears with that verve and insight at which young atheists must glare with envy. "The Making of a Minister" (Century) is, I believe, the latest of his books, unless he has written another since April 1st. This book, like so many books of today, is made up of addresses delivered on various occasions of ecclesiastical state. Fortunately, however, these addresses were good to begin with, and they form a book of rare importance and general interest. I know of nothing that could make the nascent minister happy so certainly as the reading of this book; nor do I know of any book that could so adorn the thinking and brighten the outlook of the tottering war horse still in active service. It seems to me a shame that Dean Brown cannot be entrusted with the actual manufacture of ministers. He would turn out such a splendid lot of them! I believe that the plans and specifications which he sets forth in this book will be more than adequate to improve the work of any minister under heaven. What is more, his book will improve the temper of any layman who is fortunate enough to read it. Here is the ministry in a good light. It seems to me that the publishers could very well make the book a counter blast to "Elmer Gantry".

—*C. W. F.*

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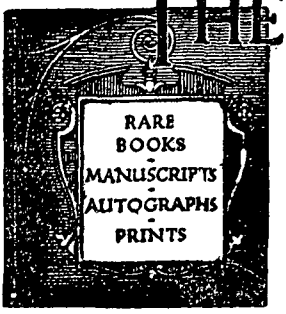

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

IF the modern book collector is seeking guidance the publishers are affording plenty of it for him. It almost looks as though, when the annual statistics of publication are made up in nice pyramids, there will have to be a substantial section for bibliographies. Some of these are of living authors, and therefore necessarily incomplete. Others are incomplete for reasons other than that the author is still producing There has even been published a "Primer of Book Collecting" which has gone rapidly into a second edition. The outstanding bibliography of the year — in fact of several years — is that of the writings of Rudyard Kipling, by Flora V. Livingston of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. Mrs. Livingston, whose late husband, Luther S. Livingston, was one of the most gifted of American bibliographers, has spent years in trying to find out what Kipling wrote and when and where it appeared. Her bibliography is now running the gauntlet of the critics, who doubtless will find in it many errors. It would be a miracle were it to be otherwise, for not only is the task of the bibliographer that of hunting for needles in haystacks, but Mr. Kipling is an author who seems to have taken a special delight in making the hunt difficult by suppressing some editions and by publishing others in very limited issues; and — though in this he took no delight — he has been, ever since the appearance of his Indian tales, the special prey of the piratical publisher. But when a copy of Mr. Kipling's "The Smith Administration" is sold for $4,100 and "Schoolboy Lyrics" reaches the record price of $3,350, it is evident that the Kipling collector needs some guidance, if not a guardian. And there is no better guide to Kipling's writings than this new book by Mrs. Livingston.

Half a dozen slender bibliographies of first editions of writers like Aldous Huxley, T. F. Powys, and Captain Charles Johnson have appeared recently and it is surprising to find how many works some of these authors have published. No other writer who has been "bibliographied" comes into the Kipling class in the auction room, but their works are collected by somebody, which is the reason for the appearance of these first aids to collectors. Should any of these men live up to the expectation of those who are now collecting their works, the collectors will have reason to thank the diggers in literature who first pointed out the differences between the two issues of the first edition of some work that may then be in its twentieth edition. The financial rewards of bibliography are not great, but think of the fun the bibliographer has in pursuing his quarry!

(*Continued on page XXXVI*)

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(*Continued from page XXXIII*)

It is not often that it is necessary to examine the "points" of a modern first edition to determine its priority of publication, but that is what has happened in the case of Hervey Allen's "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe". On page 629 is a portrait of Longfellow taken about the time he had his quarrel with Poe. The engraving, taken from "Graham's Magazine", 1842, shows Longfellow sitting in a chair with his arm resting on a table. On the table are an inkwell and a wineglass. When the book was in press it was discovered that the wineglass had been introduced into the "Graham's Magazine" portrait by a pencil drawing. Herbert Gorman's biography of Longfellow has the same cut, without the wineglass. Accordingly it was eliminated from the plate. There are now two issues of "Israfel", of which the "wineglass" issue is the "genuine first". Since the book is already much sought by collectors of Poe and Longfellow the "point" is worth regarding.

The announcement that the Richard Curle collection of material relating to Joseph Conrad would be sold at the American Art Galleries this spring created considerable interest among book collectors. The phenomenal prices realized for manuscripts of this author at the Quinn sale two years ago will long be remembered. Richard Curle of London was the close friend and literary executor of Joseph Conrad. He began collecting first editions of Conrad's writings, both English and American, in the finest condition possible. Later he secured variations of first editions, translations, first periodical publications, books with introductions by Conrad, manuscripts and typescripts, and material of all kinds relating to Conrad and his work. As a result, this is probably the finest and largest collection in private hands today of Conrad material. The sale, in comparison with the great Quinn sale at Anderson's, has afforded book collectors excellent opportunity for observing the permanence of the Conrad cult.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE BOOKMAN, published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for April, 1927.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Doran, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the president of the George H. Doran Company, publishers of THE BOOKMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Managing Editor, None;

Business Managers, George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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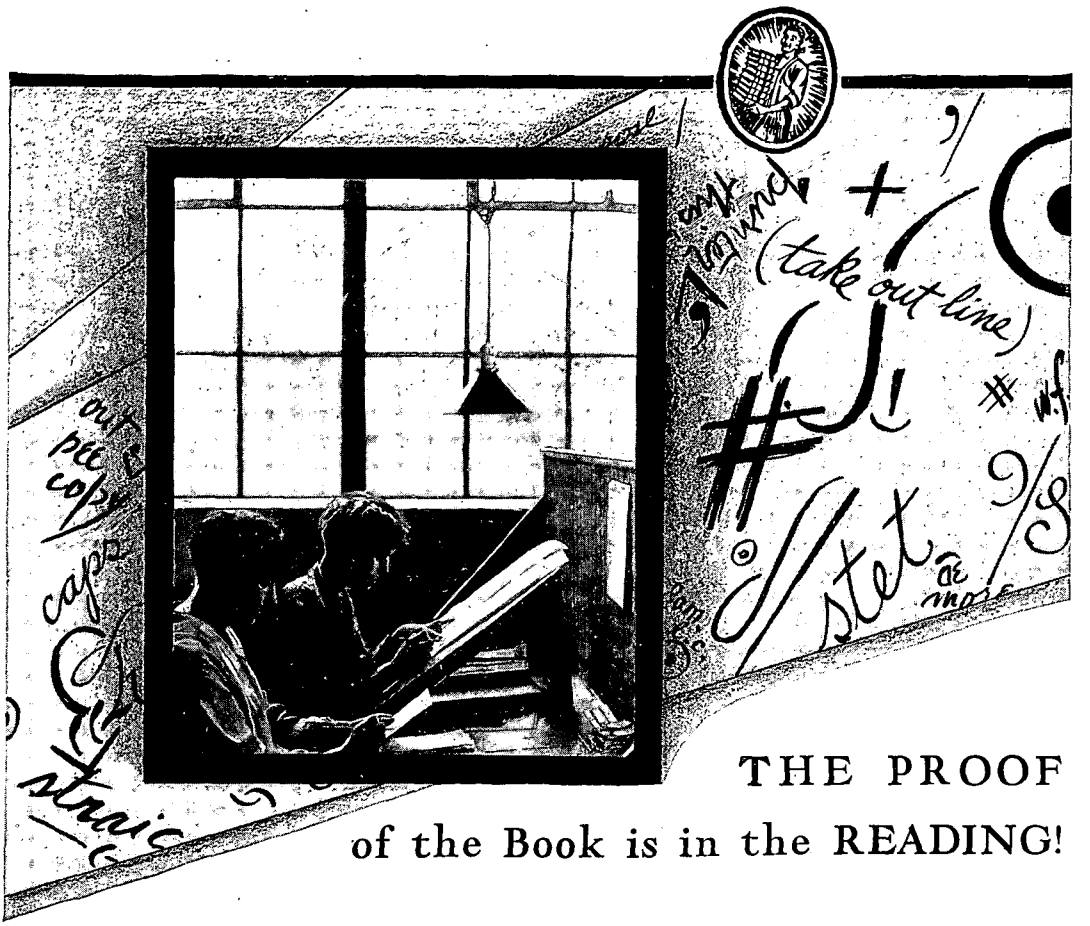

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